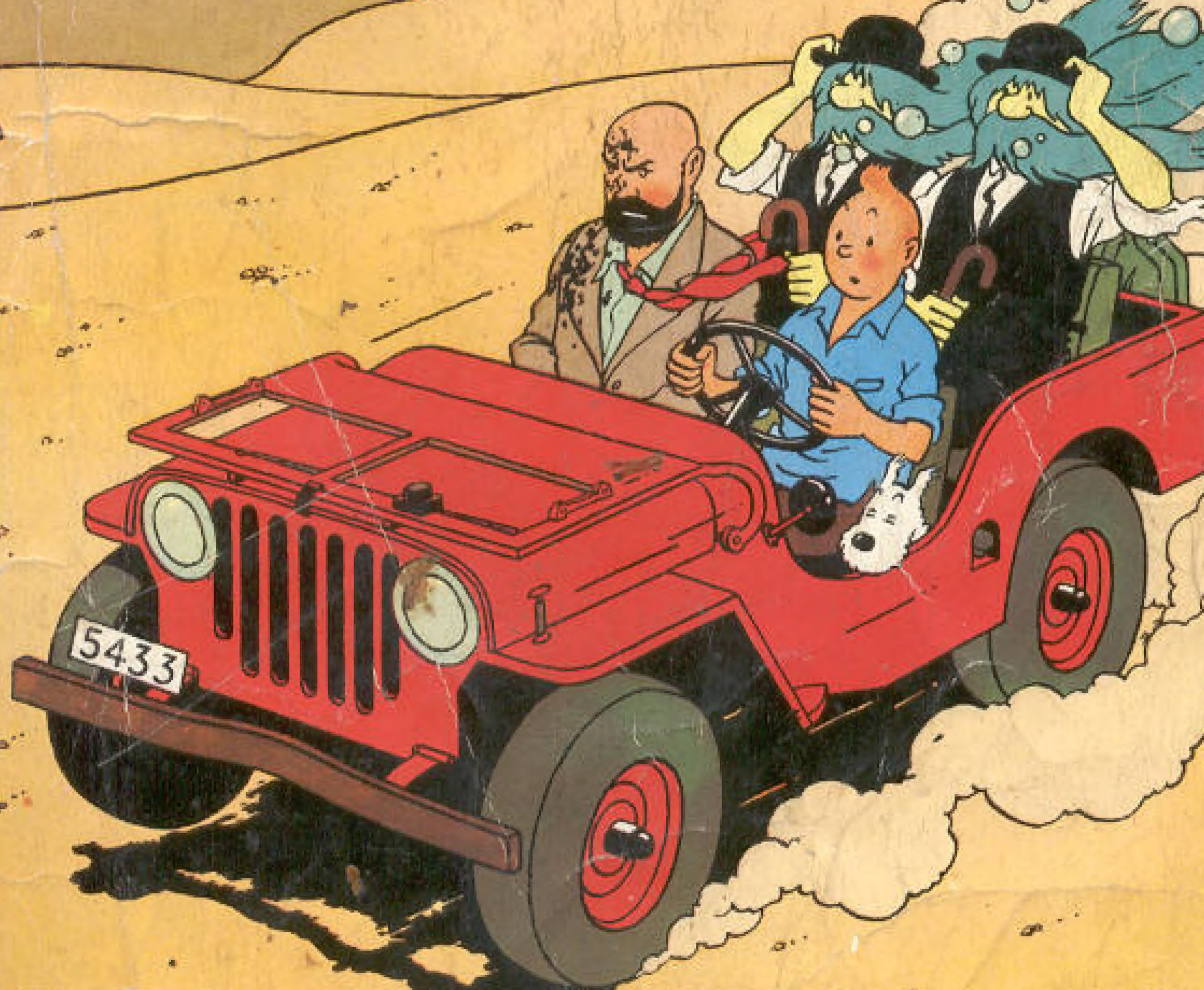


• HERGÉ •

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
OF
BLACK GOLD

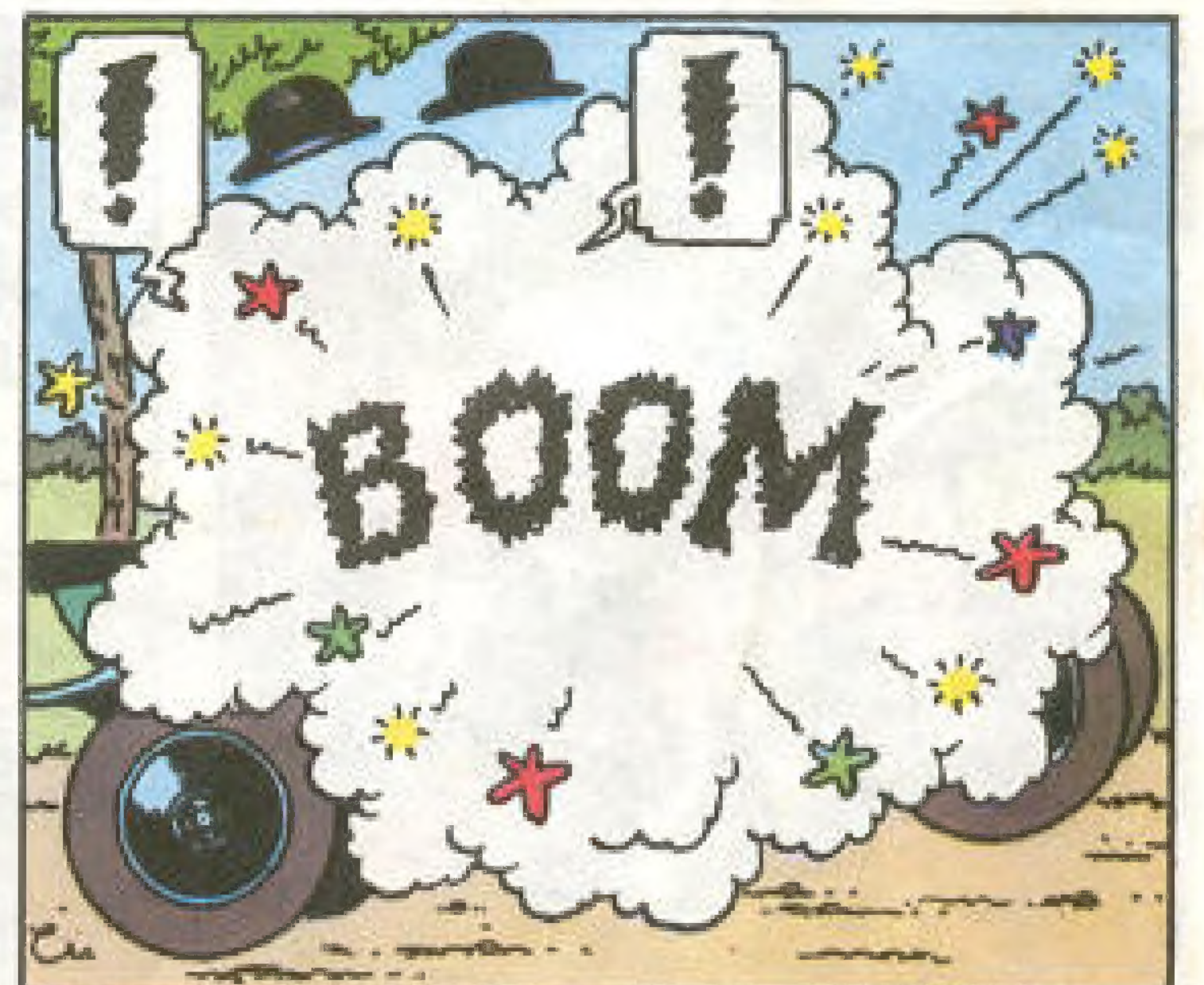
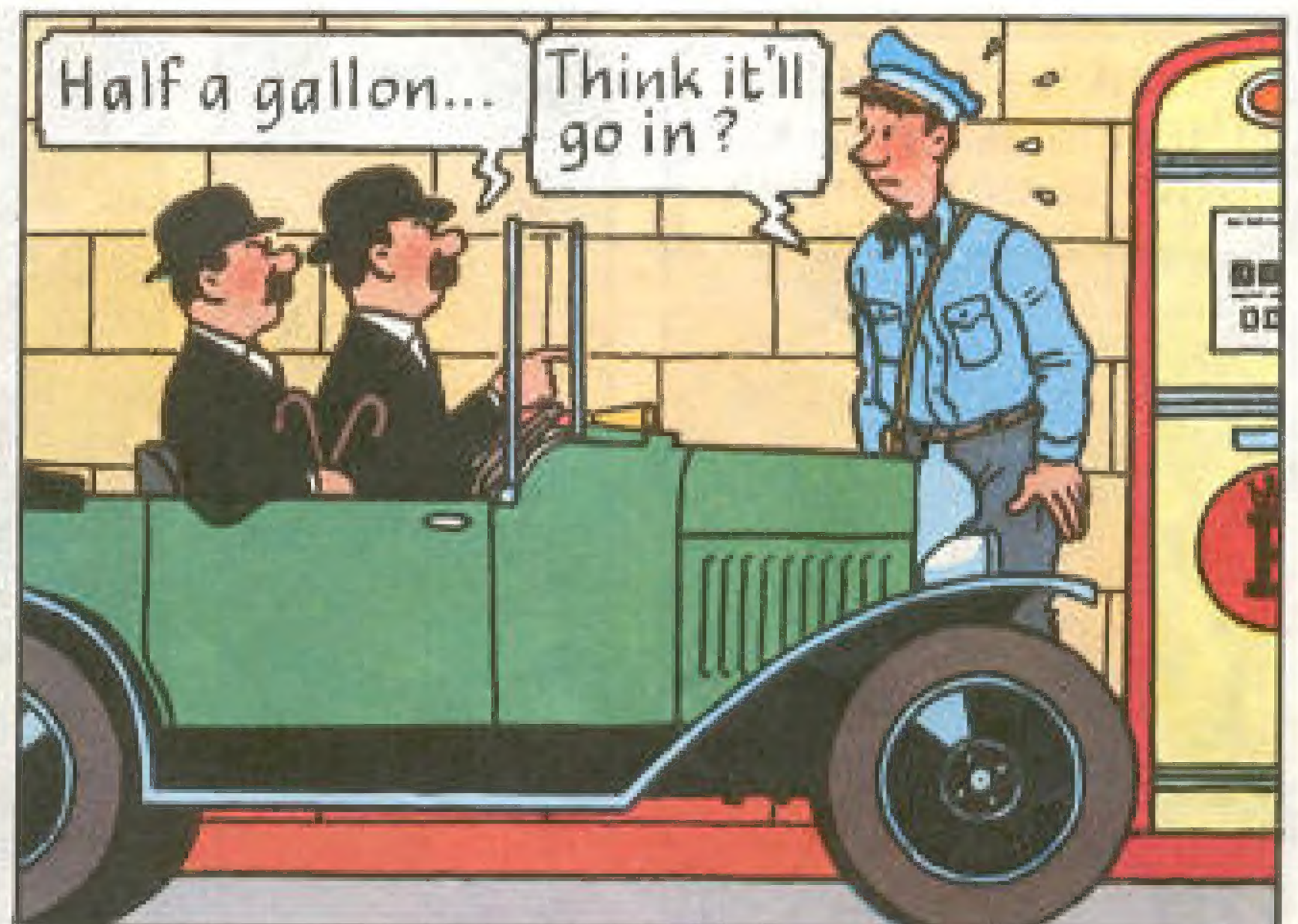
الذهب الأسود

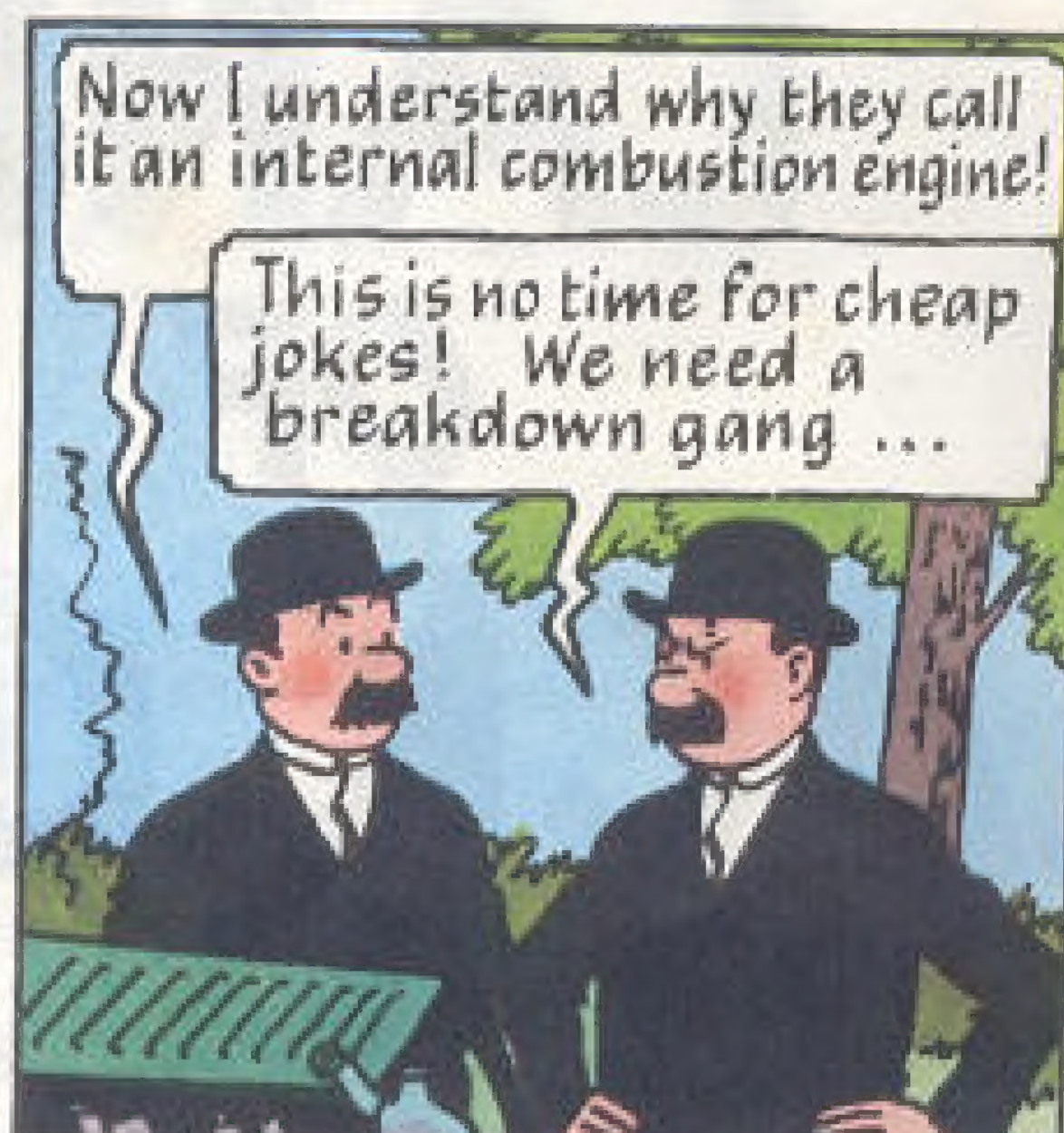
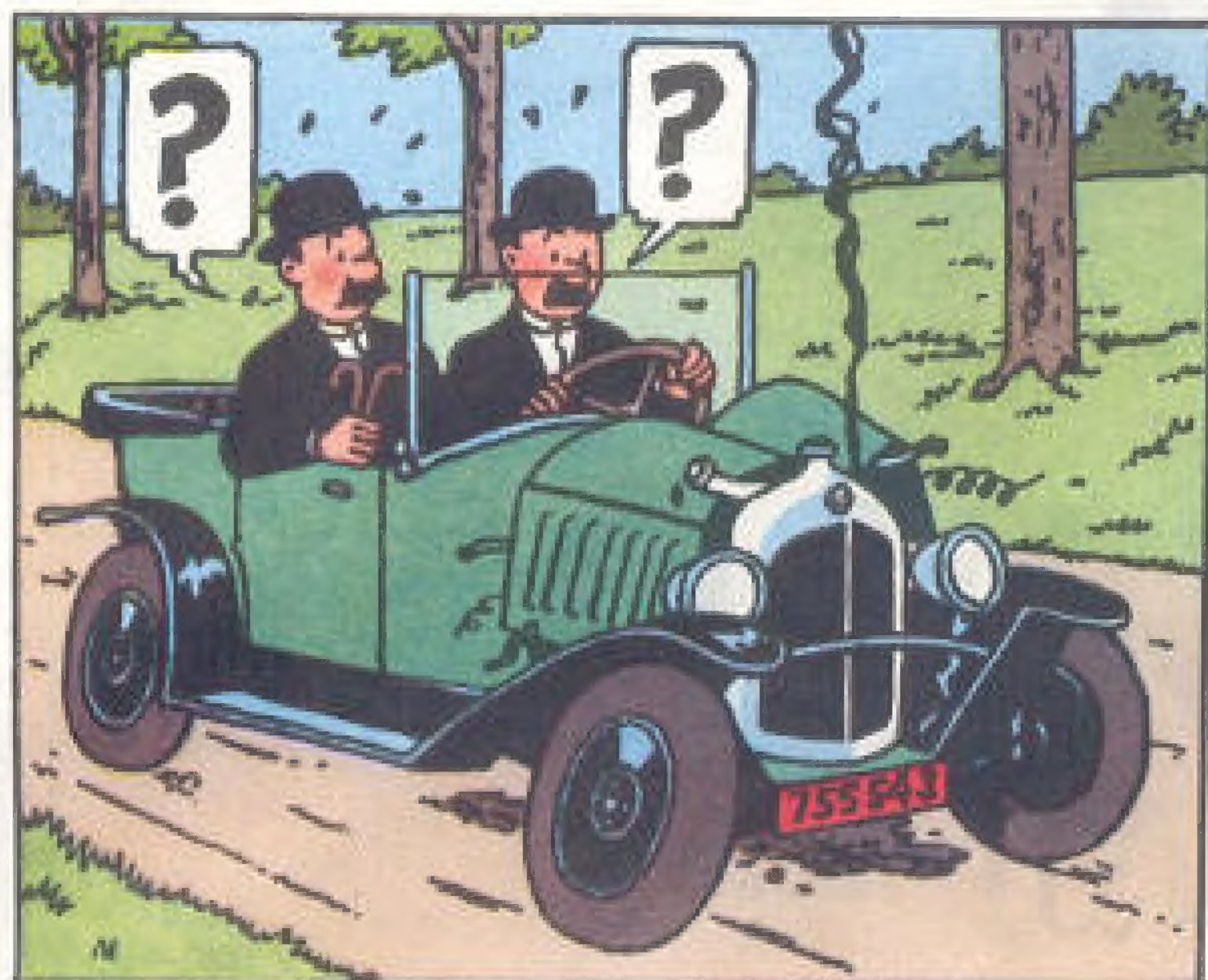


MAGNET

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





Next morning...

"Crisis deepens - official"
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?" ...
"Call-up for army re-
serve" ... "forces on
standby". Things
look bright, I must say.



Yes... Tintin
here... Oh, hello
Captain... How
are you?... Any
news?



I've just had Admiralty orders:
"Captain Haddock. Immediate.
Proceed to assume command
of merchant vessel blank
blank" (the name's secret,
of course) "at blank, where
you will receive further
orders." So that's that... I've
been mobilised! ... No,
there won't be time
to see you. I'm off
right away... I'll keep
in touch ...
'Bye, Tintin.



Goodbye, Captain,
and good luck.
Let's hope it's
only a false
alarm ...



Hello!

Good morning.
What news?



What news! Plenty! Something
very odd has just happened!

To be precise ... we just
happen to be very odd!

Really? Tell me
about it. Come
on in...



Well, we'd just filled up with
petrol and were driving
peacefully along, when all of
a sudden, without a word of
warning ... our car went ...



BOOM



It seems to be
catching!



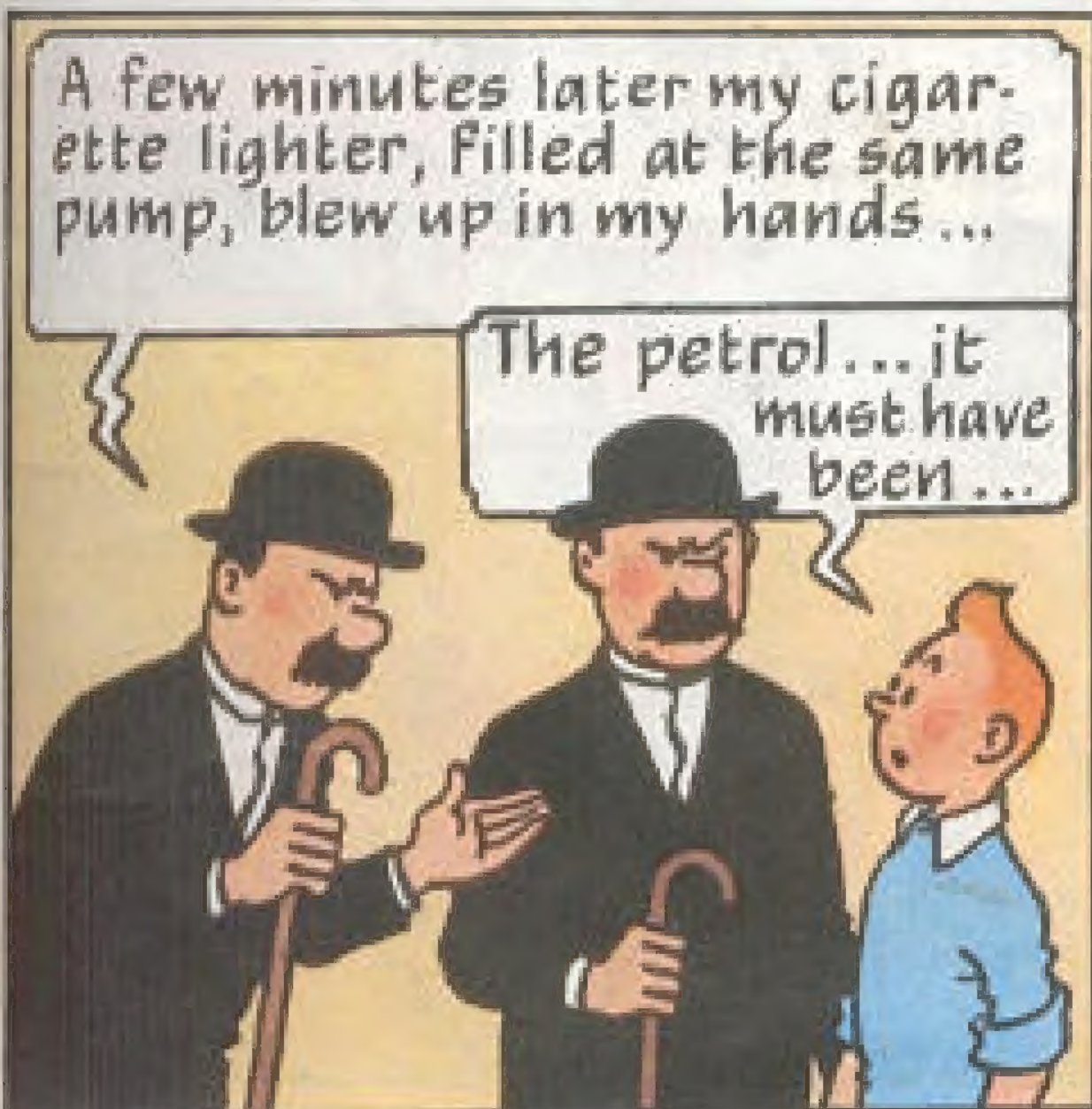
It certainly is... That's exactly
what happened to us!

Yes. And that's
not all ...

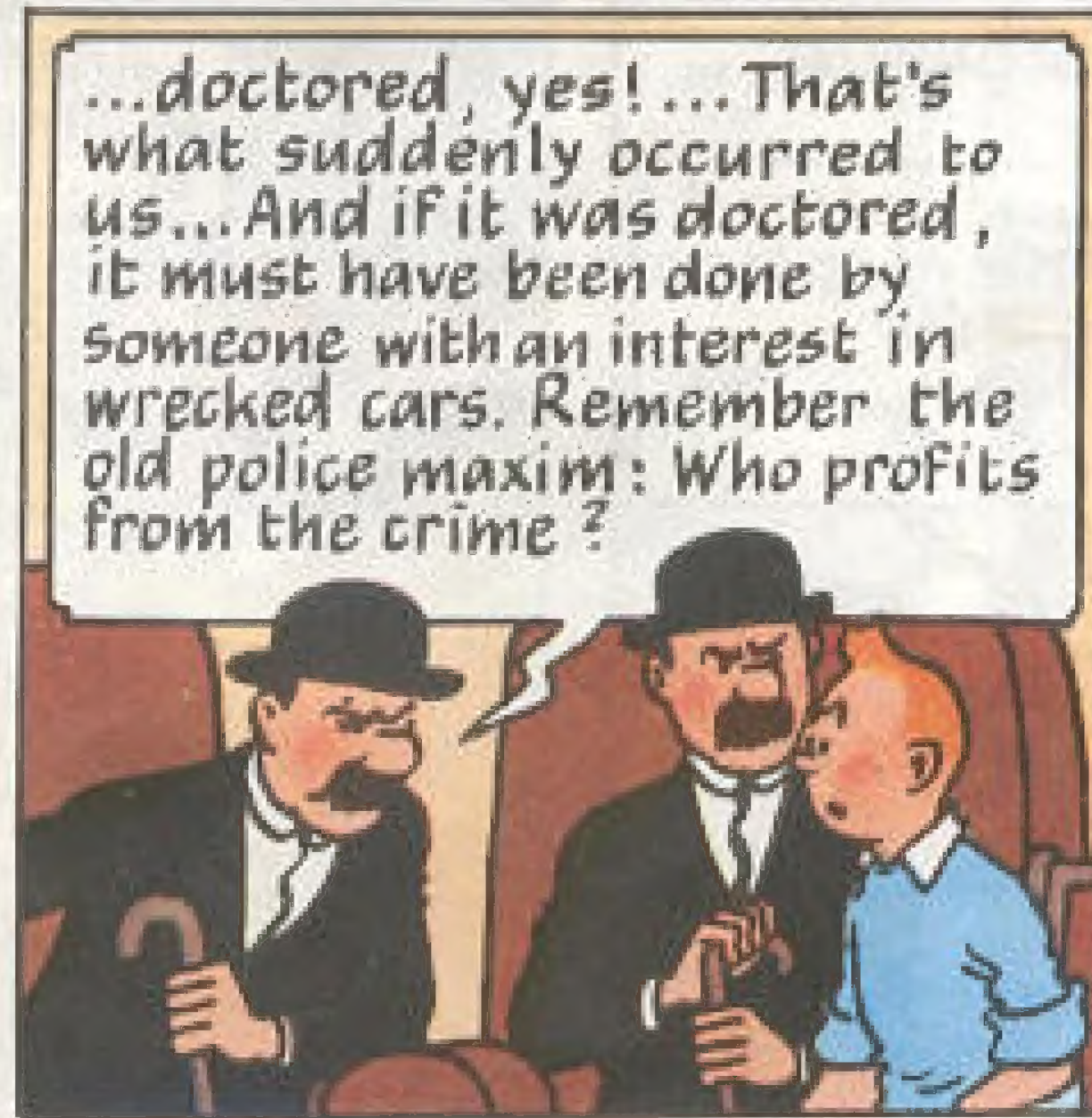


A few minutes later my cigar-
ette lighter, filled at the same
pump, blew up in my hands ...

The petrol... it
must have
been ...

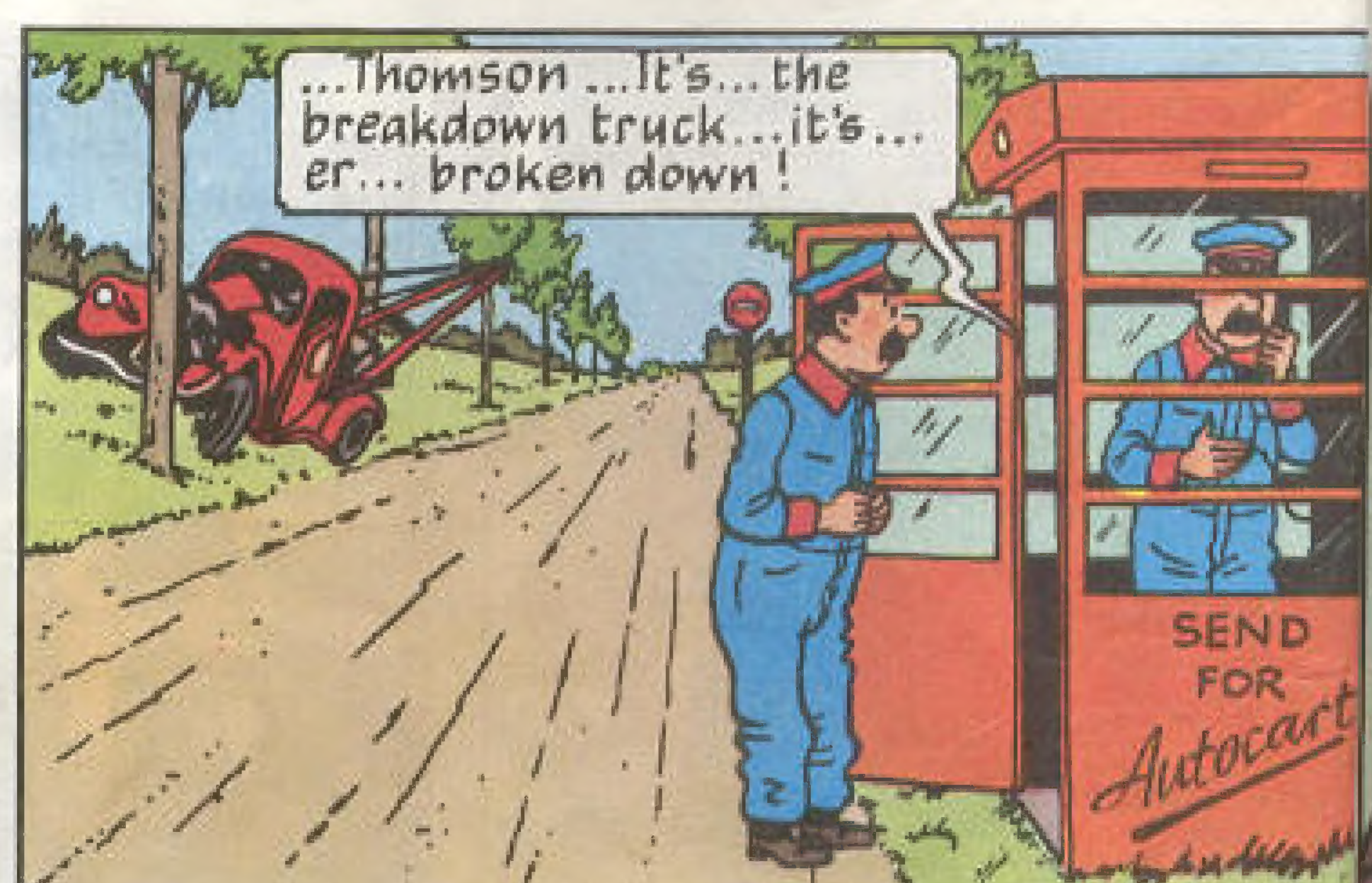
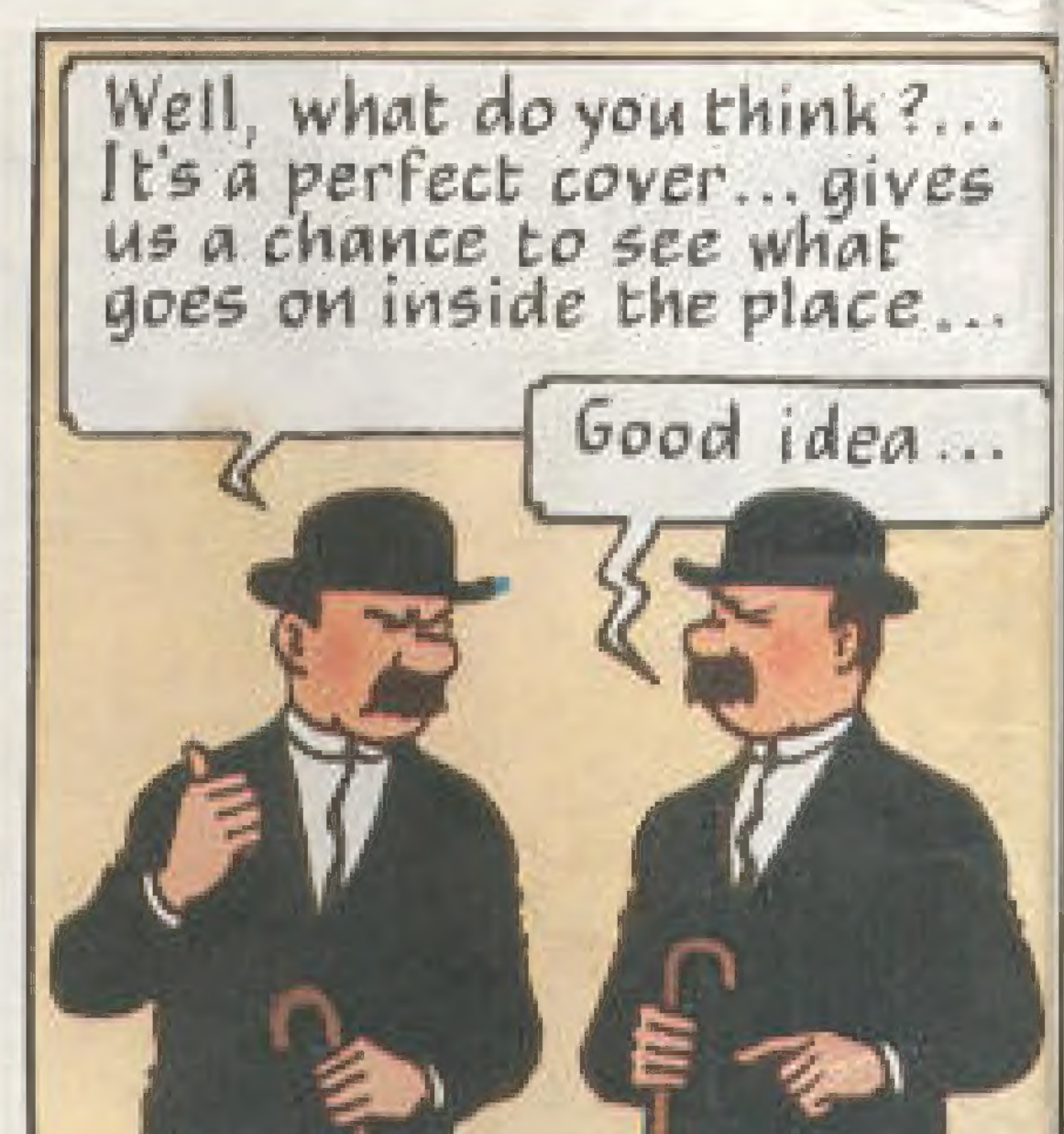
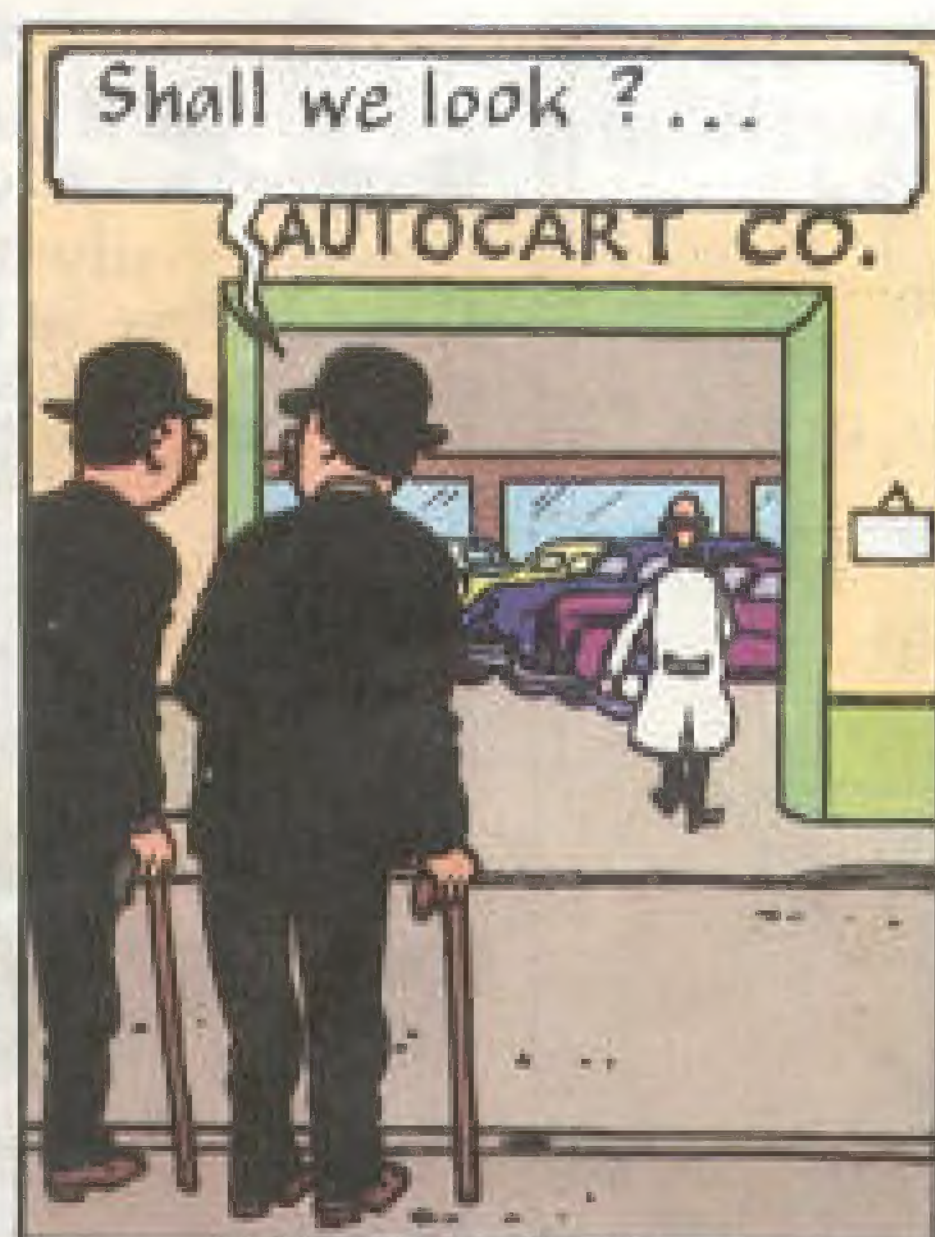
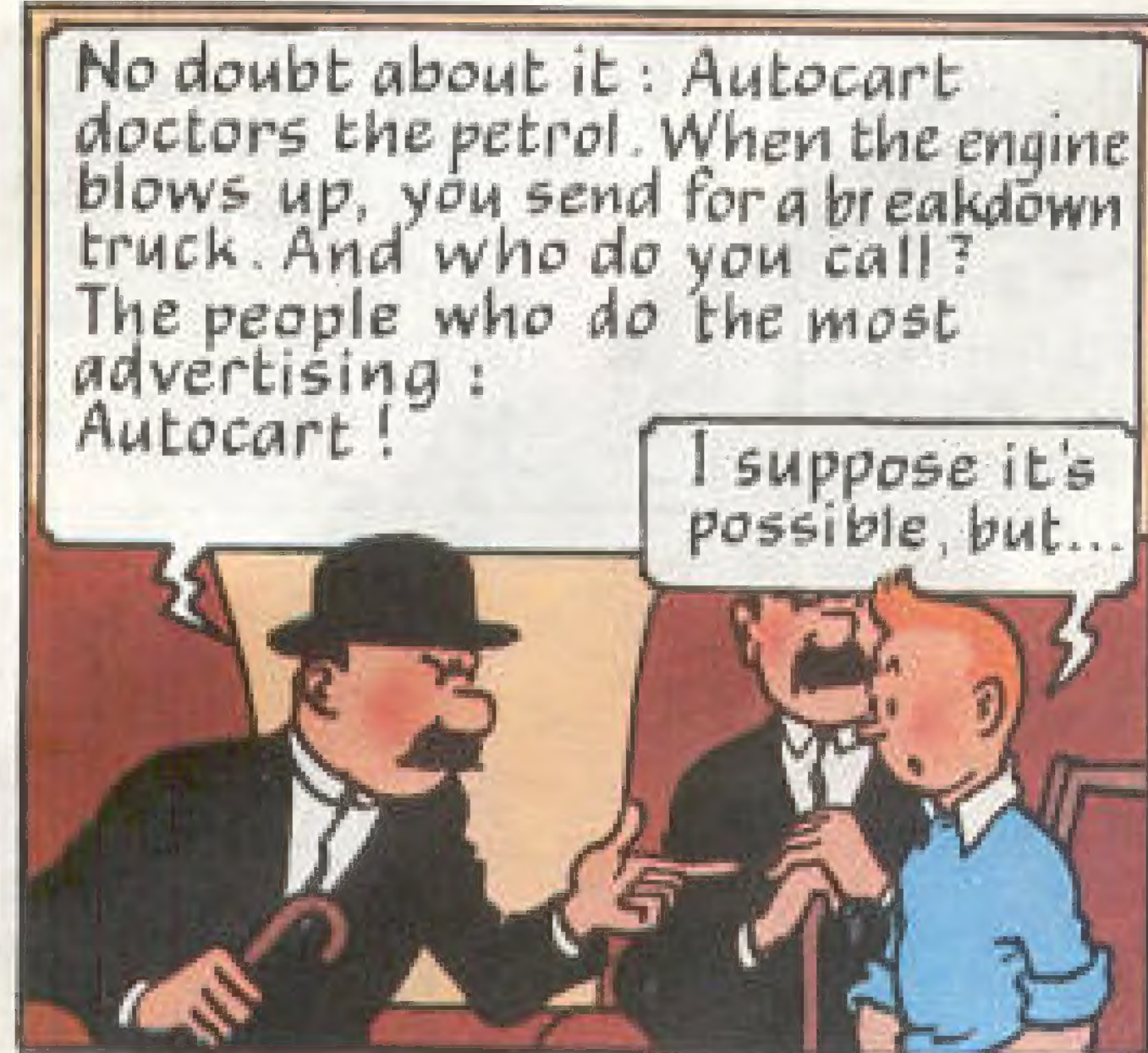


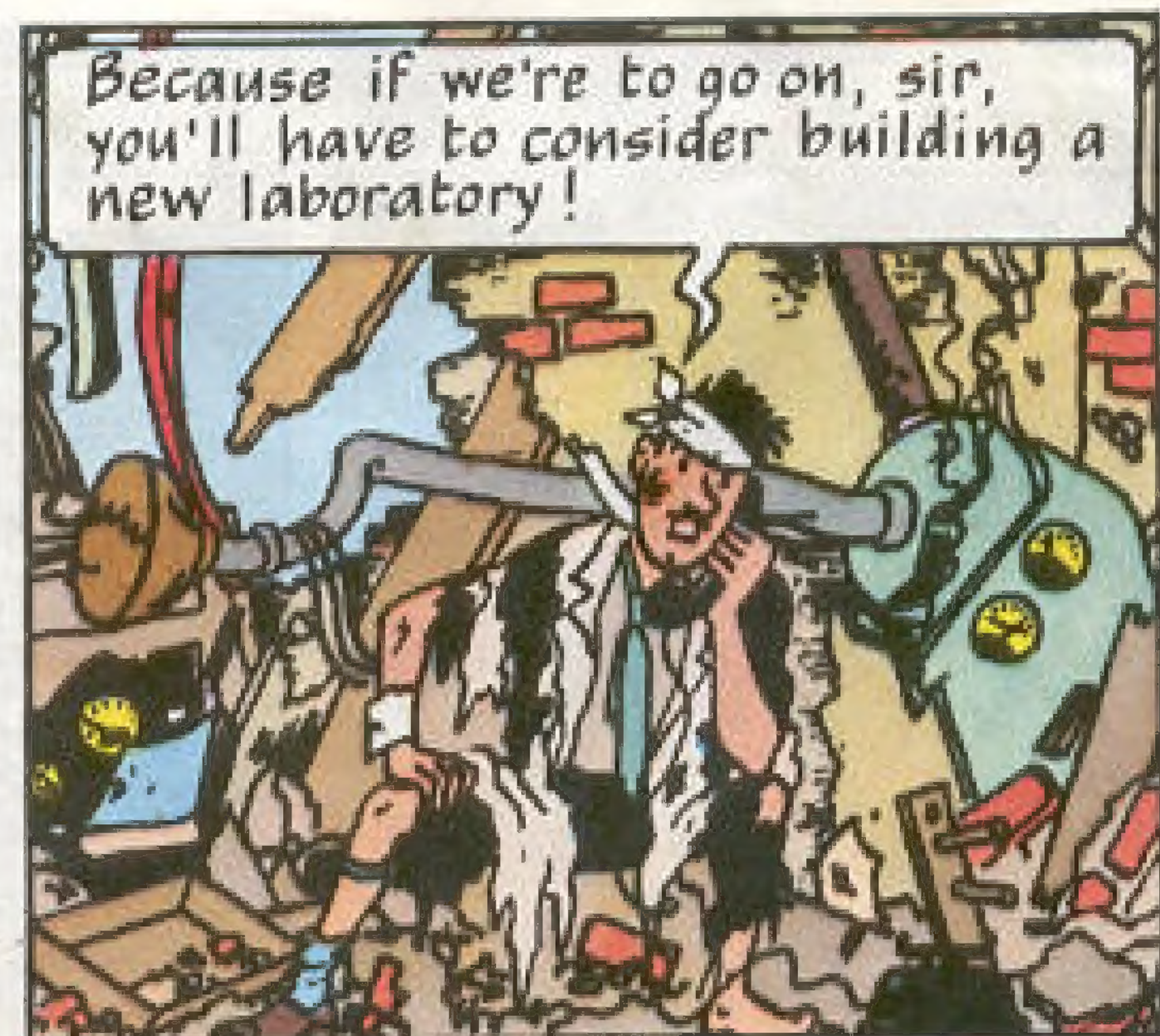
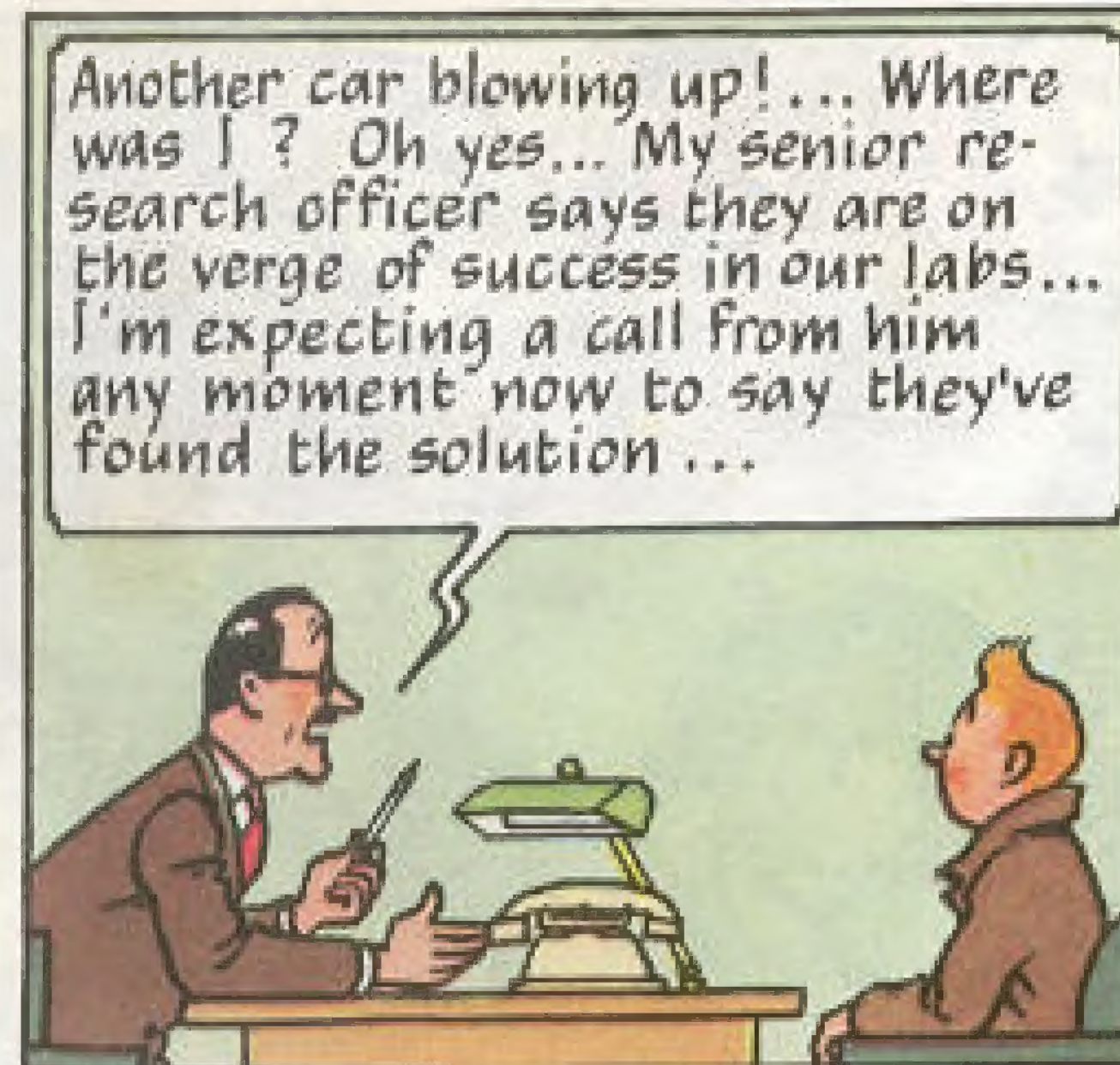
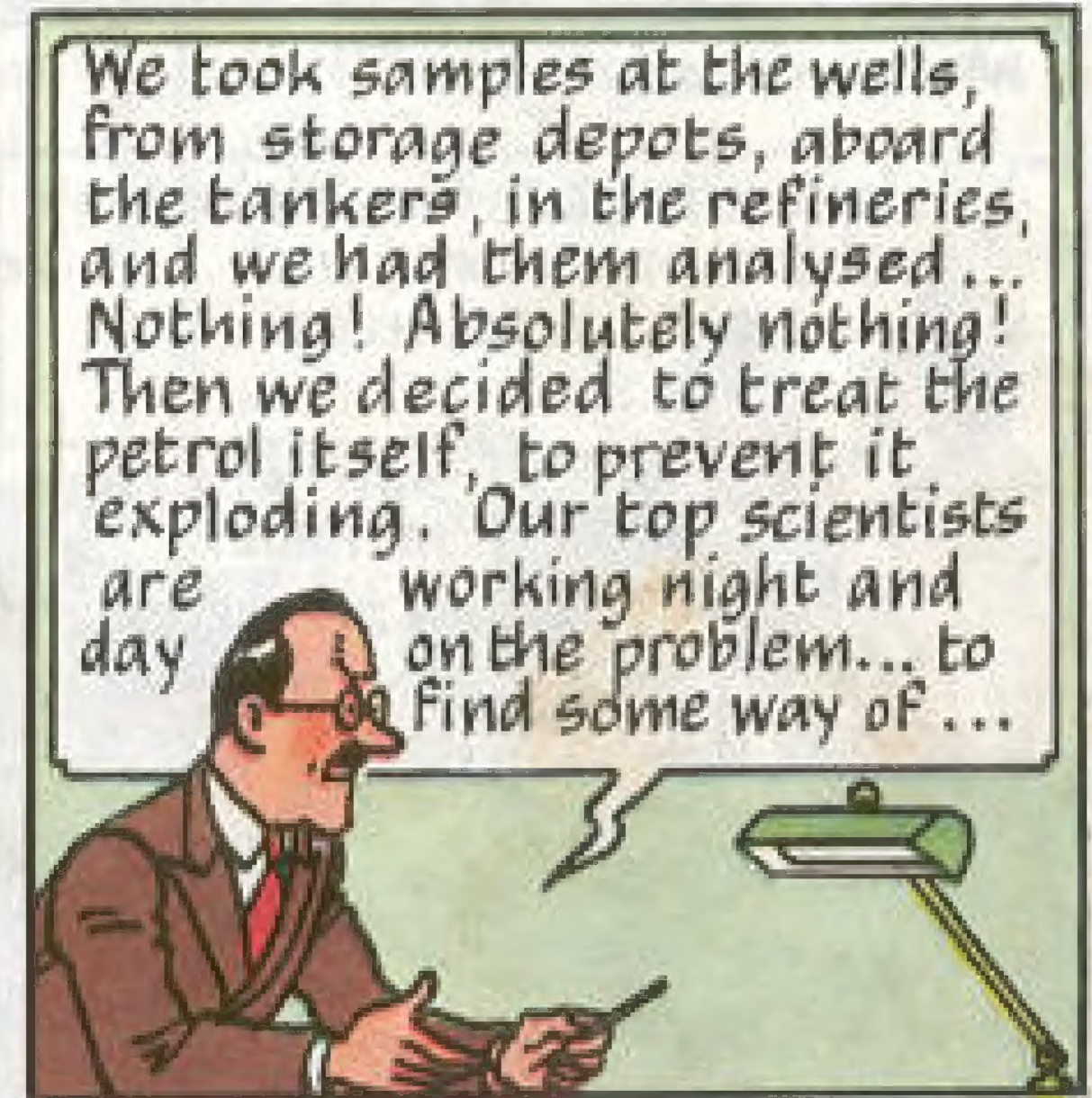
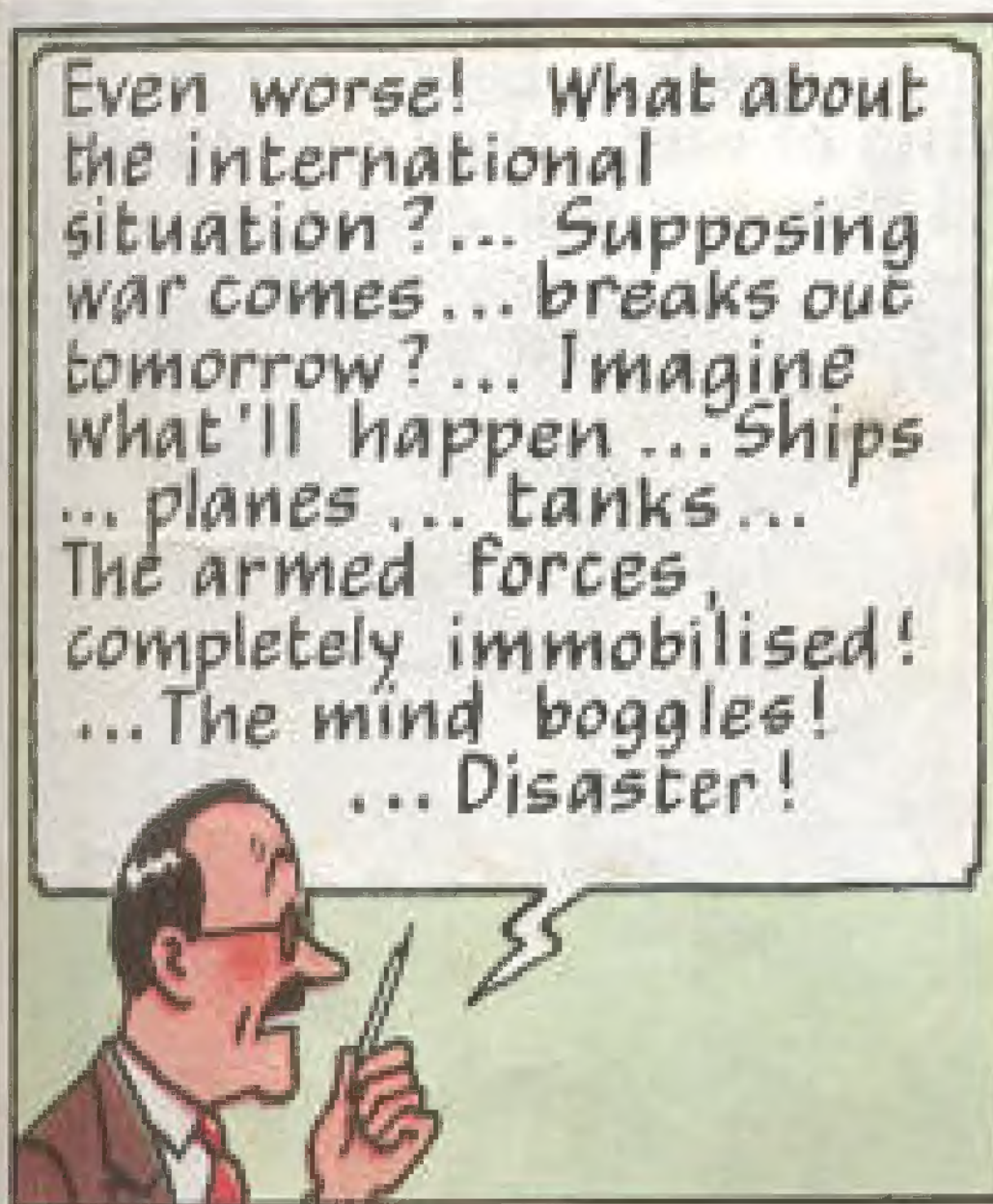
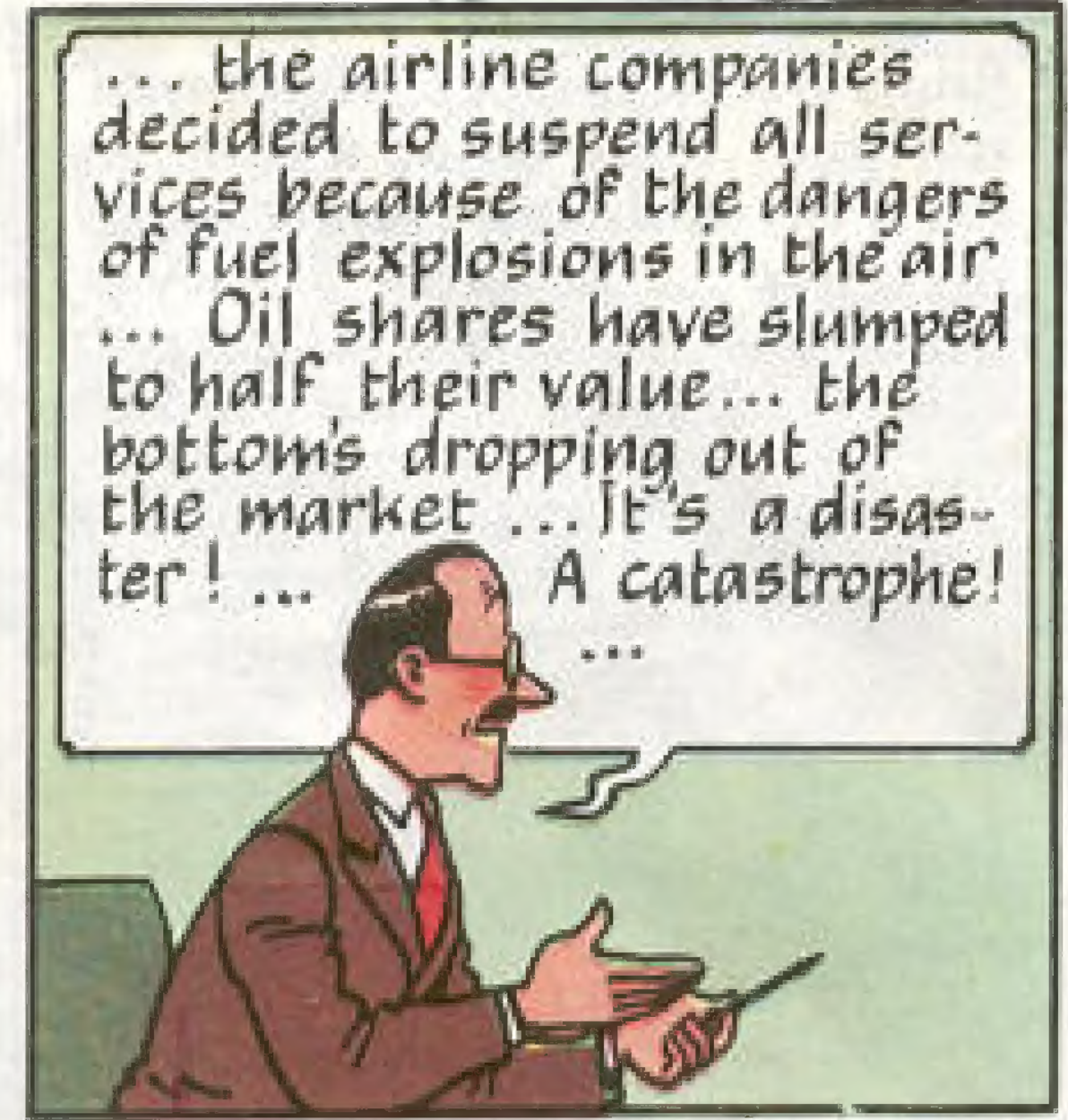
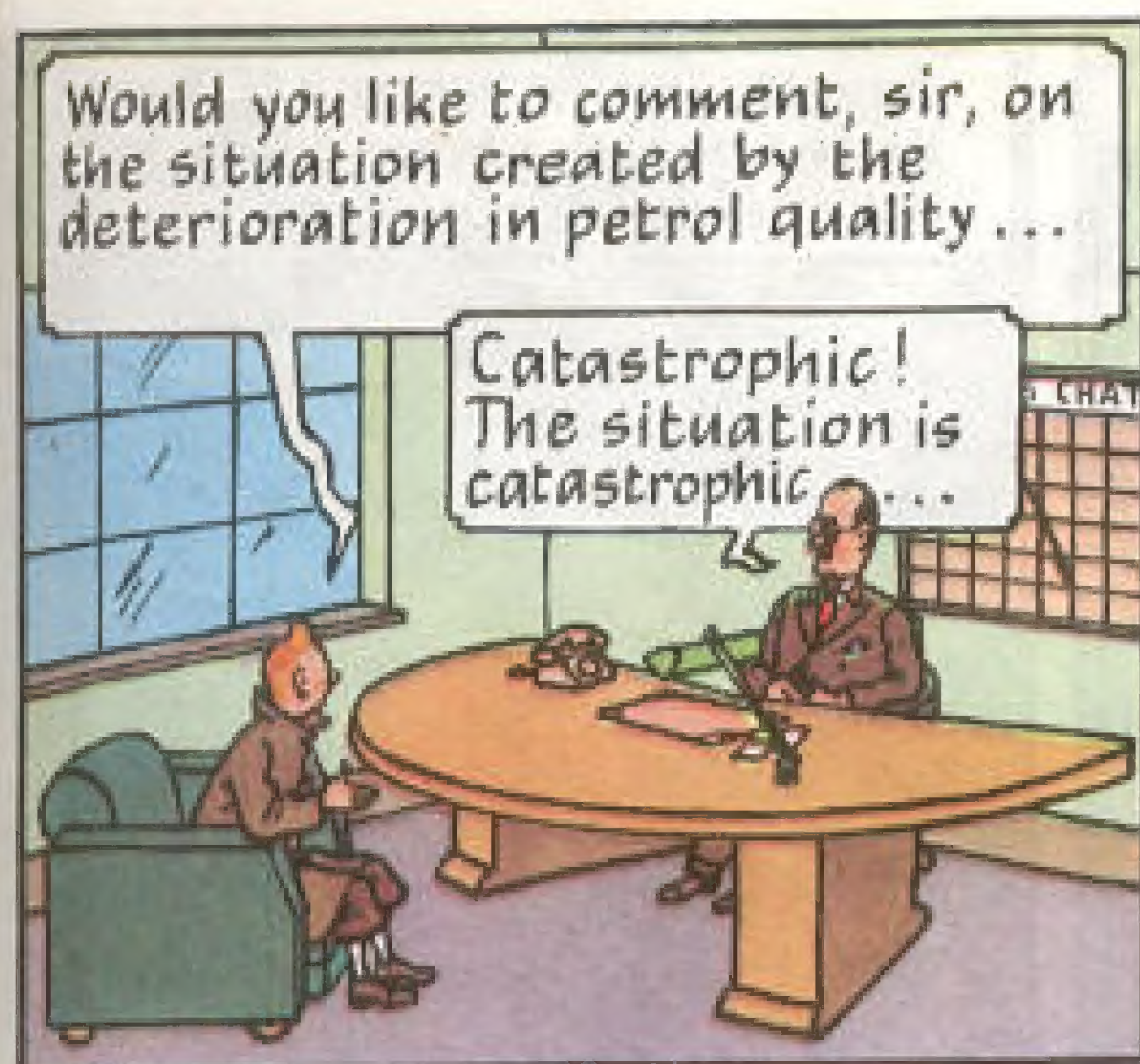
...doctored, yes! ... That's
what suddenly occurred to
us... And if it was doctored,
it must have been done by
someone with an interest in
wrecked cars. Remember the
old police maxim: Who profits
from the crime?

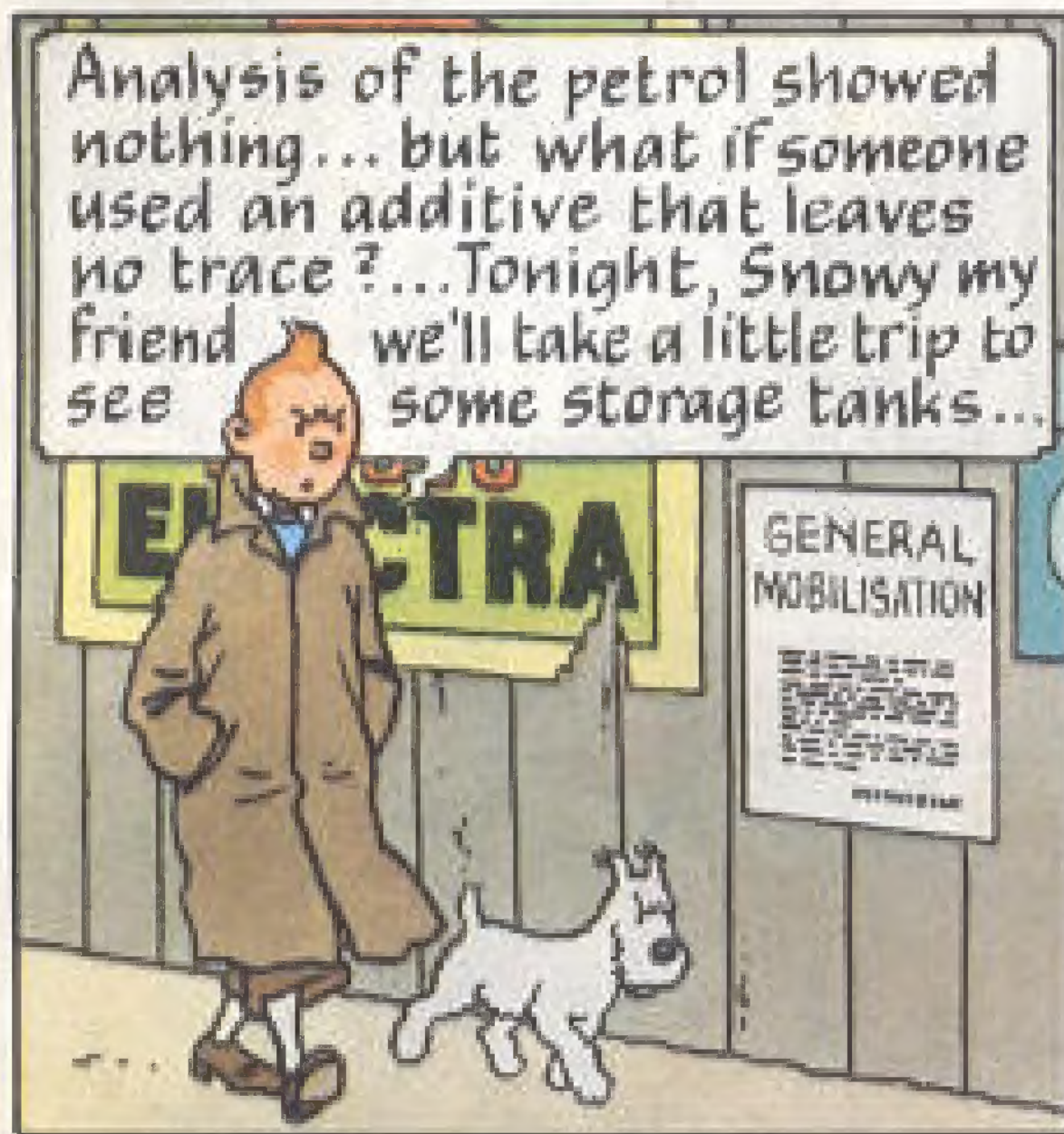


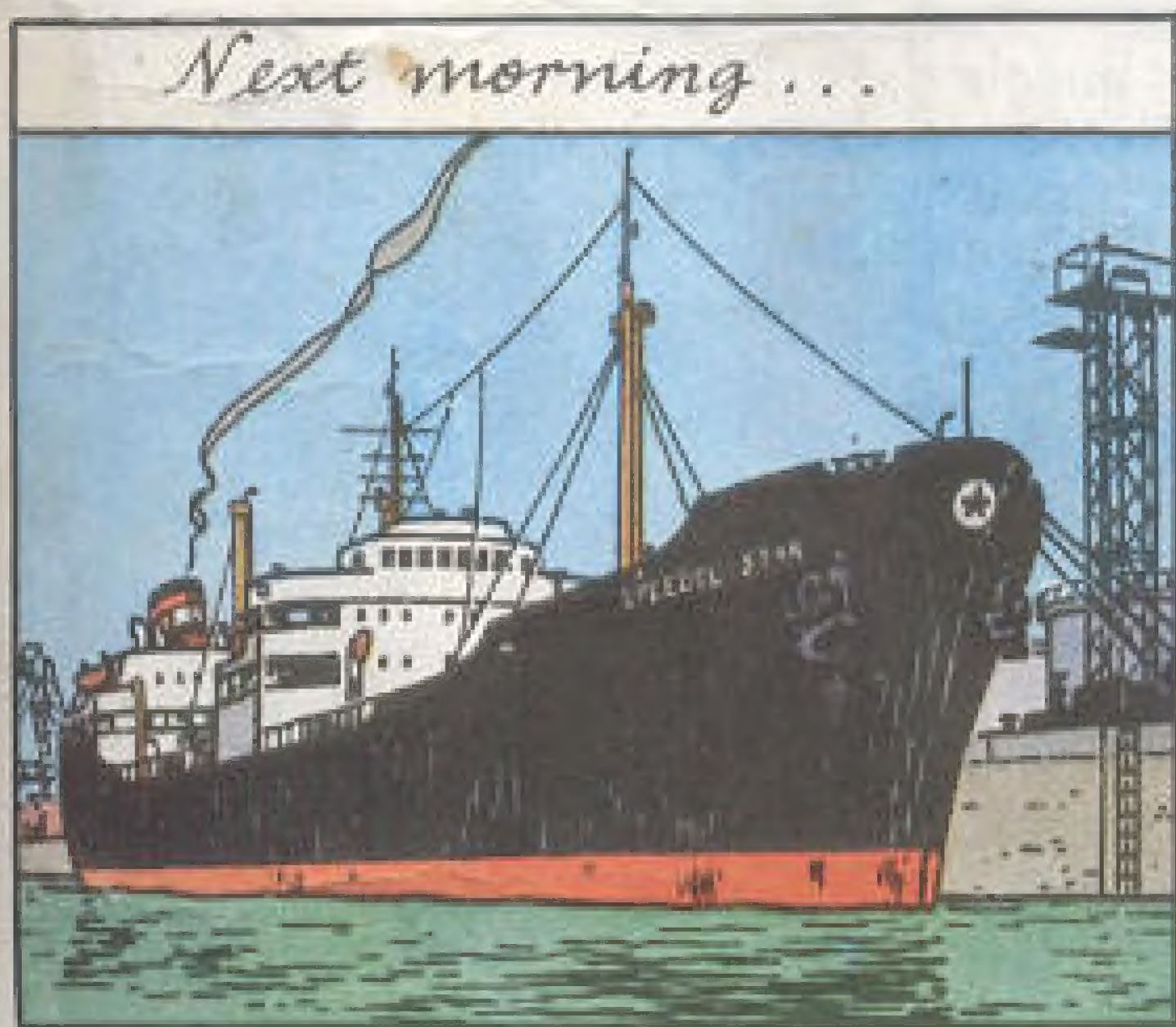
Now, who stands to gain
from this business?... Who,
eh?... I'll tell you! ... the
breakdown people,
Autocart!

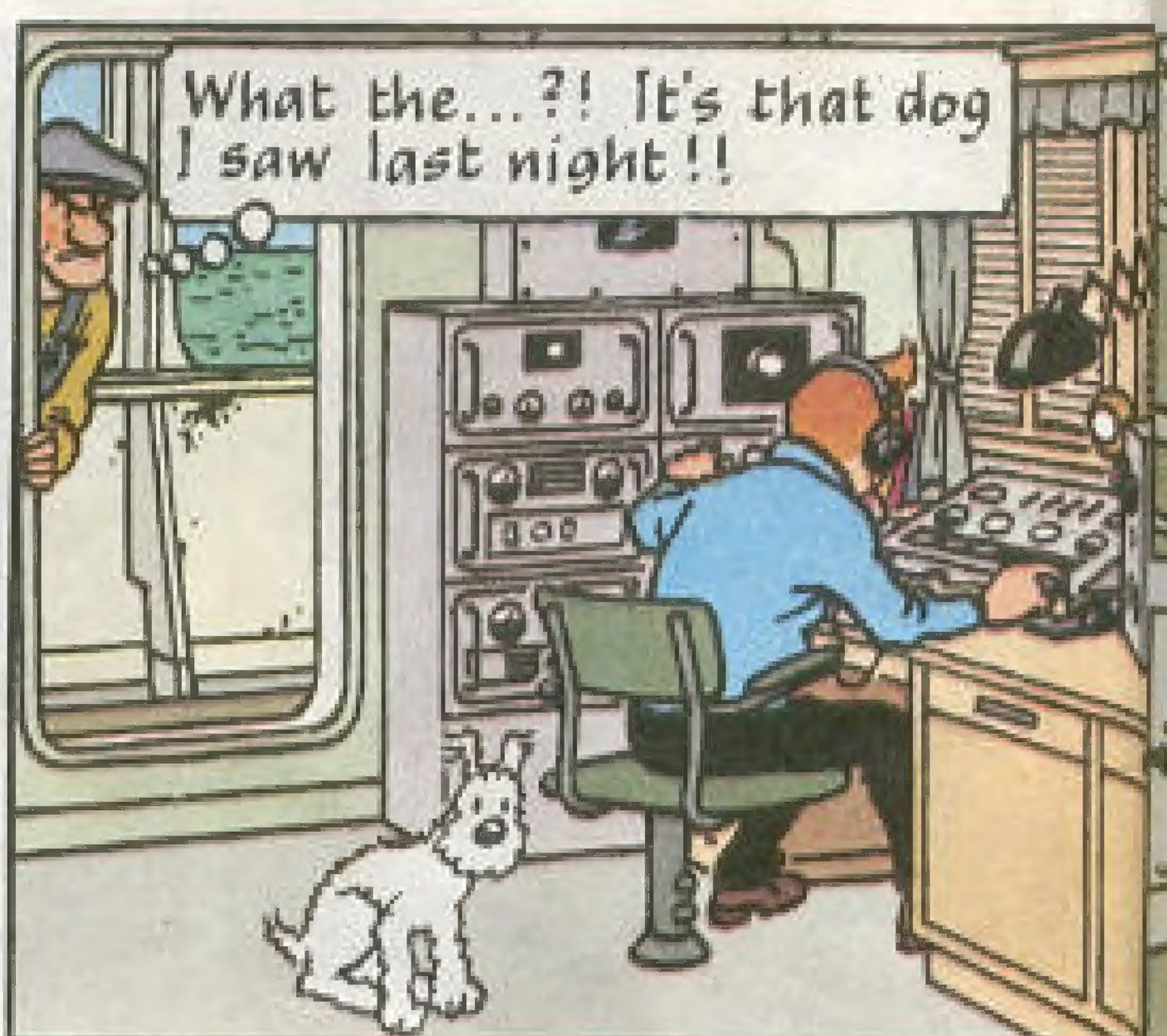
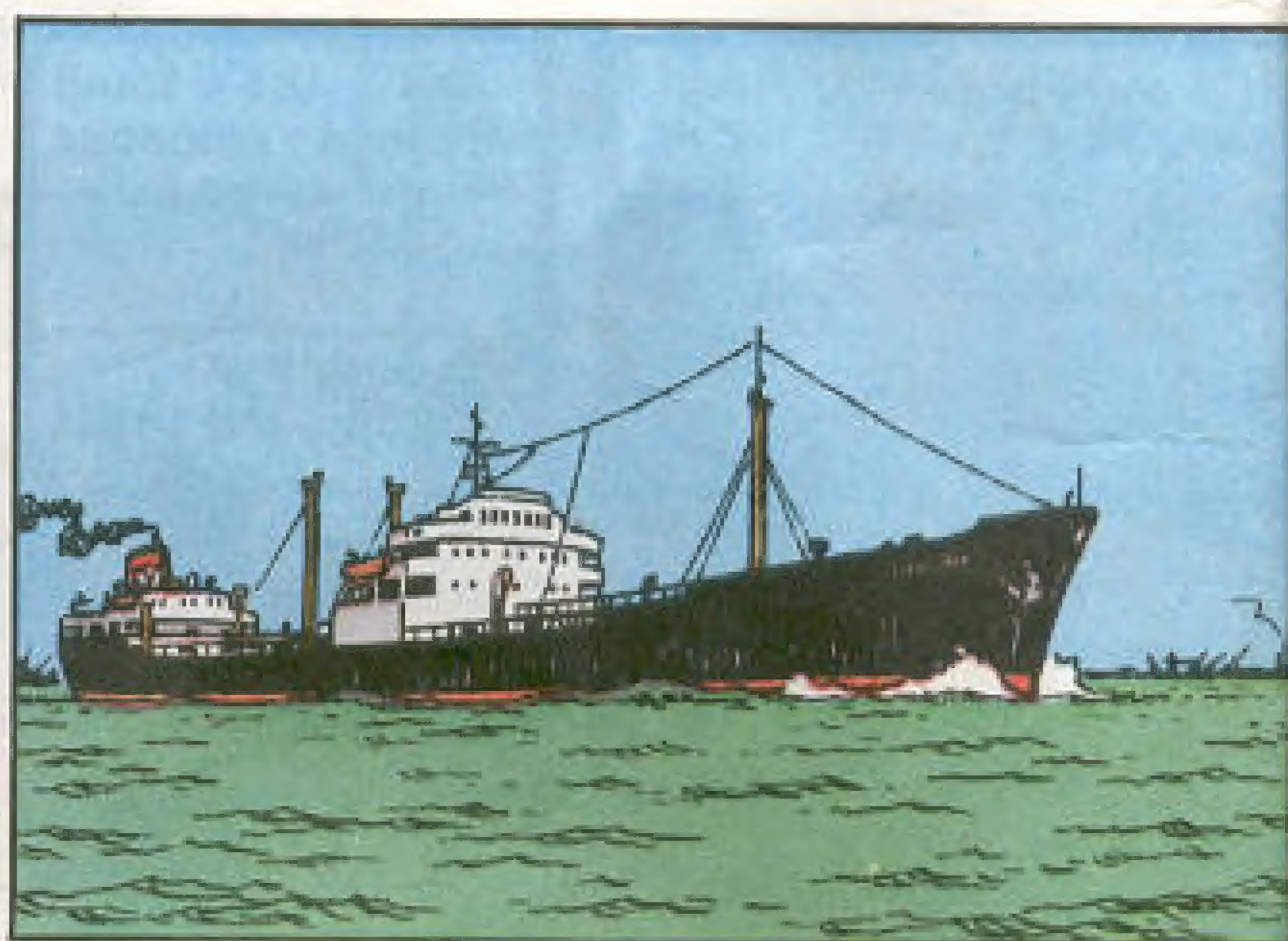




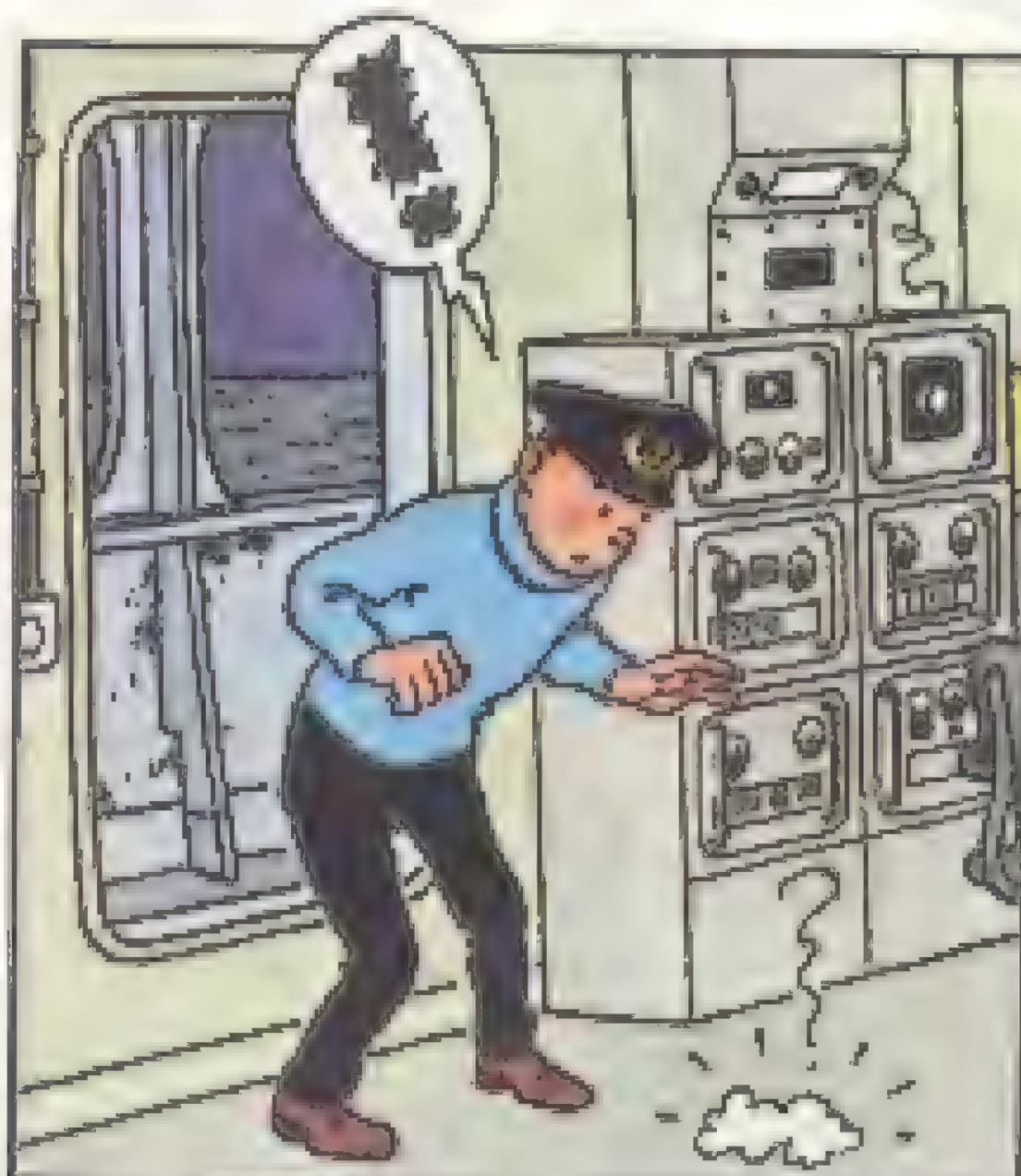


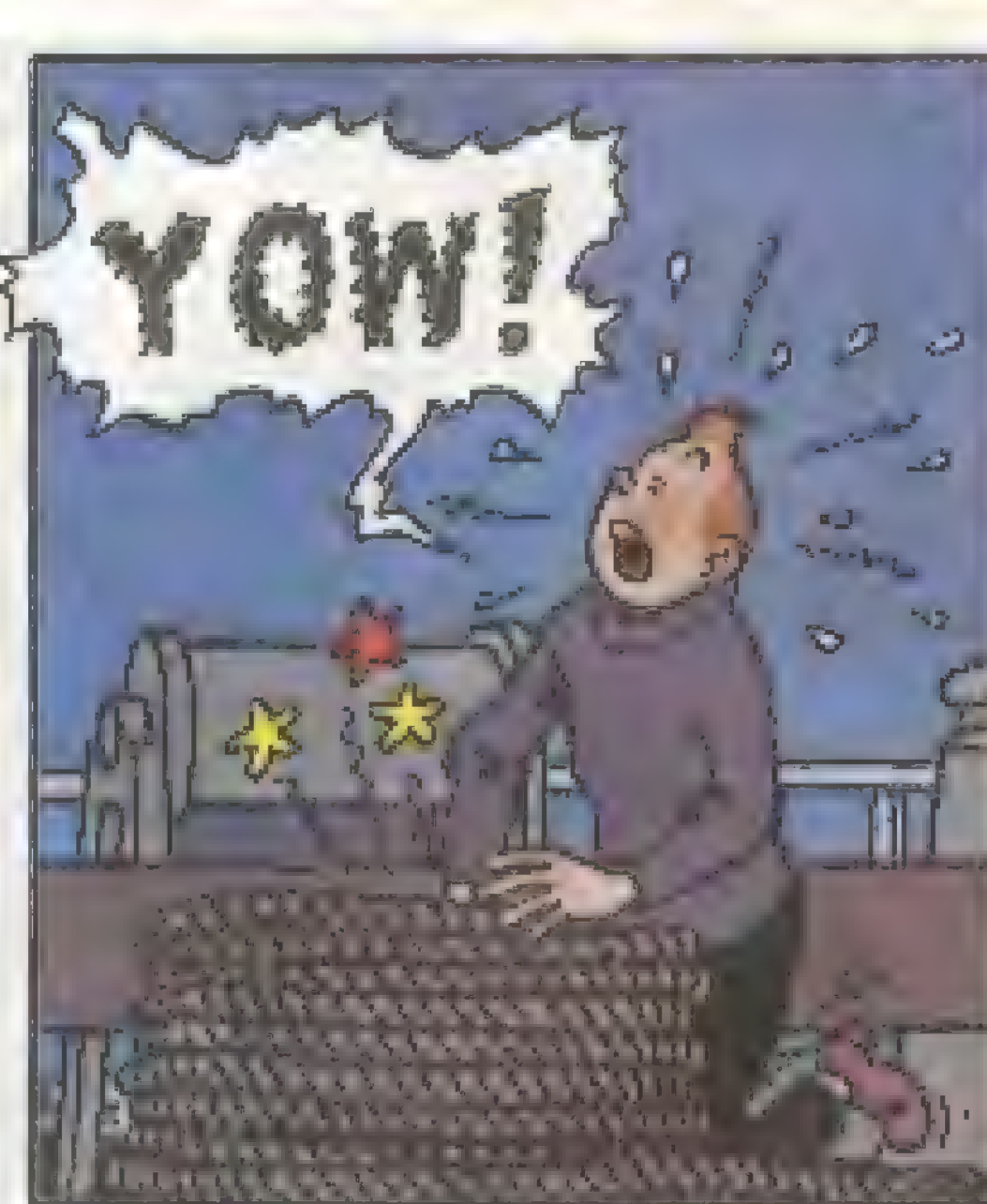


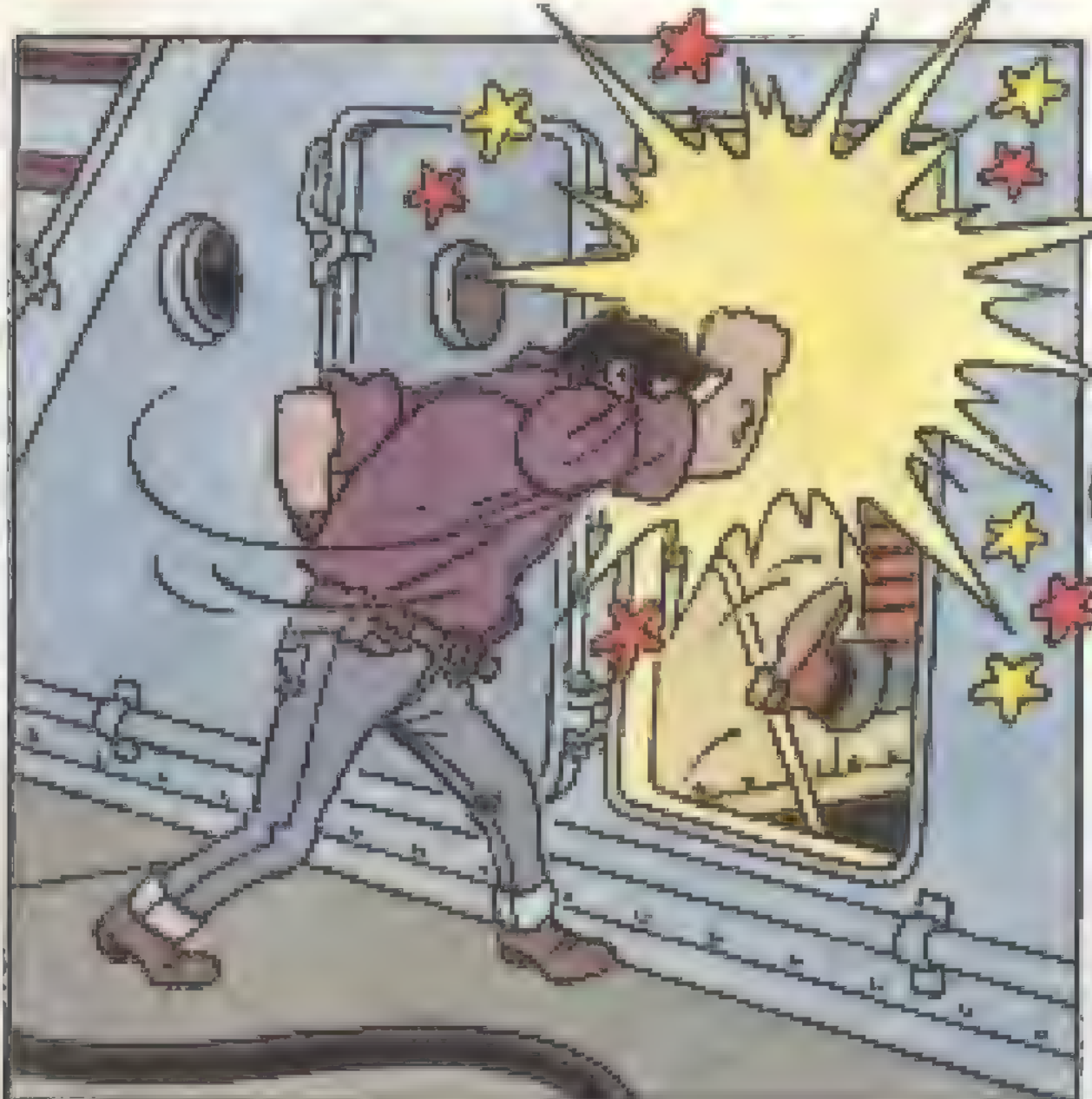
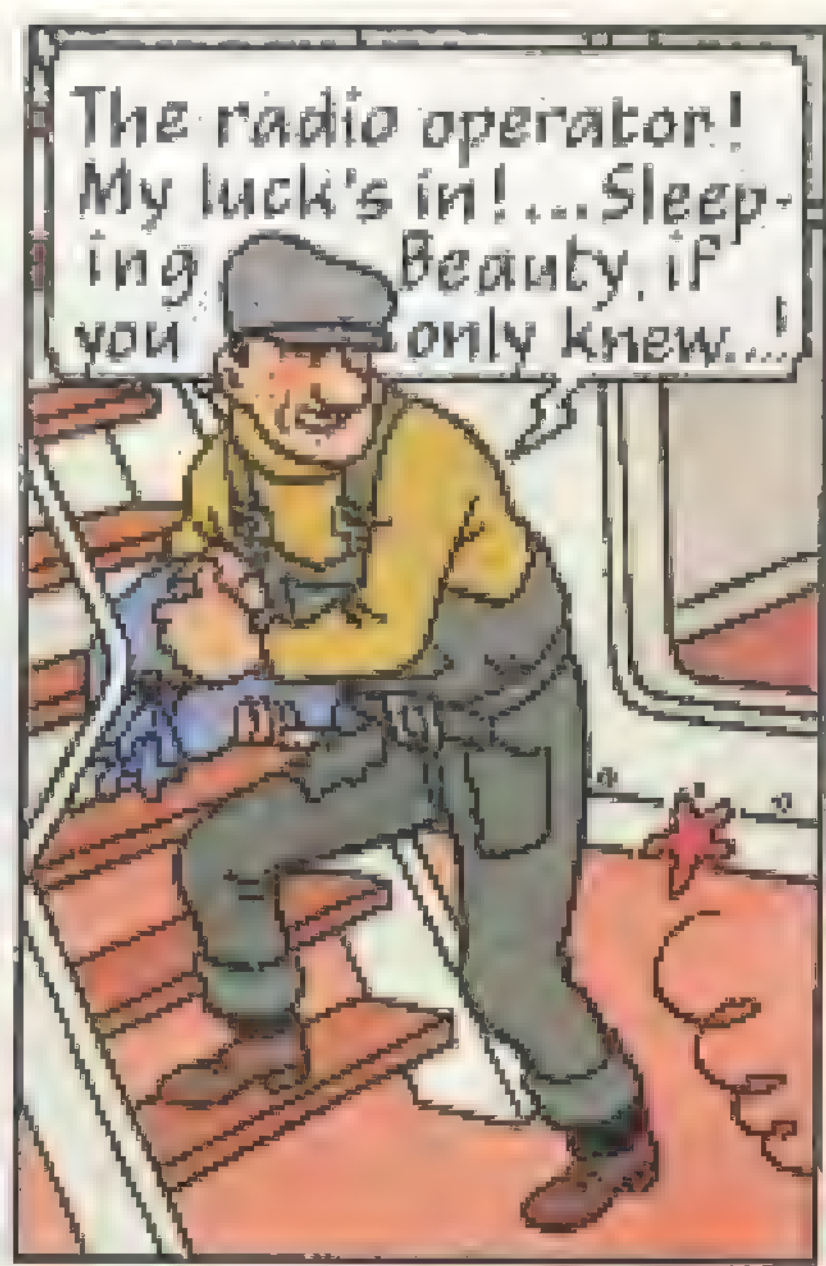
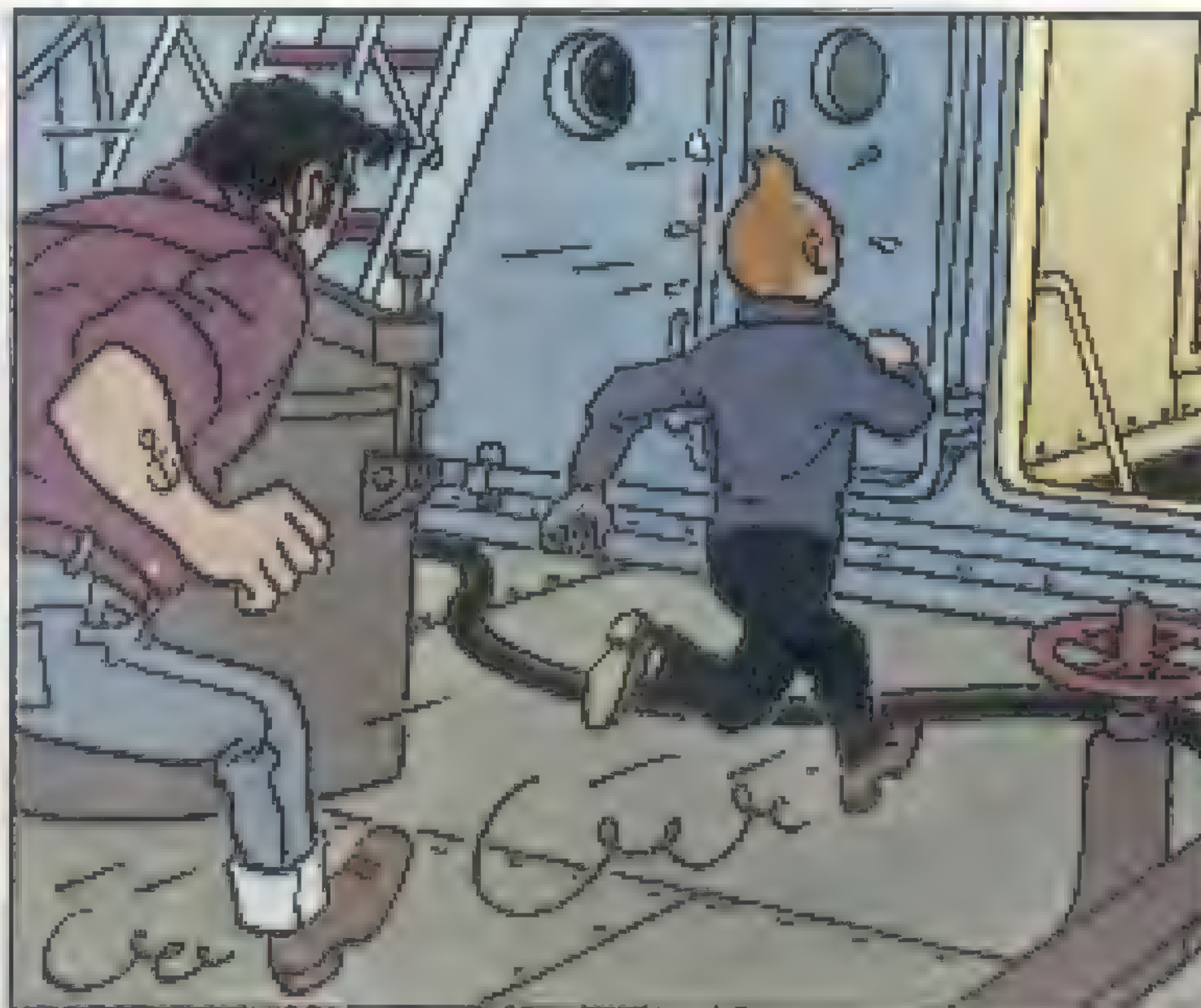
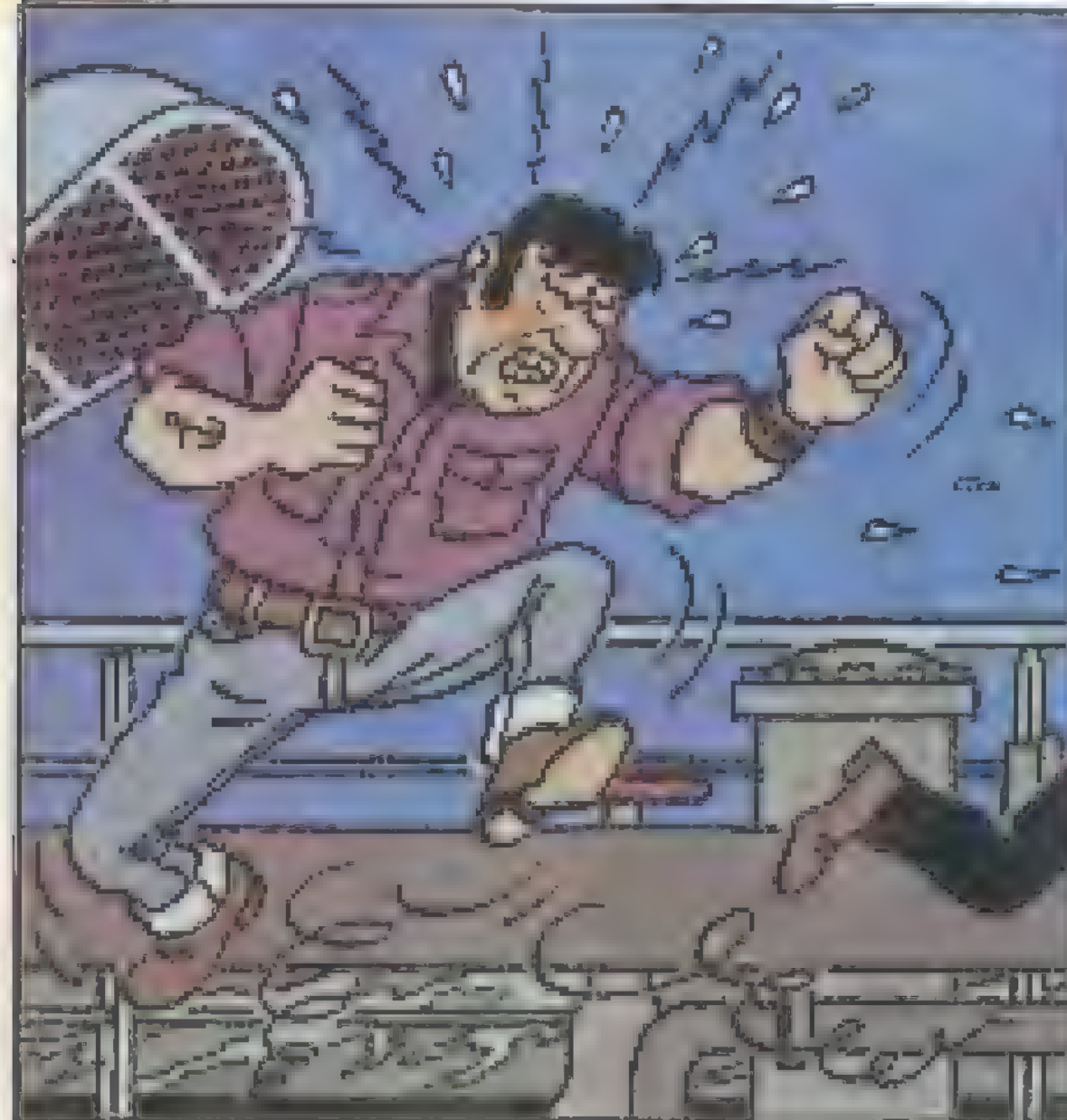


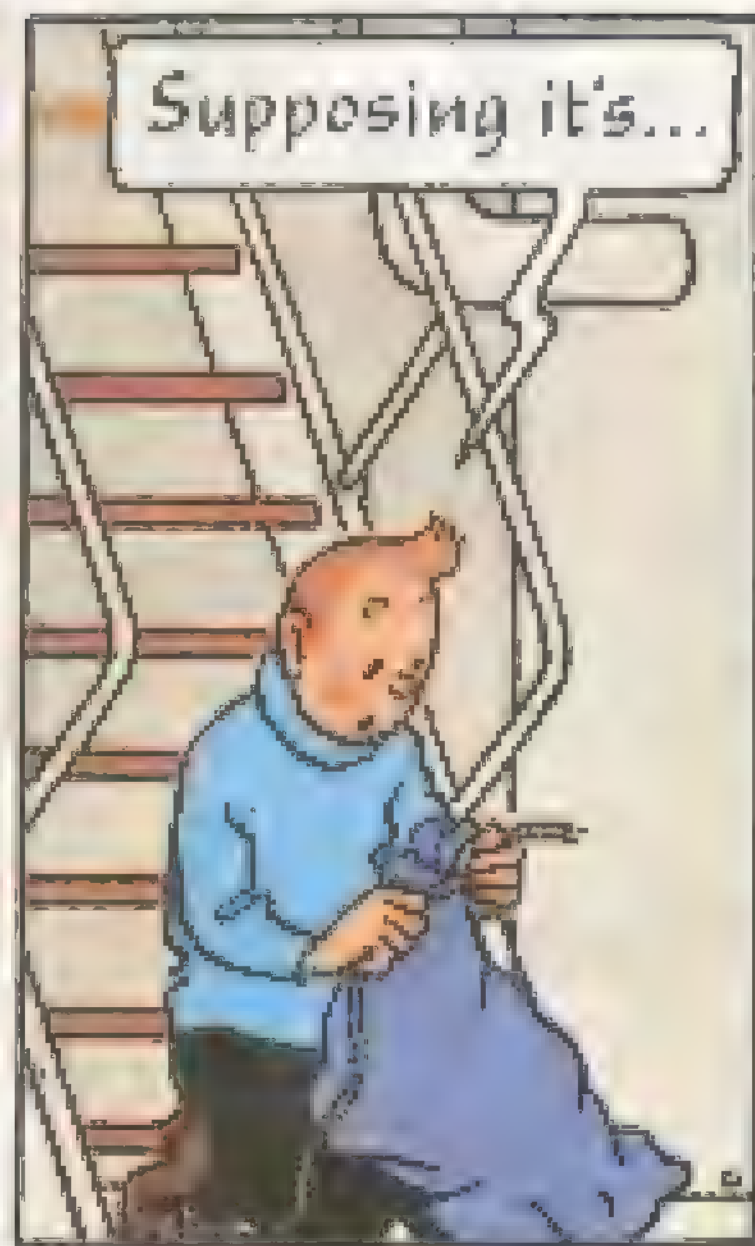


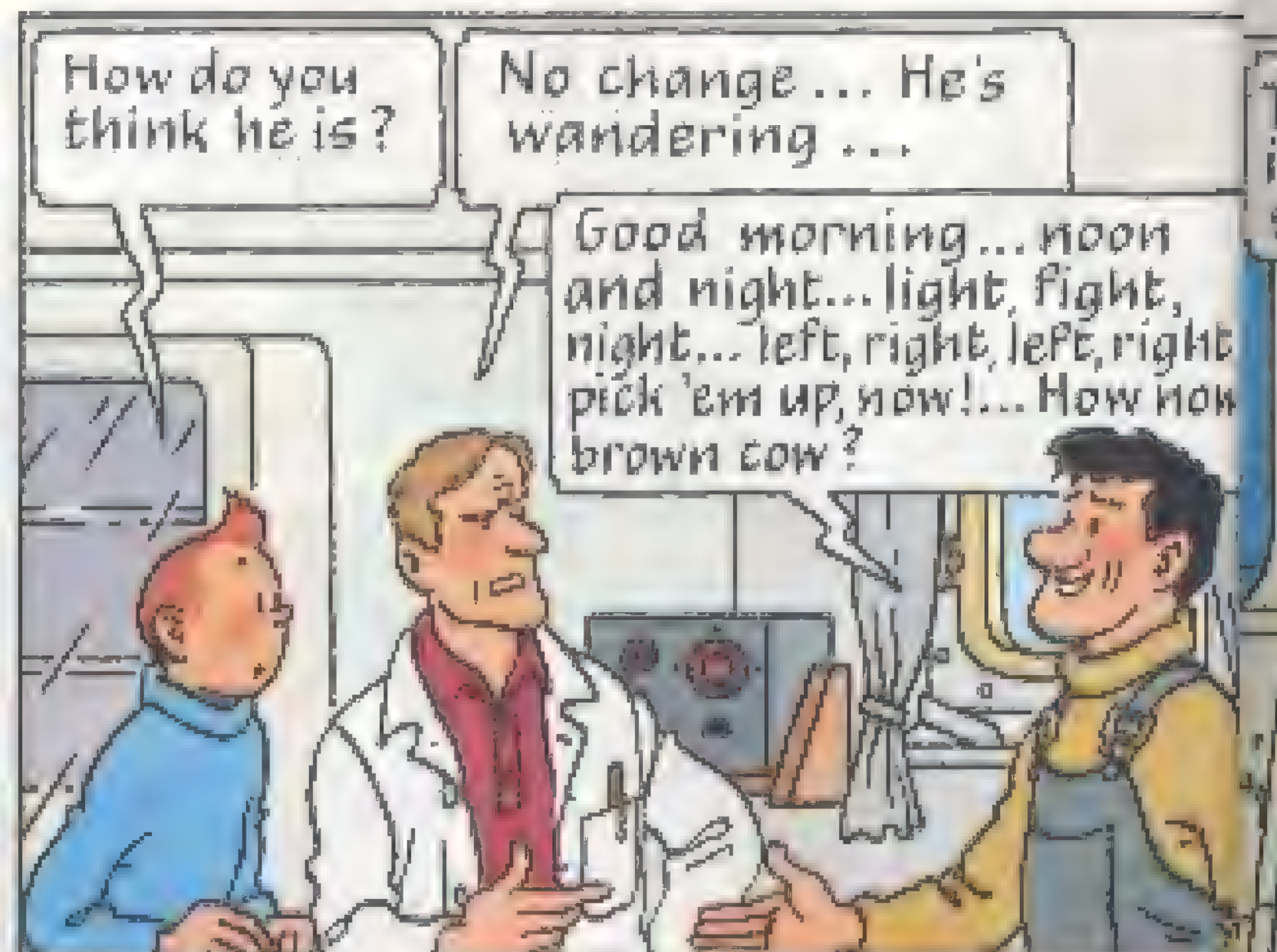
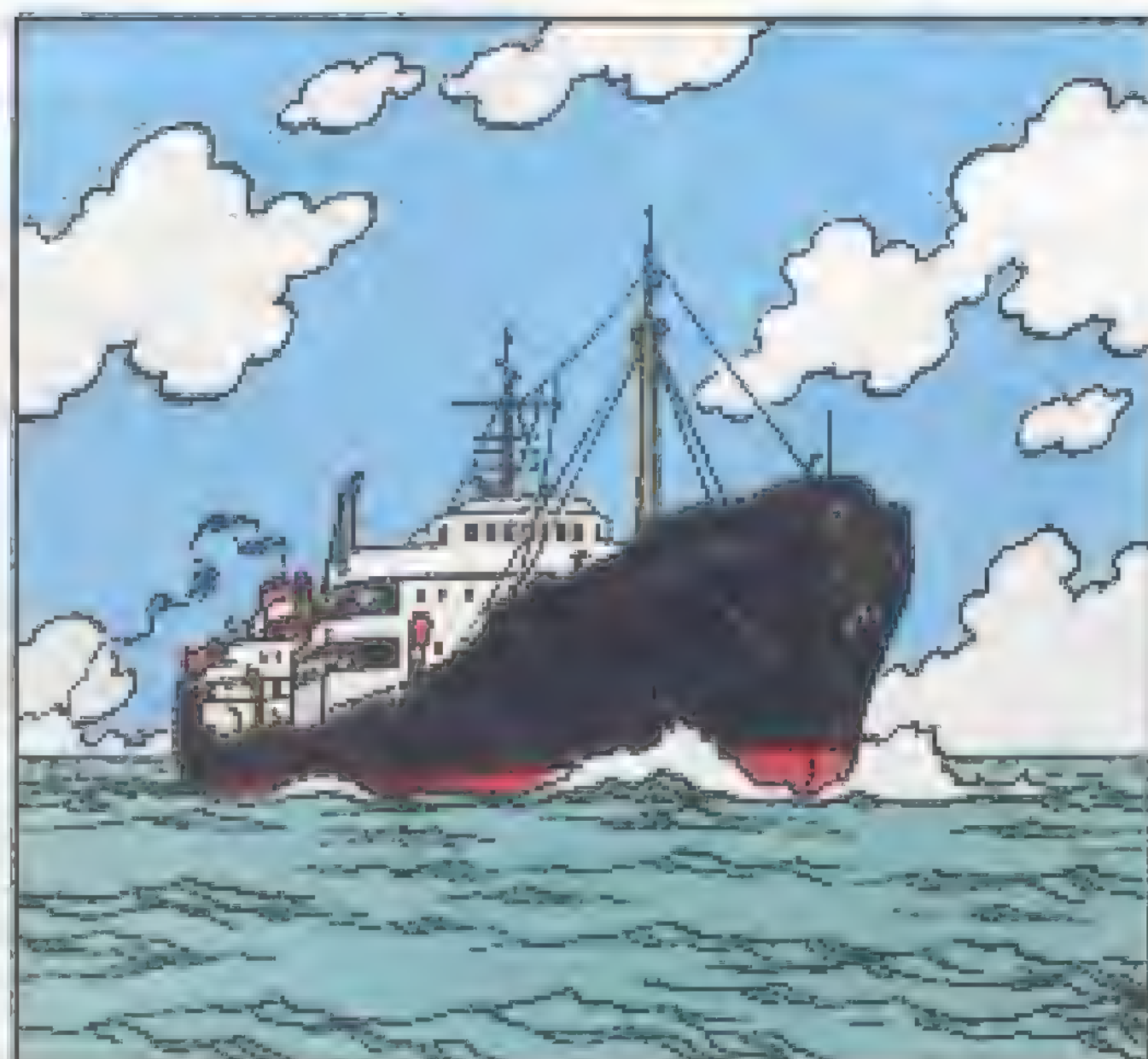












These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!

Aha! All very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I...

Keep your hands off! ... We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise: you'll see we pay for this!

Heroin in their baggage, sir... And they're pretending to be police officers!

Indeed?

We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh?

He's here on board, sergeant... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits...

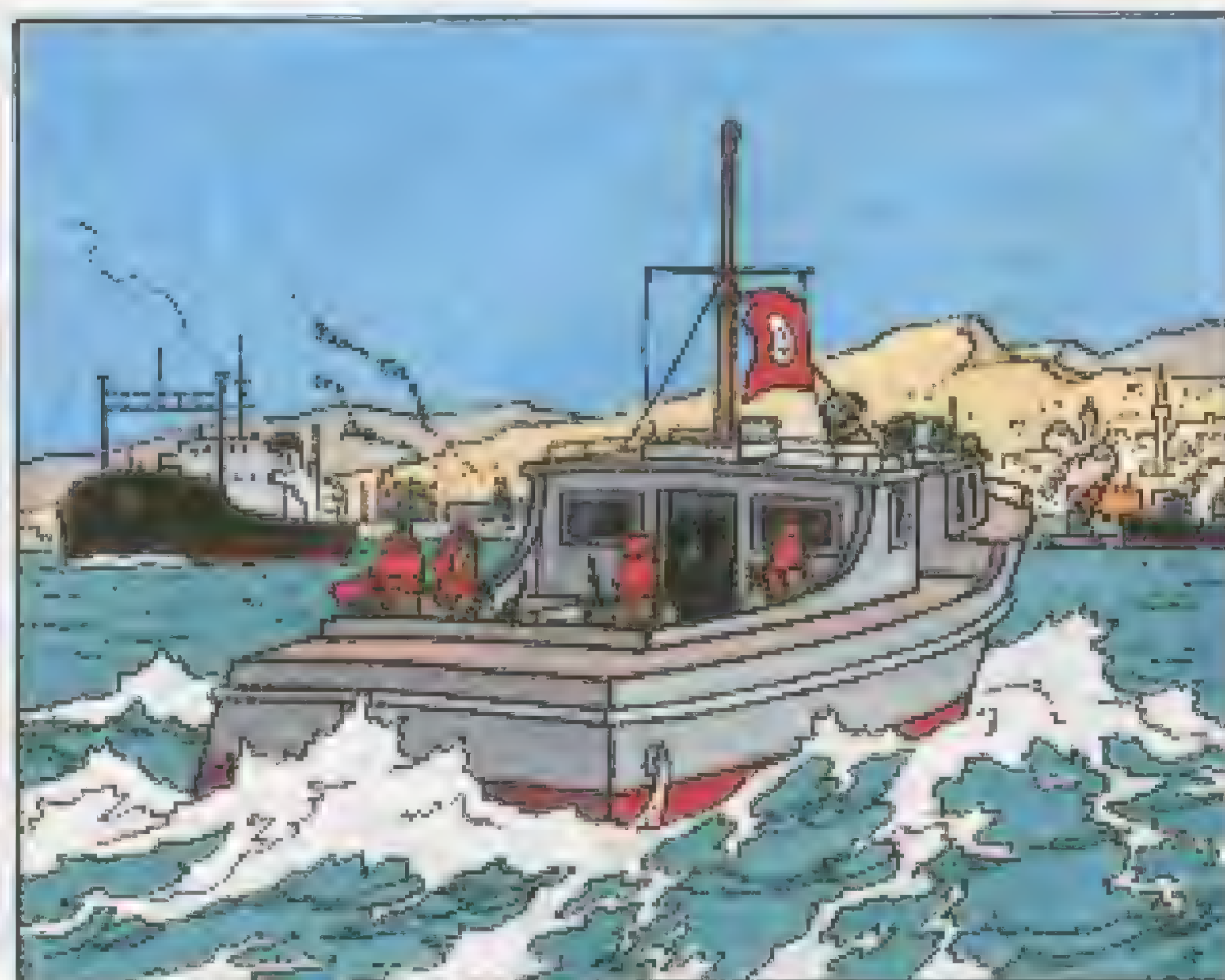
Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose!... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!

What a fool I've been! ... Another false trail!

All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

But...

I...



Who've you got there?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, I think... But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.

Excellent work! Our noble sheik will reward you when he comes to power! ... Go now!

Bab El Ehr must be informed!



That evening...

I have come from Khemikhal, noble master. There I received news: the emir's soldiers have arrested a young foreigner.

Well ?



One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner... papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me !

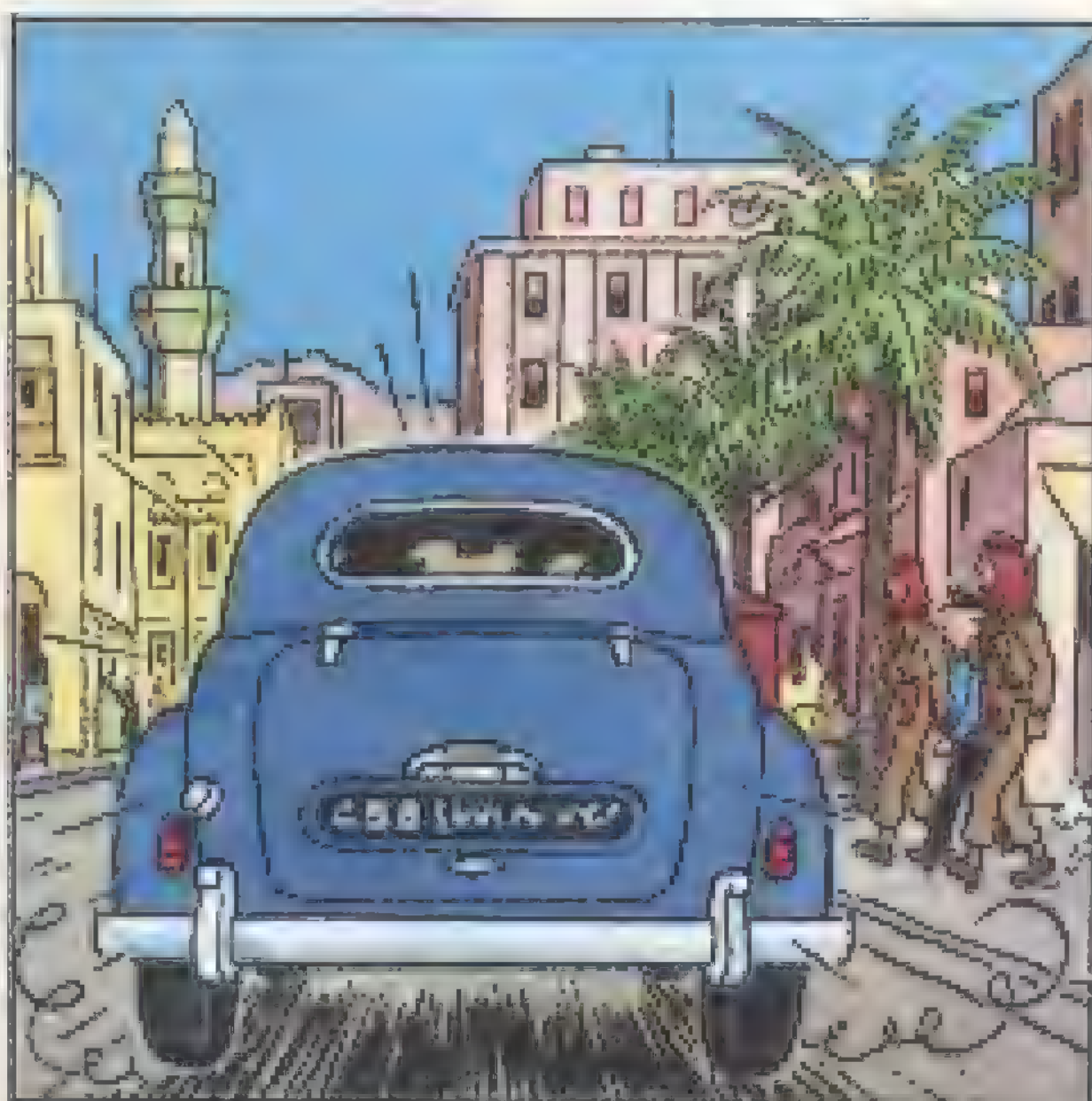


Next morning...

Come with me. You're going to the special security gaol. The secret police want you for questioning.



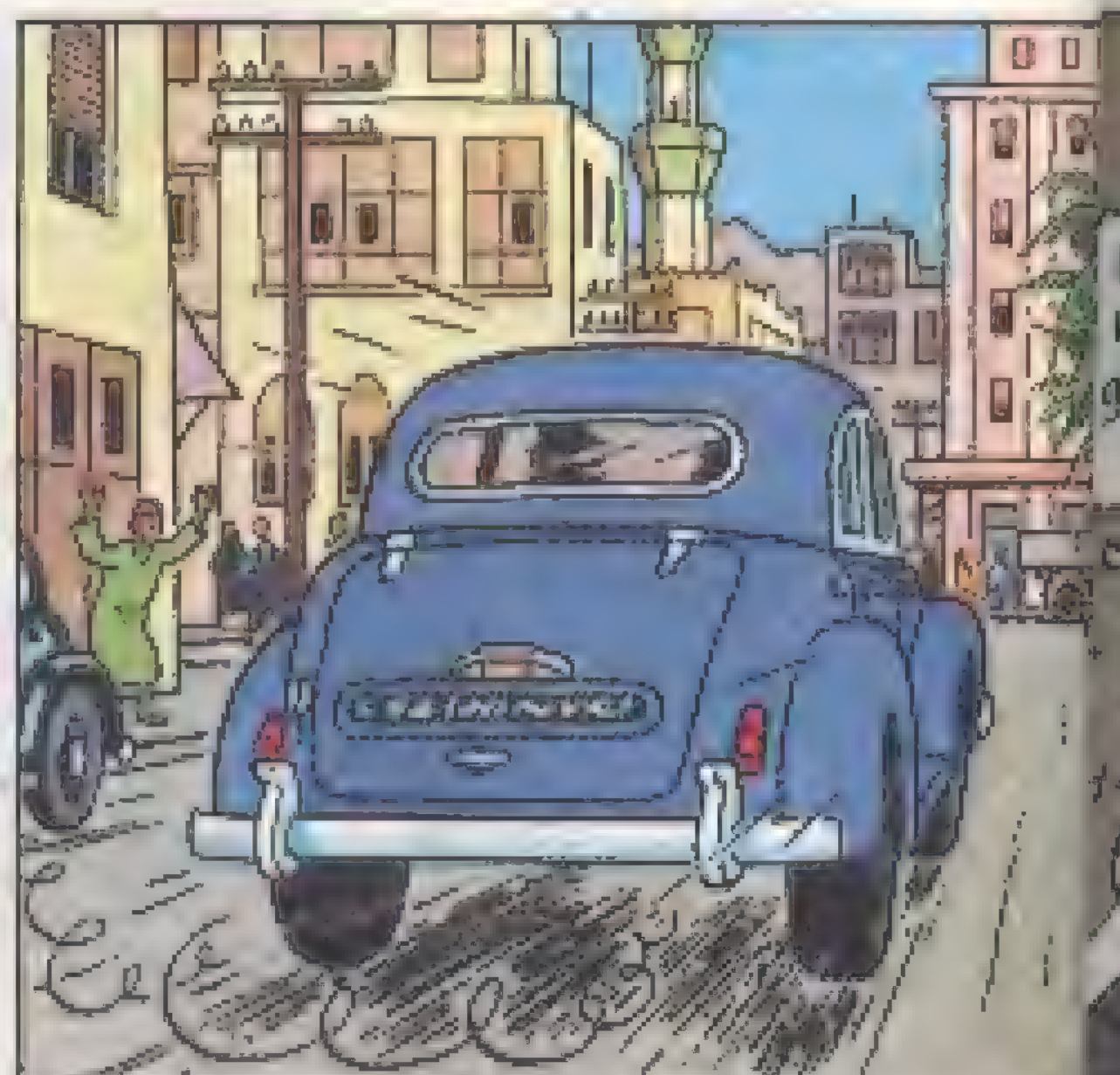
There they are, Moham-med! Put your foot down!



Over here!



Hurry!



Meanwhile...

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend?...
He was seized
on his way here
by Bab El Ehr's
men.

Now we've got to find them... And
that's a thankless job. They made
the snatch, and vanished without
trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward
for anyone who leads us to the
sheik's hideout.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't
say that again!... By this time
next week we'll bring you Bab El Ehr
trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May
Allah go with you!

Next morning...

Five thousand
pounds reward!

Here is the young foreigner
brought by your partisans,
noble sheik.

Enter!

Greetings, and welcome, young
stranger... Heaven will bless
you for embracing our great
cause... Now, when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment
of arms... You've brought news of
their delivery: isn't that so?

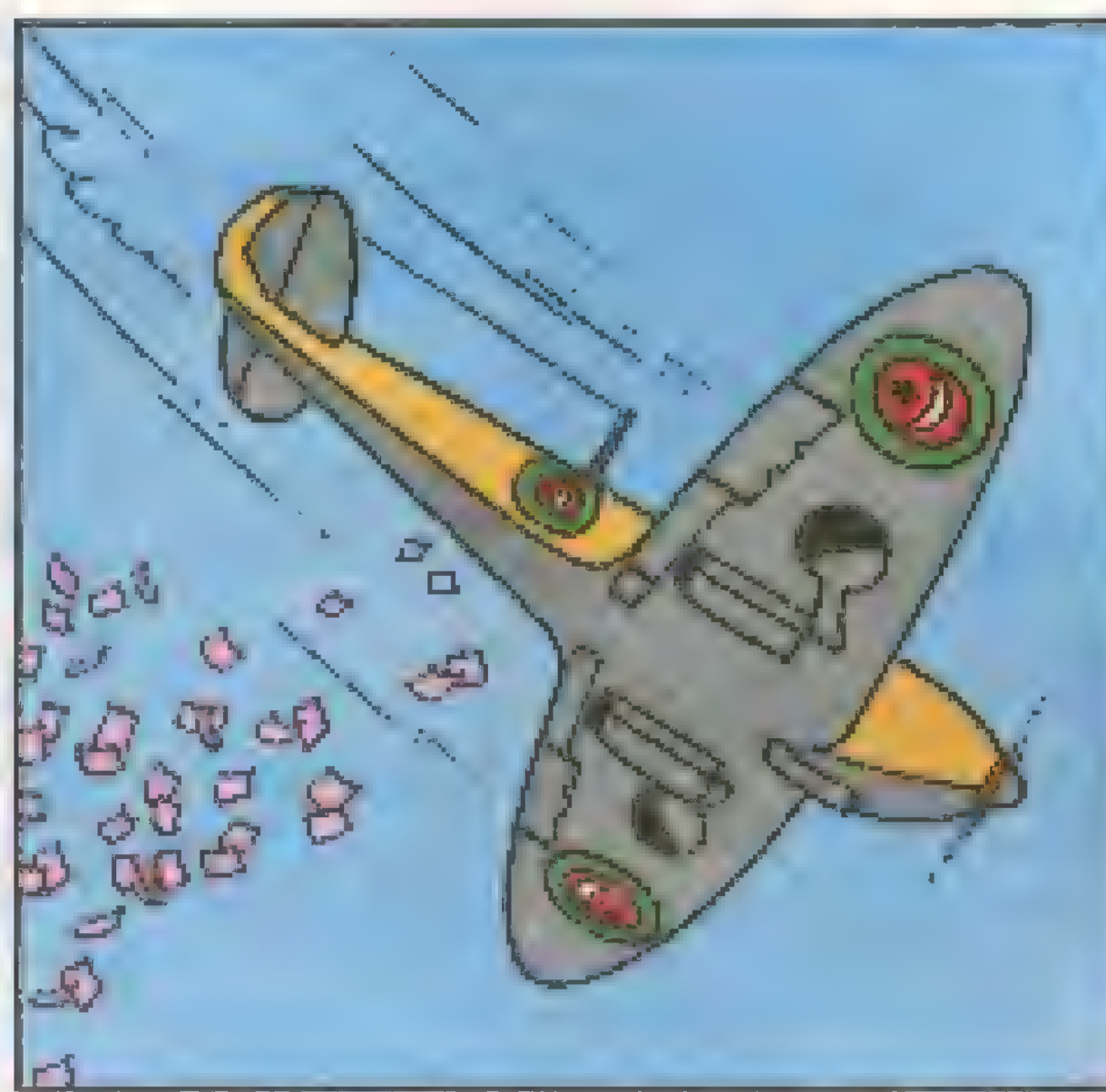
Me?... Not me, most
noble sheik!...

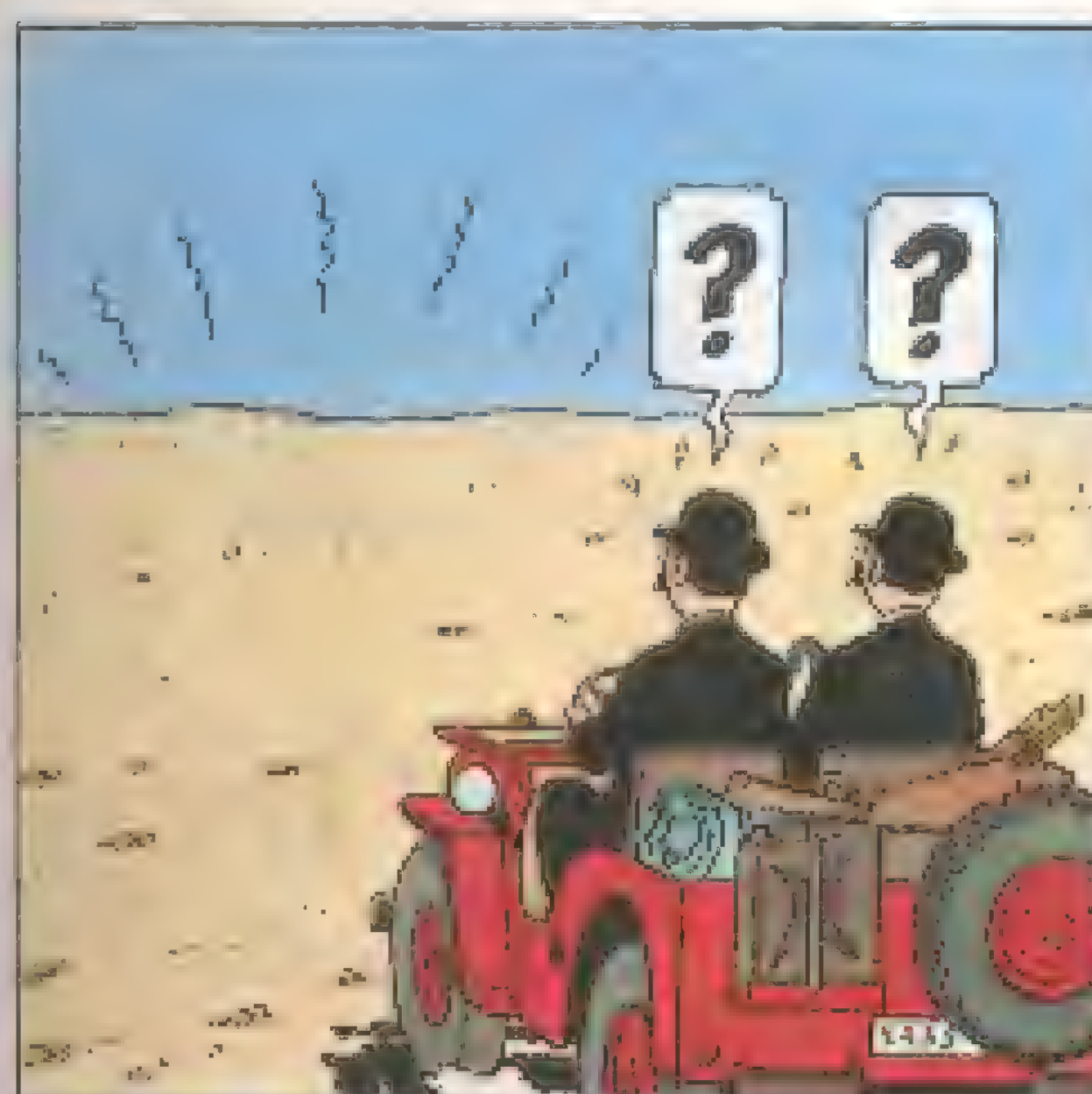
You lied to me, son of
a mangy dog!

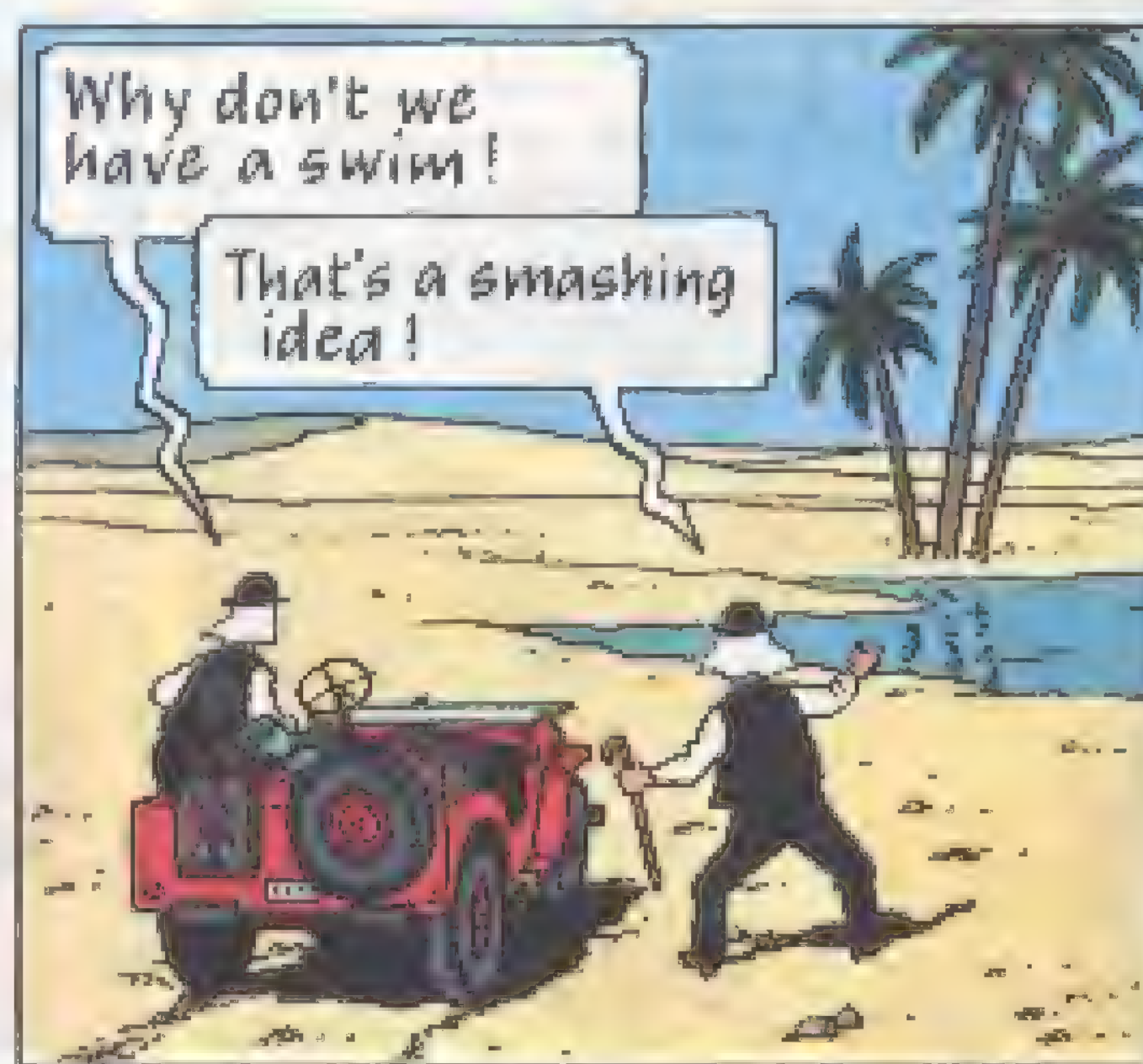
Oh, no! most powerful
master... It was the
guard who told me...
I swear by Allah!

That's quite true, noble sheik.
Some papers were found in my
cabin... but they didn't belong
to me... And I've no idea who
put them there...

It's a trick... A miserable trick to
discover my hideout... I suppose you
think I'll let you go?... To run home
and betray us to the police, those
snivelling lap-dogs of Ben Kalish Ezab?
...Never! You stay here with us. You
are my prisoner!







Meanwhile...



Allah be praised!... See! The well of Bir Kegg!

Indeed!



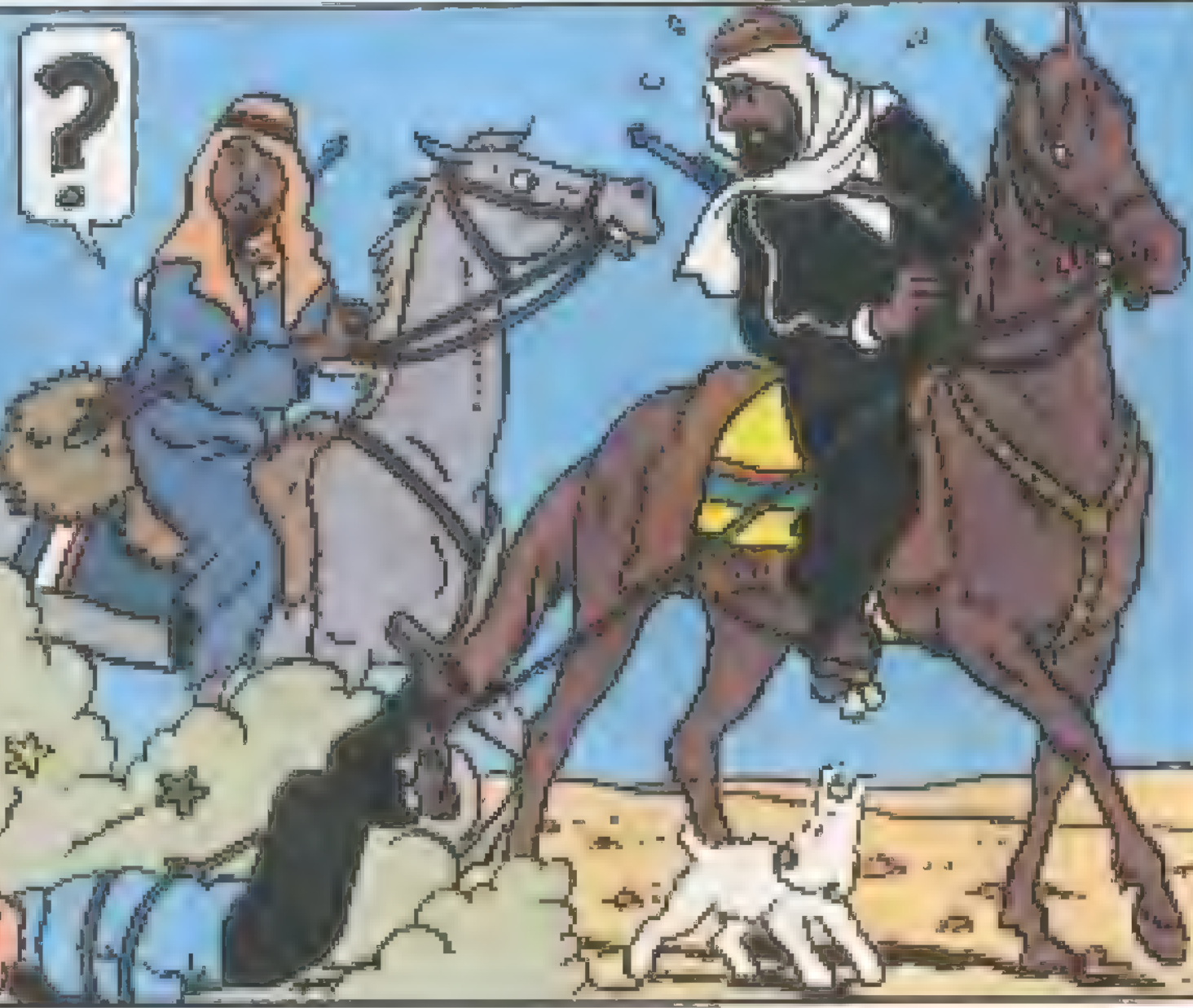
Water!... At last!... I'm dying of thirst...



A thousand curses! The well is dry!



No water!... We must ride on!



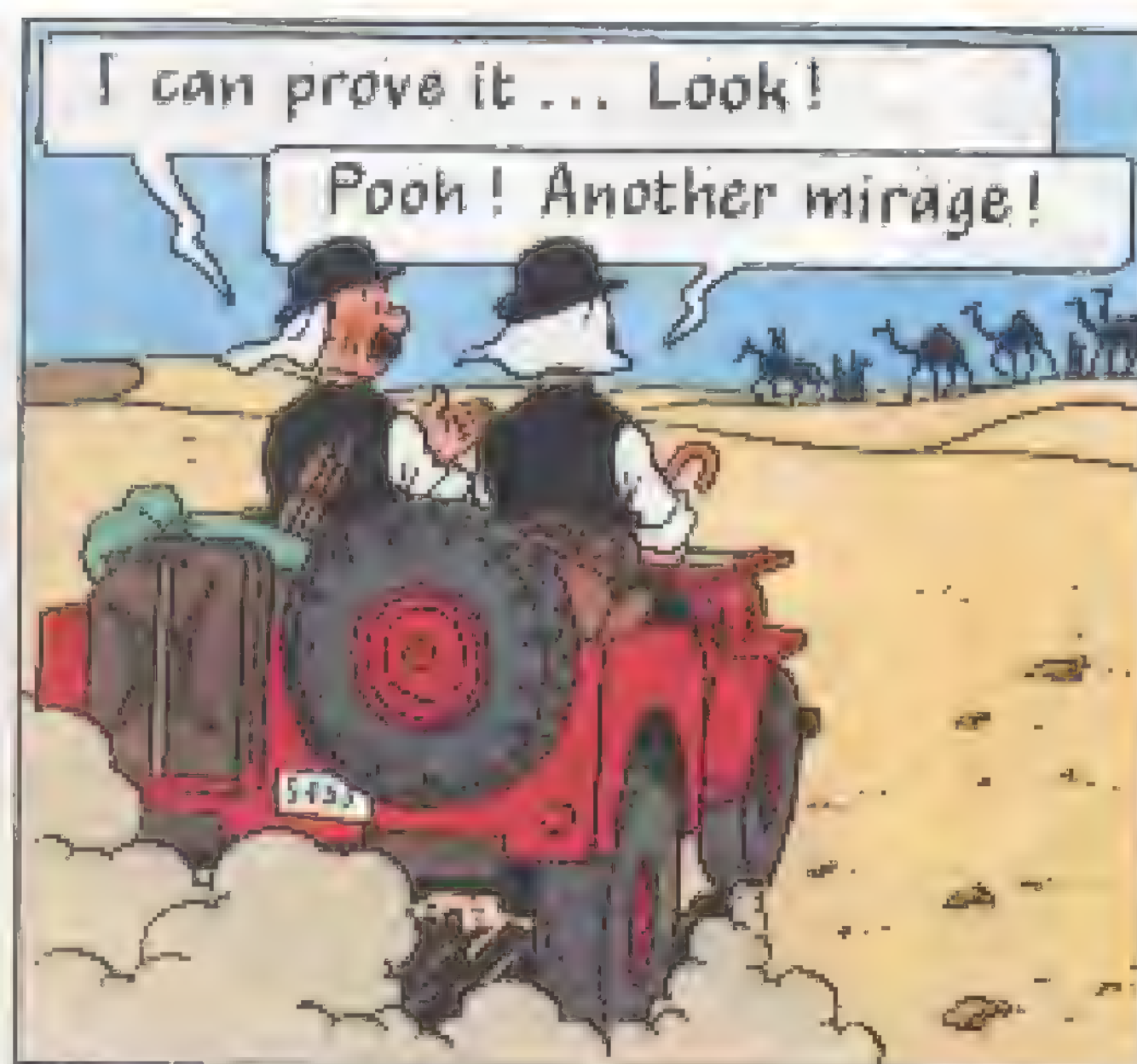
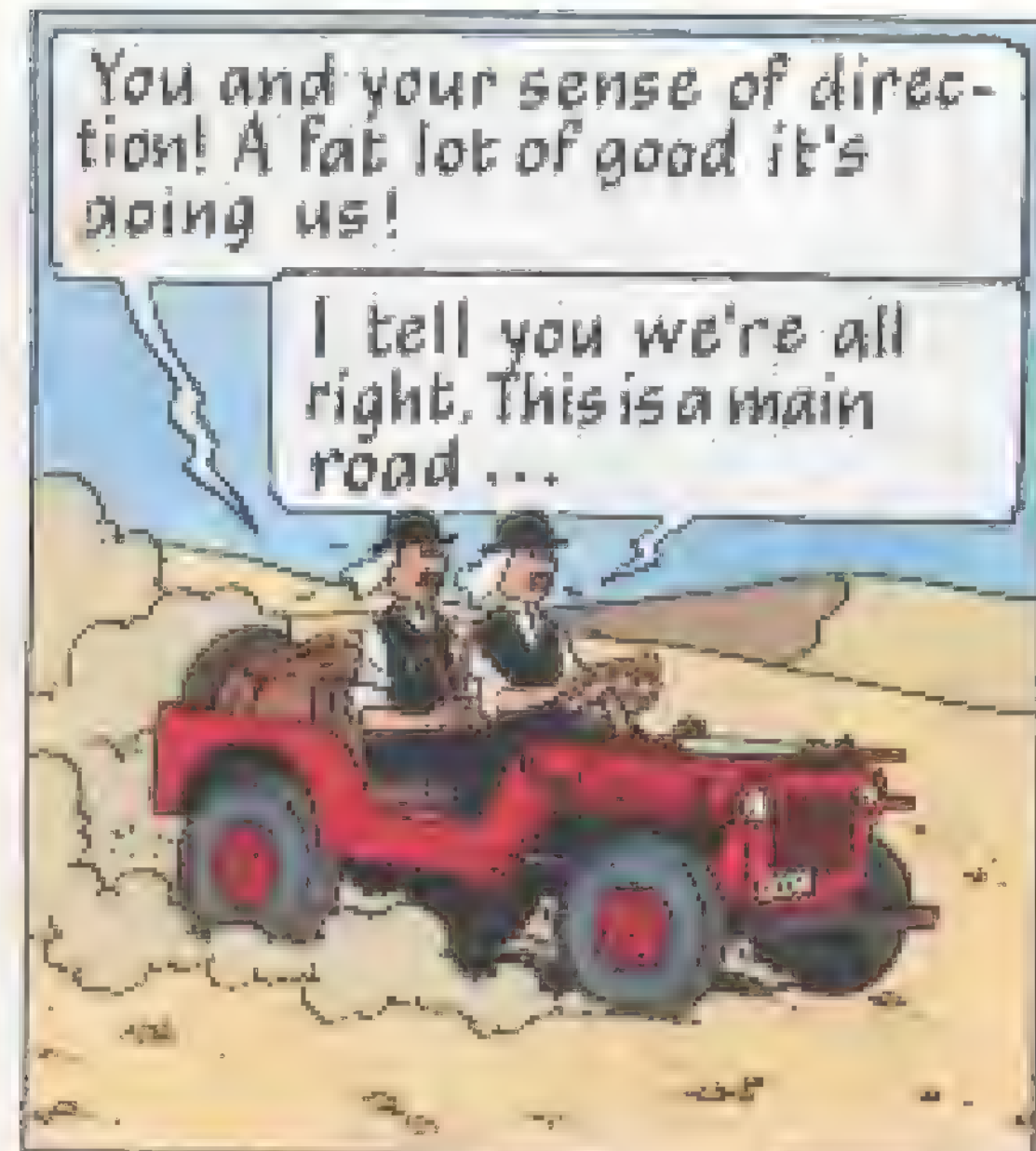
The prisoner has fallen: he is finished!

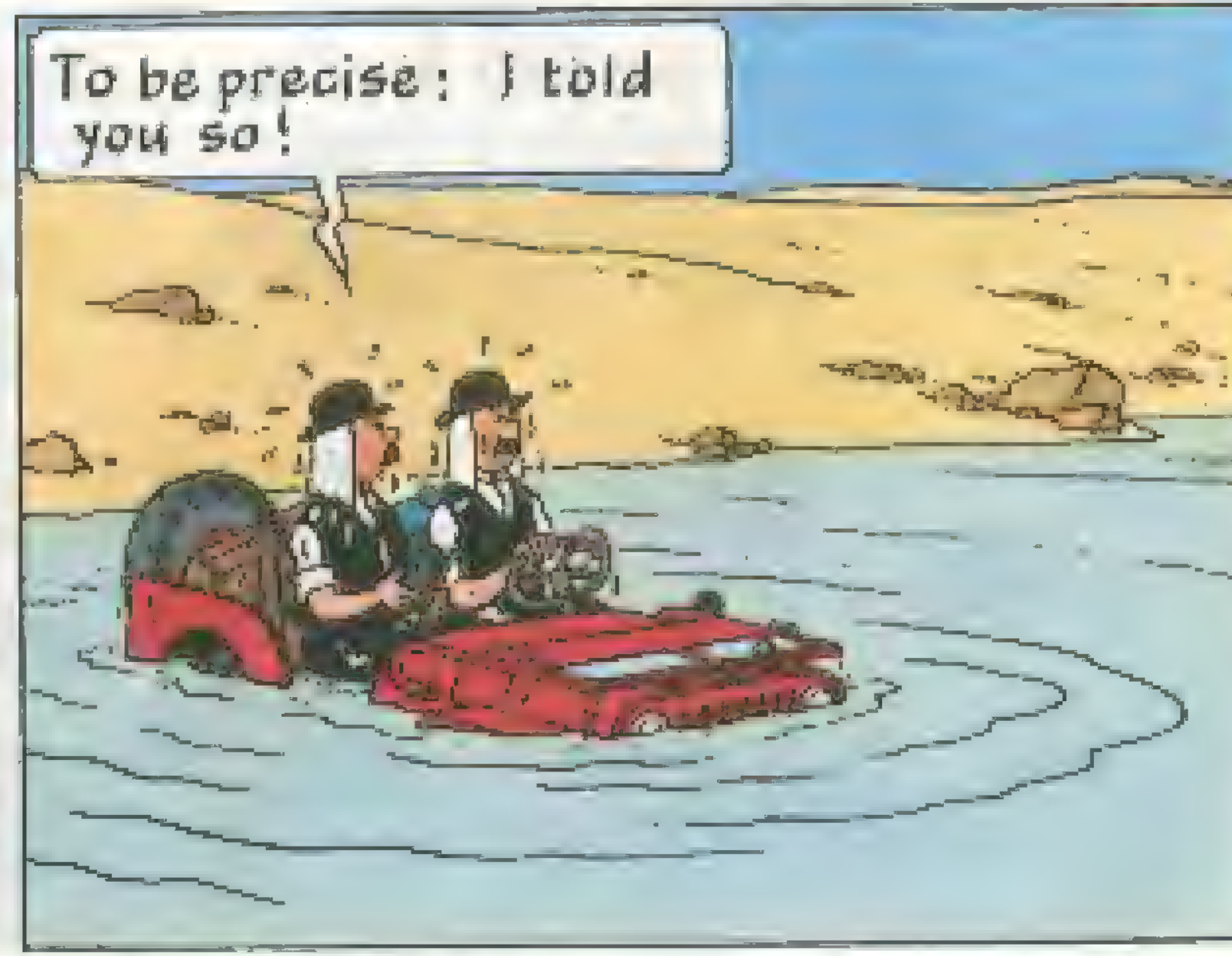
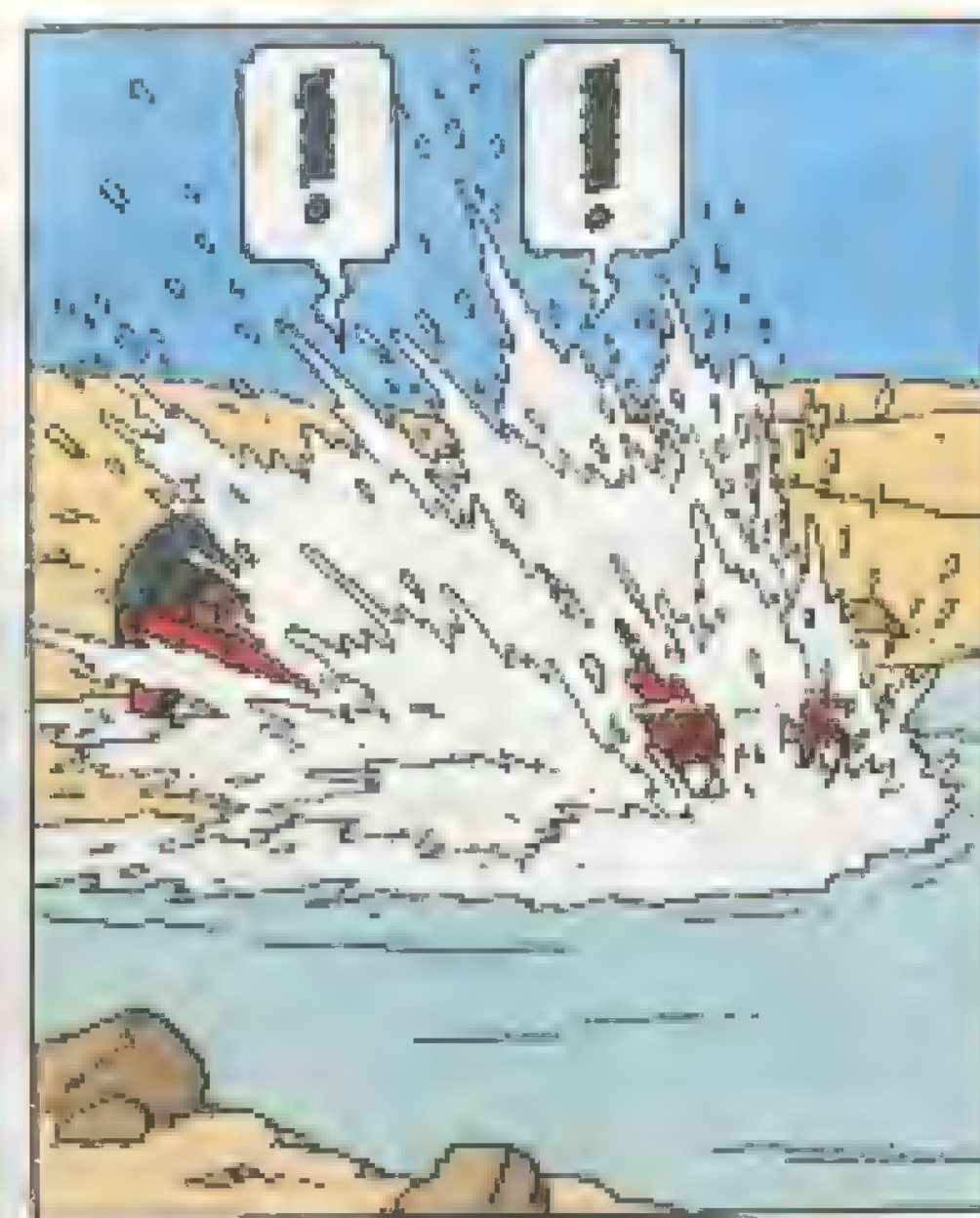
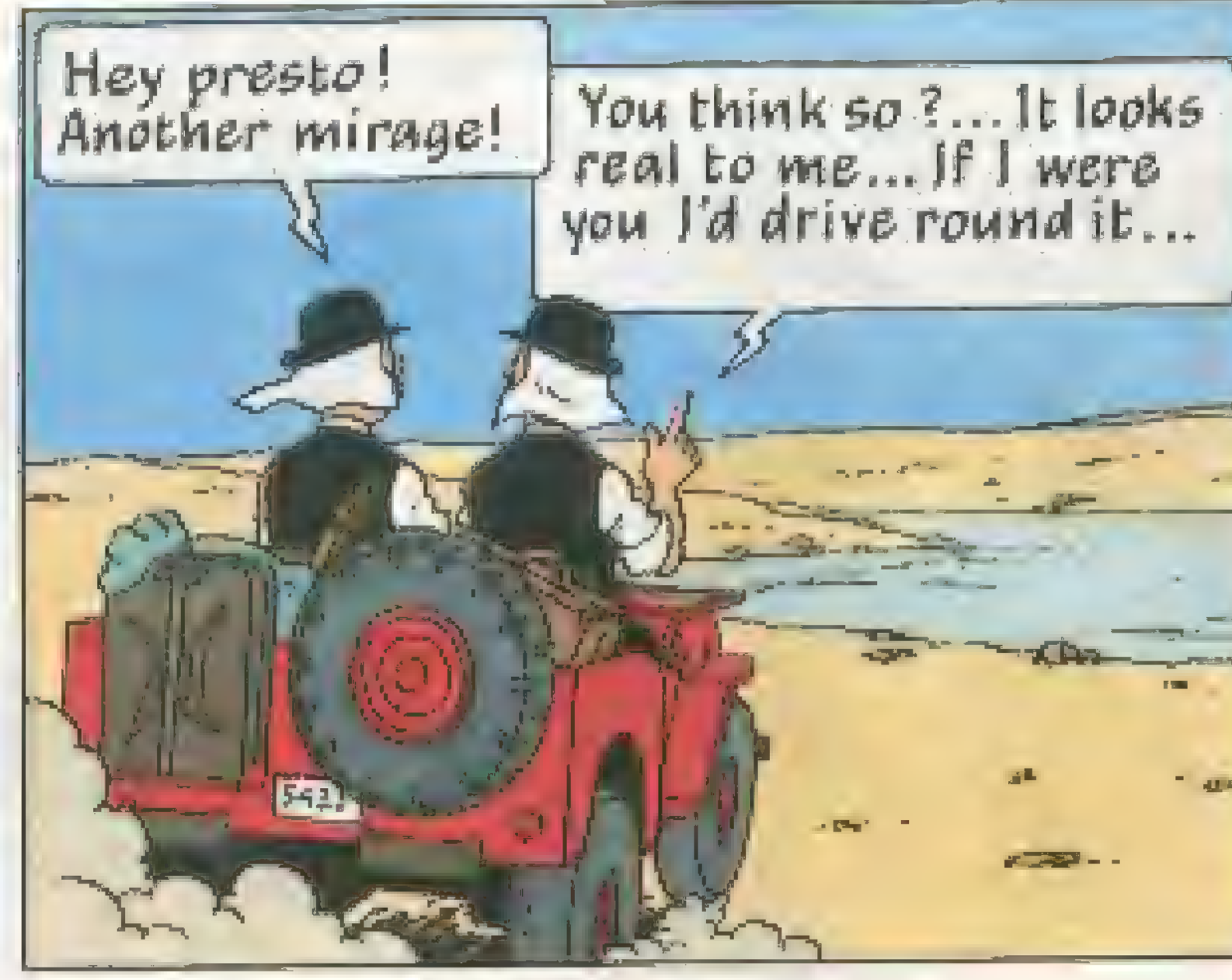
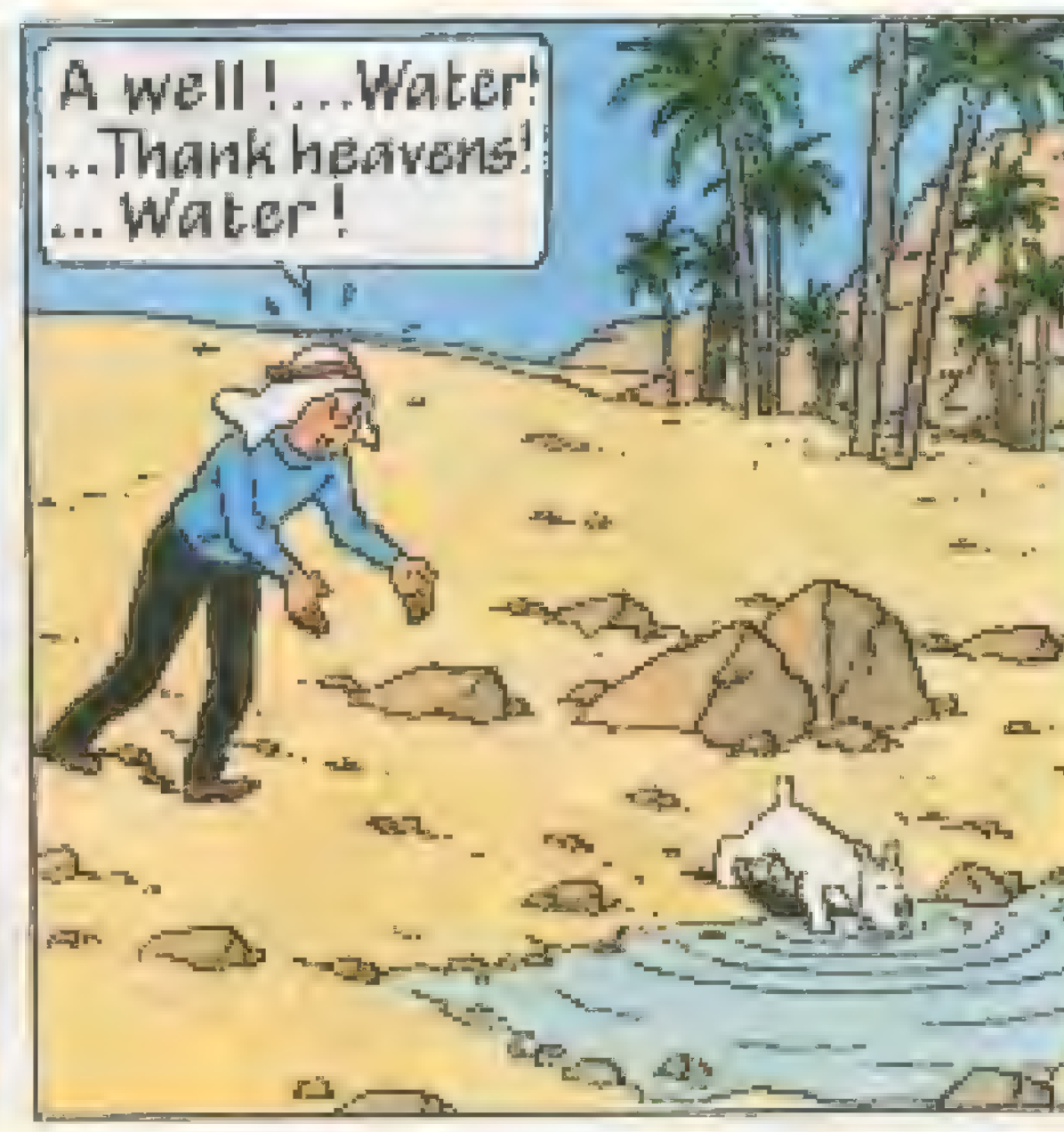
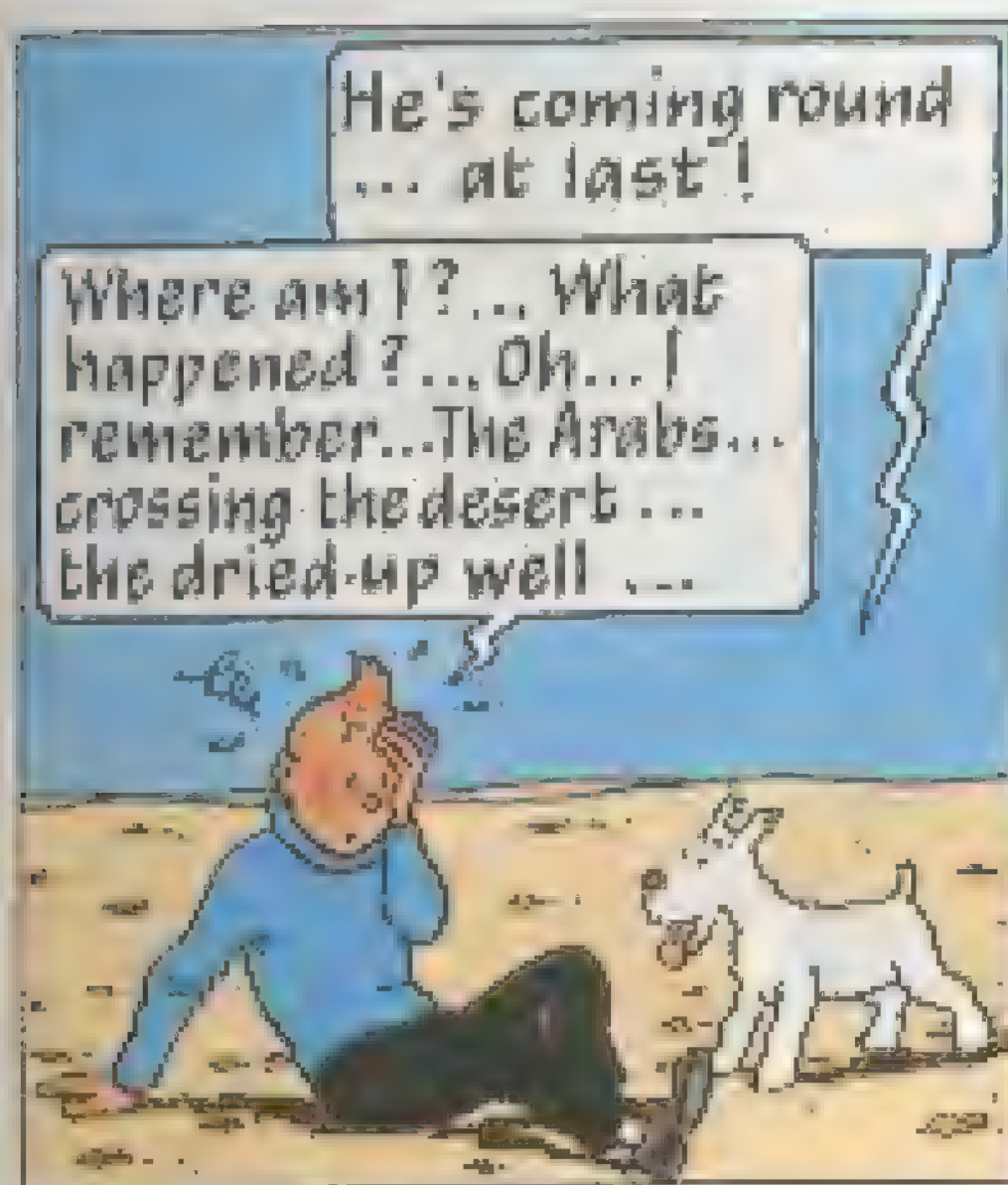
Untie his hands: we will abandon him!



Wooah!... Wooah!... Murderers! Rotten sand-hoppers!









Aaah... That was marvellous!



Now, all we need is something to eat... I wonder... Yes!



We're in luck! ...Those are date palms ...Let's see...



HUP!

What are you hoping for? A couple of pigeon pies?

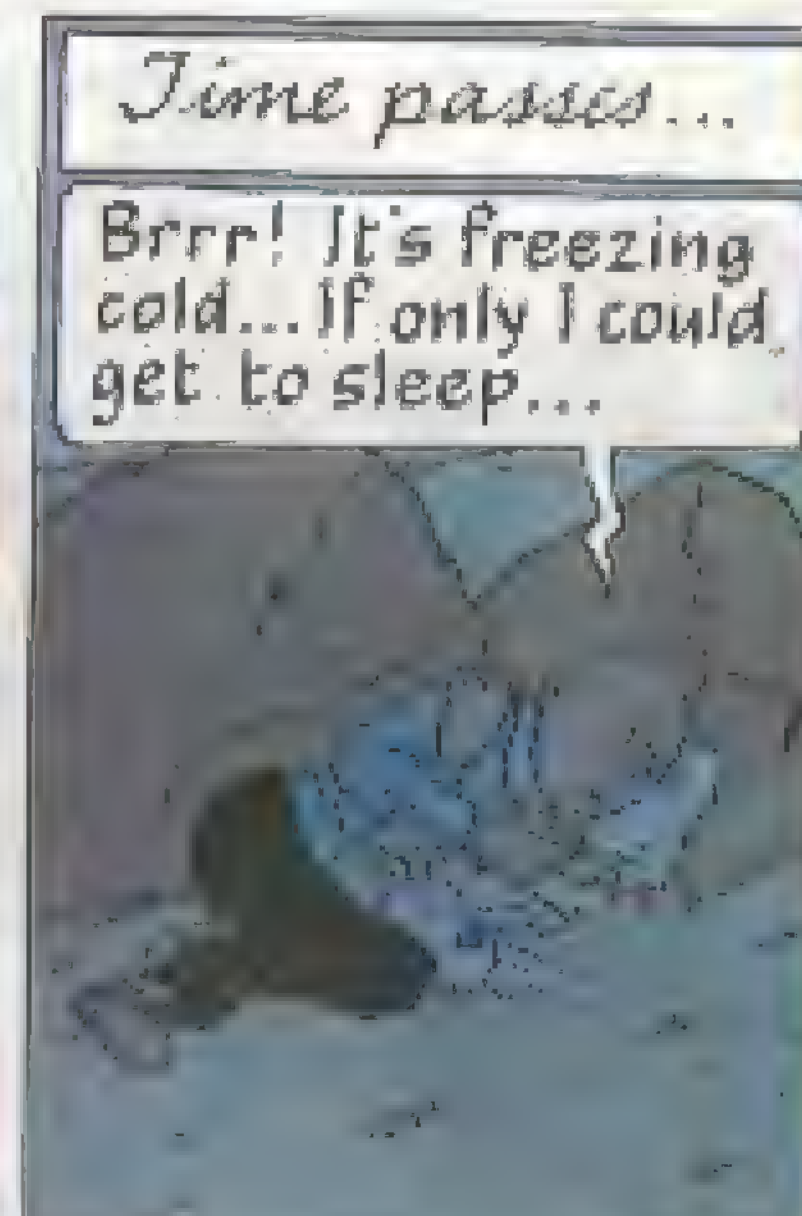


Oh, Snowy! I'm so sorry!



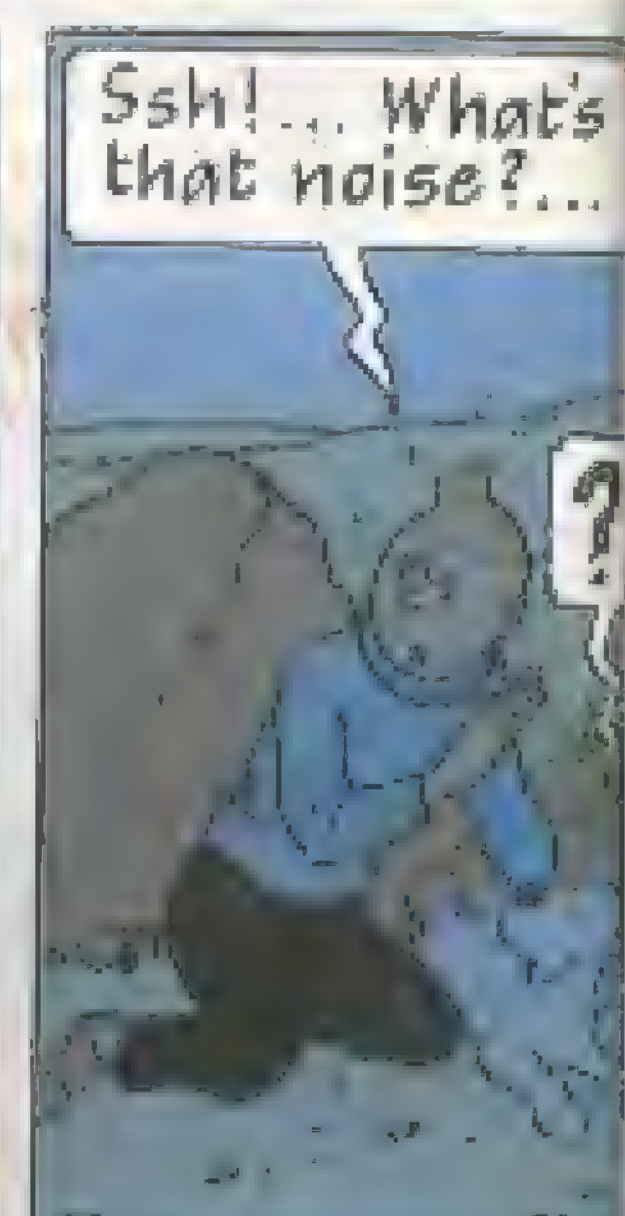
It's getting dark... We'll have to spend the night here, tomorrow perhaps we'll be lucky enough to meet someone..

These things have certainly got bones, but I'd prefer a chop!



Time passes...

Brrr! It's freezing cold... If only I could get to sleep...



Ssh!... What's that noise?...



Horsemen!... Snowy, our luck's really in! We'll be rescued!



Hey, wait a minute... Horsemen? In the middle of the night? Perhaps we'd better stay hidden...



They're all dismounting...



Ahmed, you guard the horses... You two come with me!

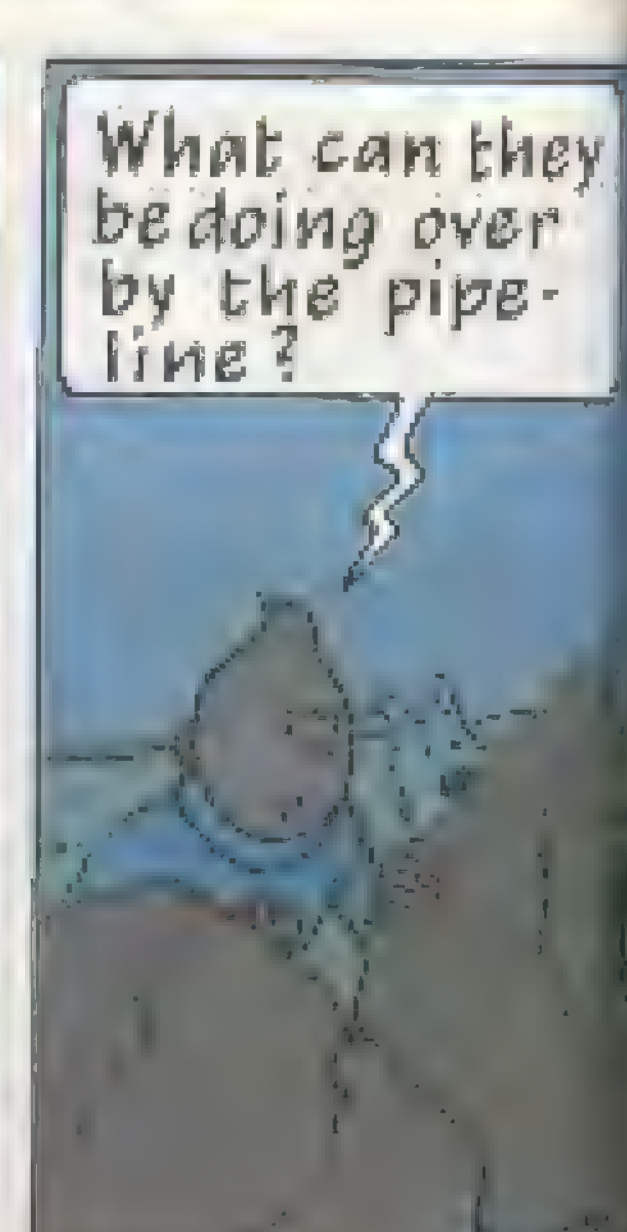
Where have I heard that voice...?



What's going on?



Get on with it... and hurry!



What can they be doing over by the pipeline?



They're running back ...
I wonder if ...



?

BOOM



Great snakes!
They've blown
up the pipe-
line!



On your horses! ... The
alarm will be raised!

That voice! ...
I'm sure I
know that
voice!



Hello, what's that
one doing?



Now I can see... He's
fixing a stirrup or
something ...
Dare I ... ?



Come on, Snowy! ... It's
all or nothing!

Heigh-ho!
Now what's he
after?



Where's Ahmed?...
He isn't with us ...



Ah, he's coming ... Ride on!



Meanwhile...

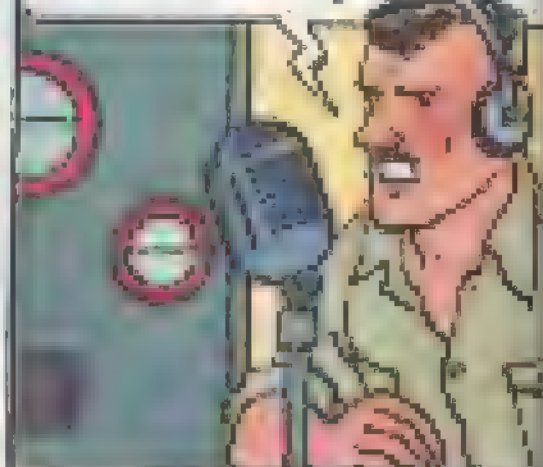
Hello... hello...
pumping station
twelve reporting
total loss of pressure
... pipe must be
broken above this
station... Please
send a repair-gang
immediately...



I must be mad... This is crazy
... But it's too late now. I've
taken a chance and can't
turn back...



Hello... Hello... Pumping station eleven...
... Number one control here... Close
all valves immediately... The pipe's fractured between you
and number twelve... A repair-gang is on the way



This is where we separate... It
will confuse any pursuers...
Ahmed will come with me...



Where in the world have I
heard that voice?

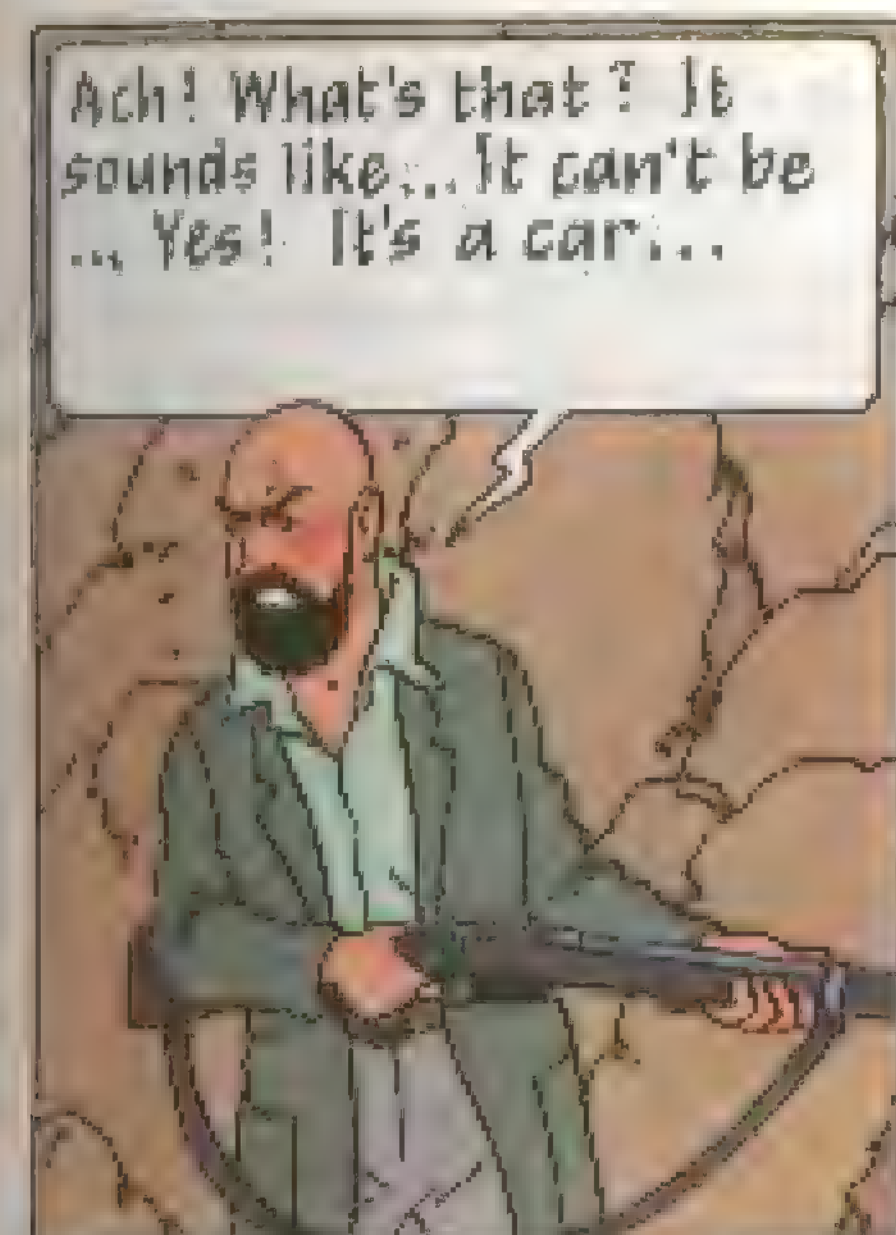
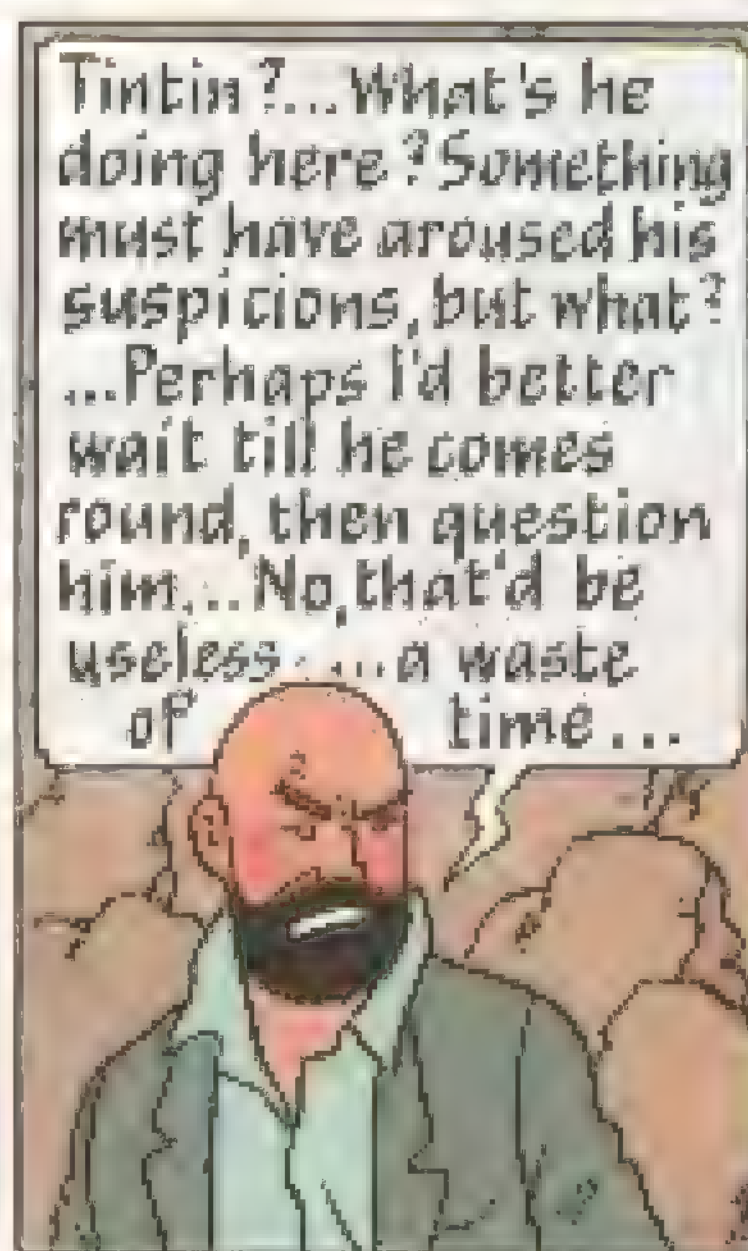
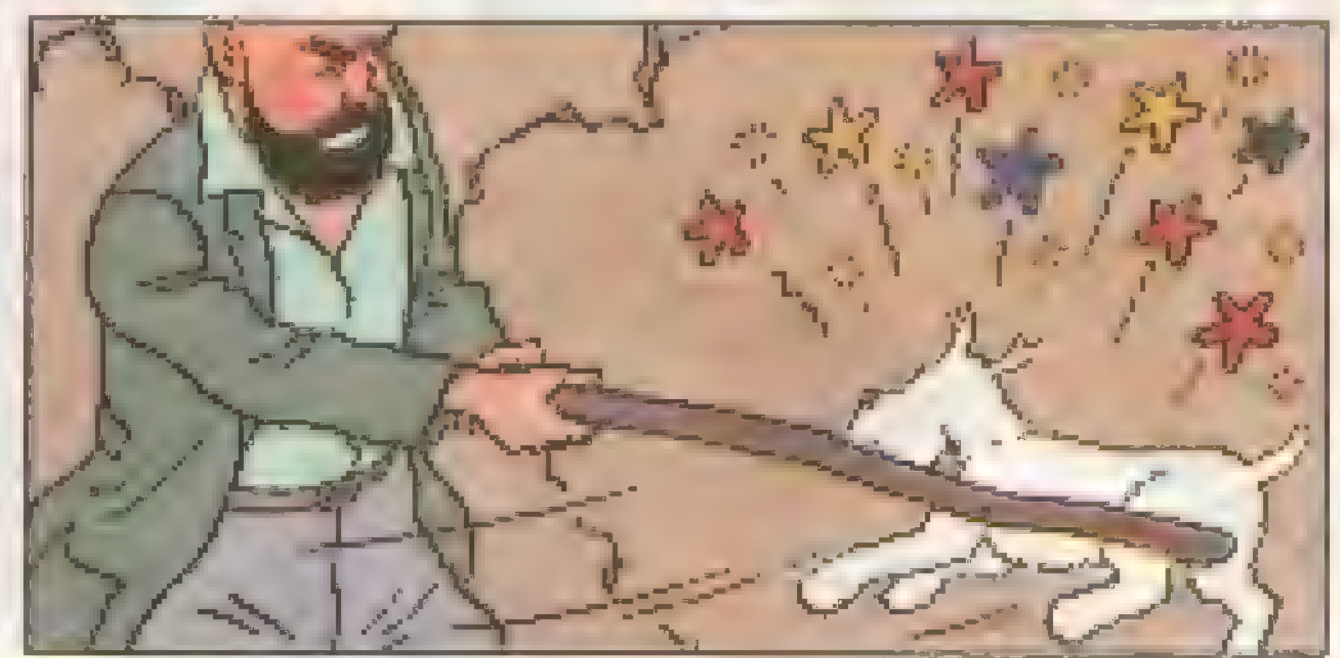
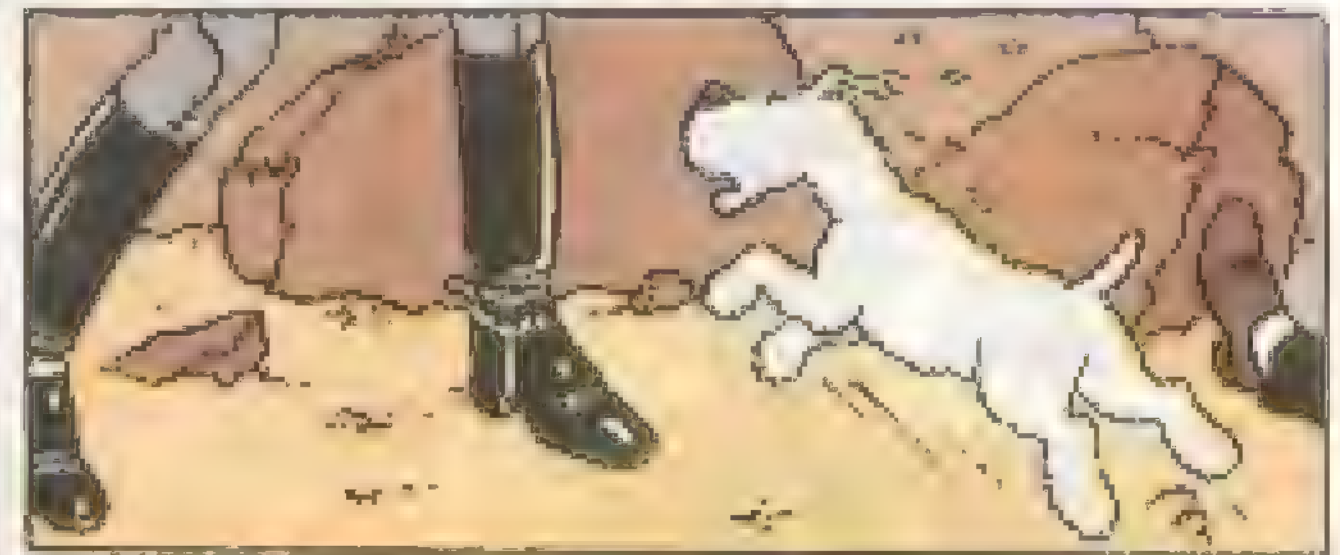
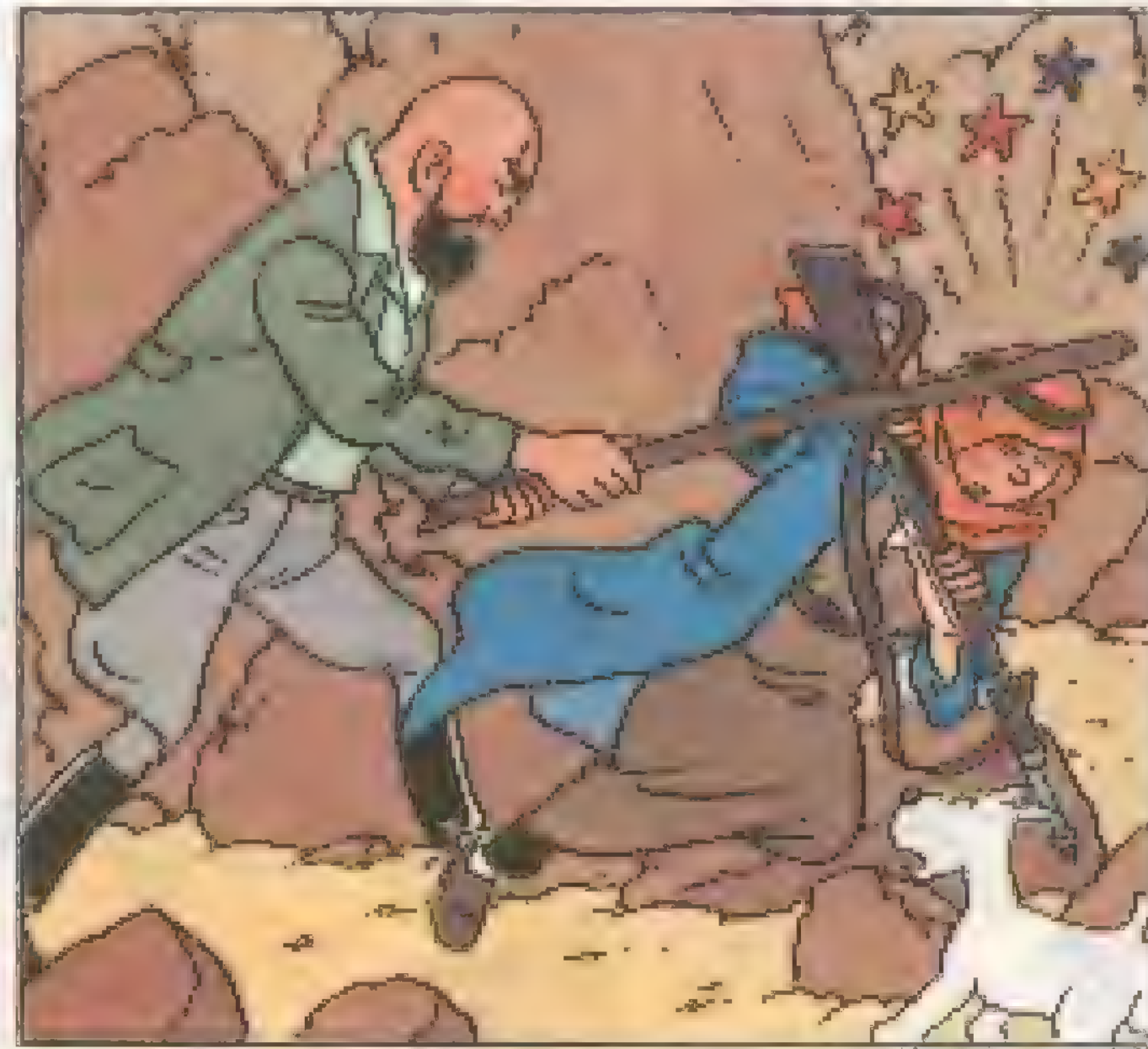
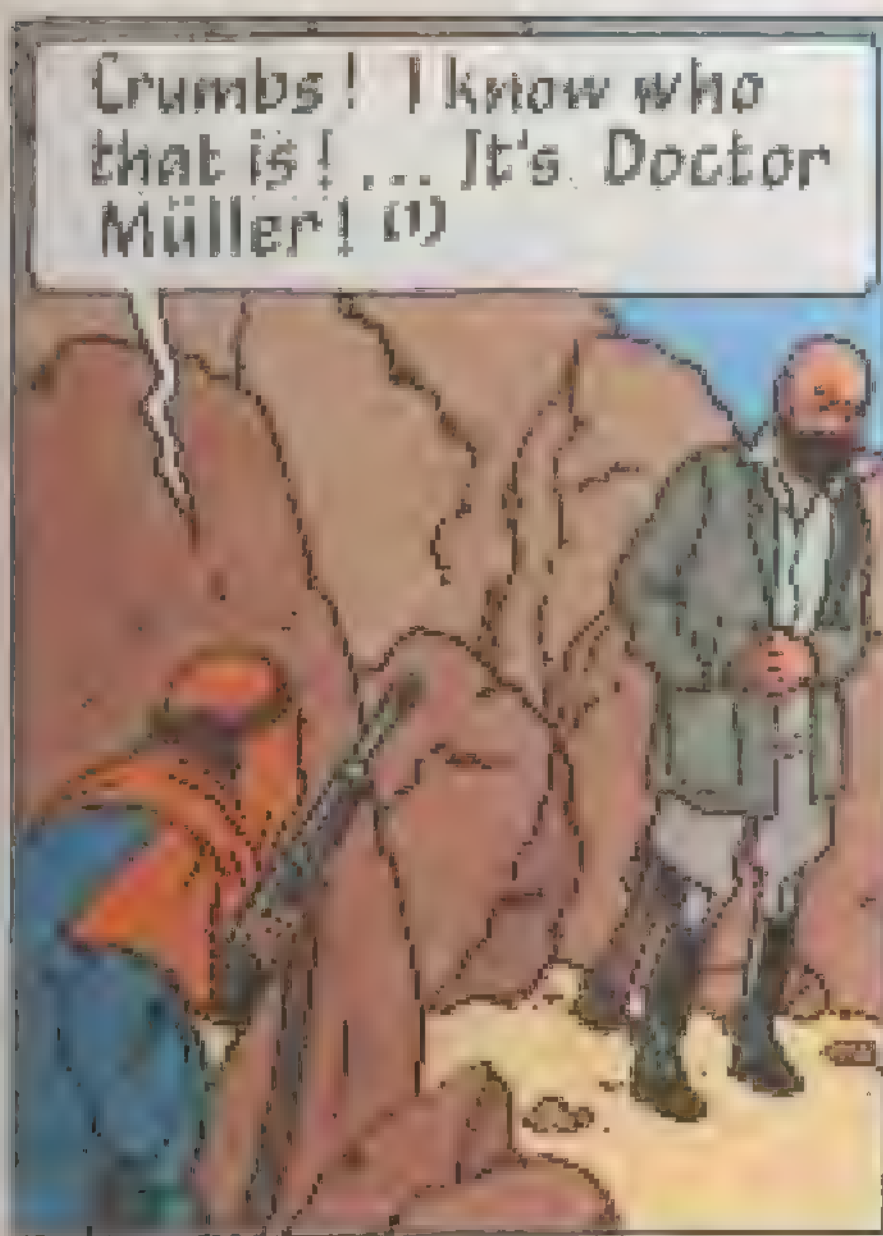


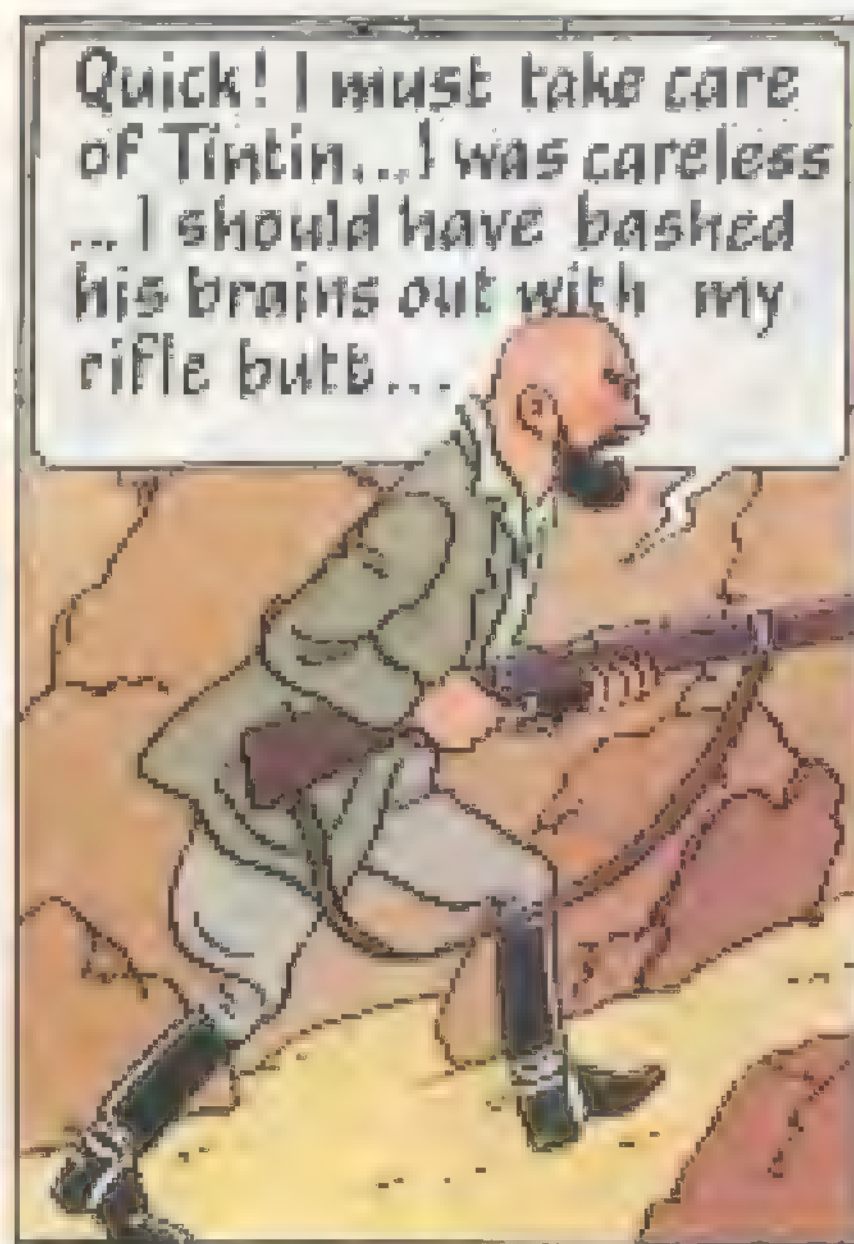
Whoa!



Hold my horse... Wait here
... I'll be back in a moment







What's it all about?... What's that gangster Müller doing here?... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline?... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me?... I just don't have any of the answers.



Hello... I can't be mistaken... Let's take a closer look...



They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!



Splendid!... Perhaps we're on a bus route!...

Let's see... I'd say they were tyres on a jeep... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction...



And we'll worry about our friend Müller later.



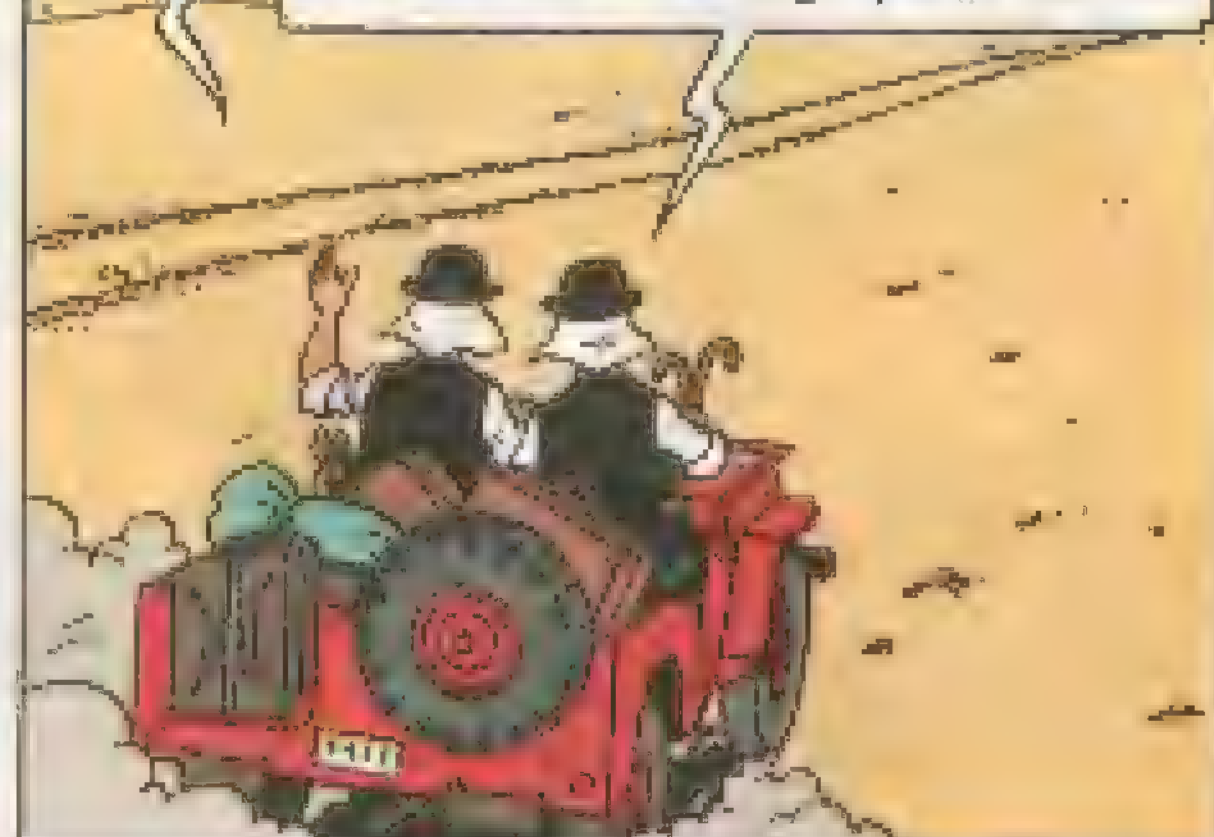
Meanwhile ...

I don't like it, Thomson ... If we don't get somewhere soon ...

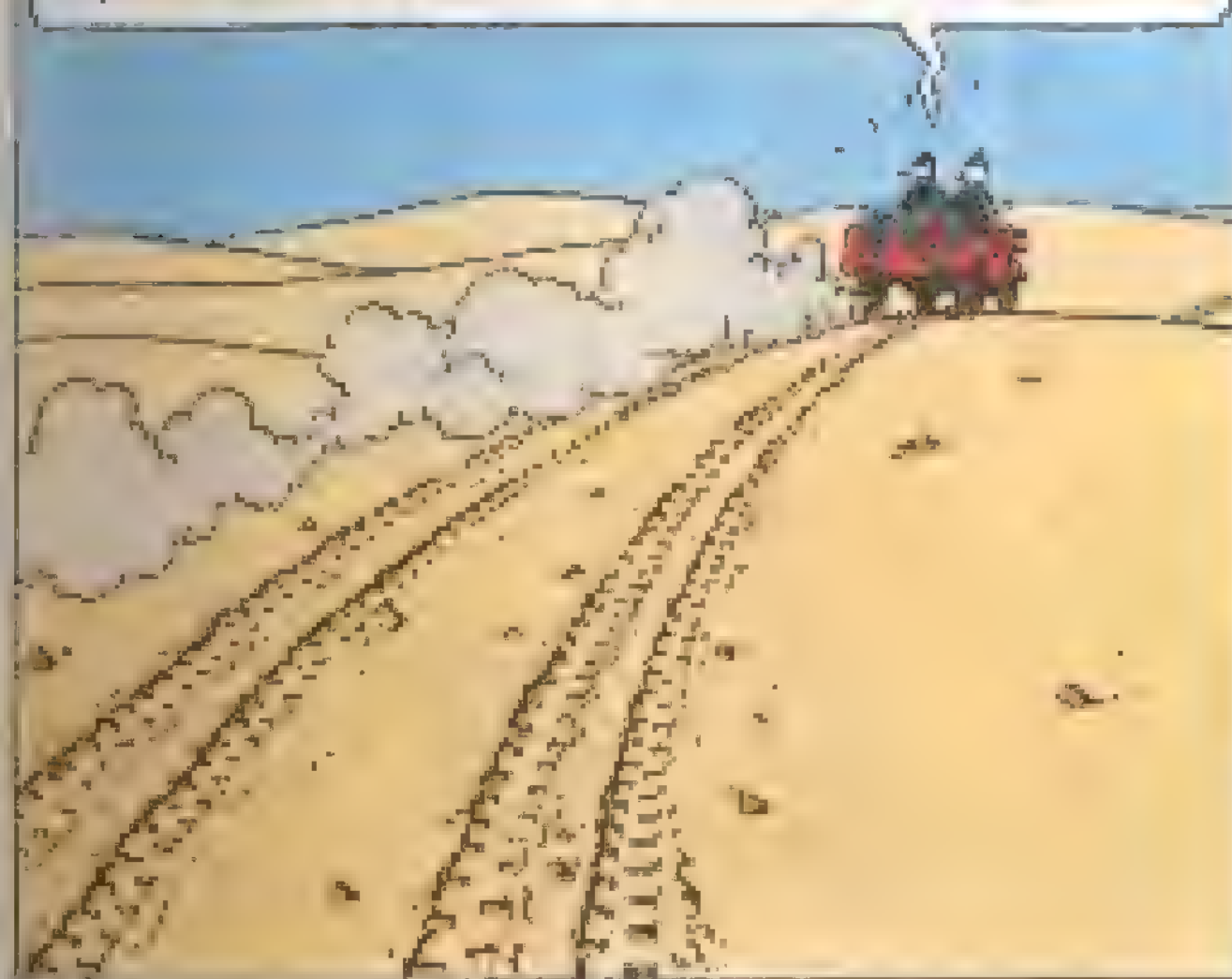


It's all right!... Look!... There! ... Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!

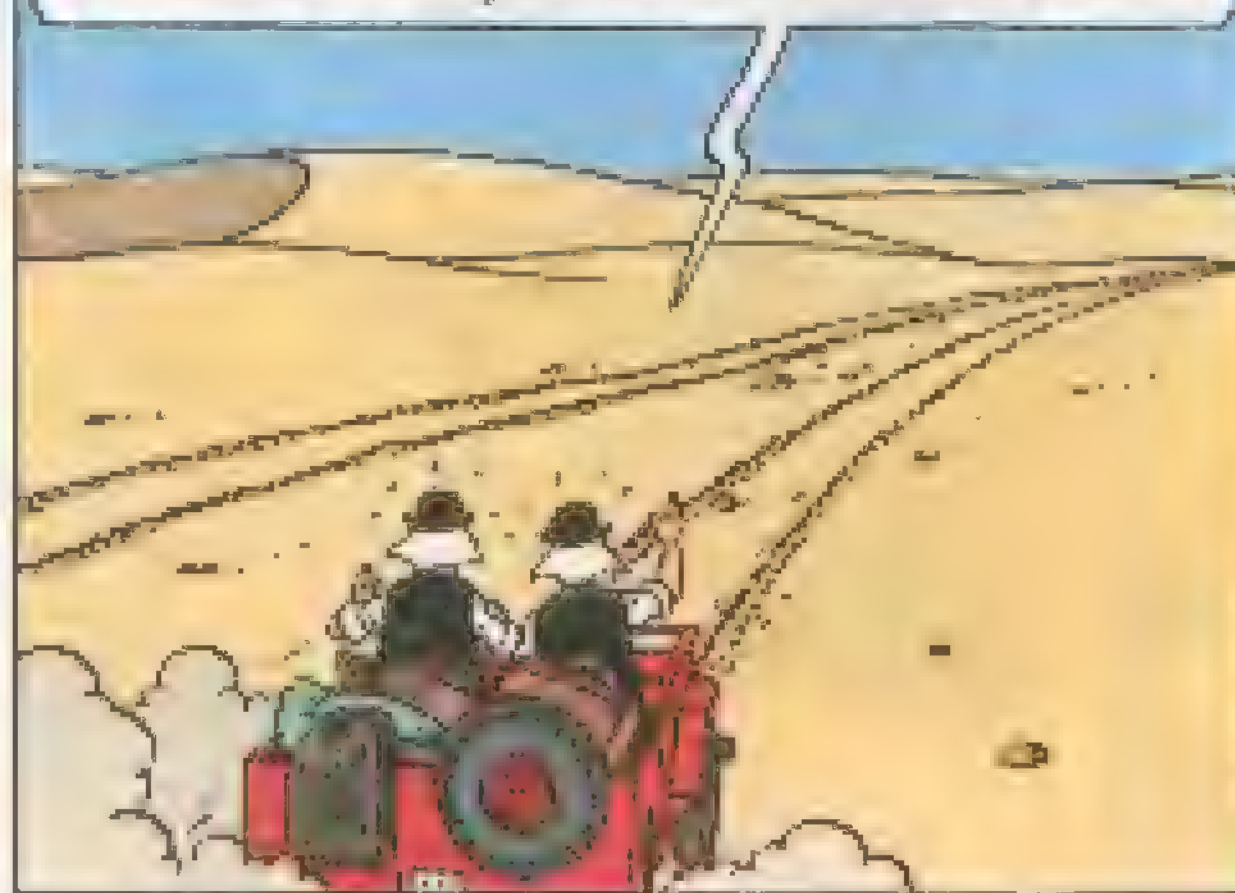


All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



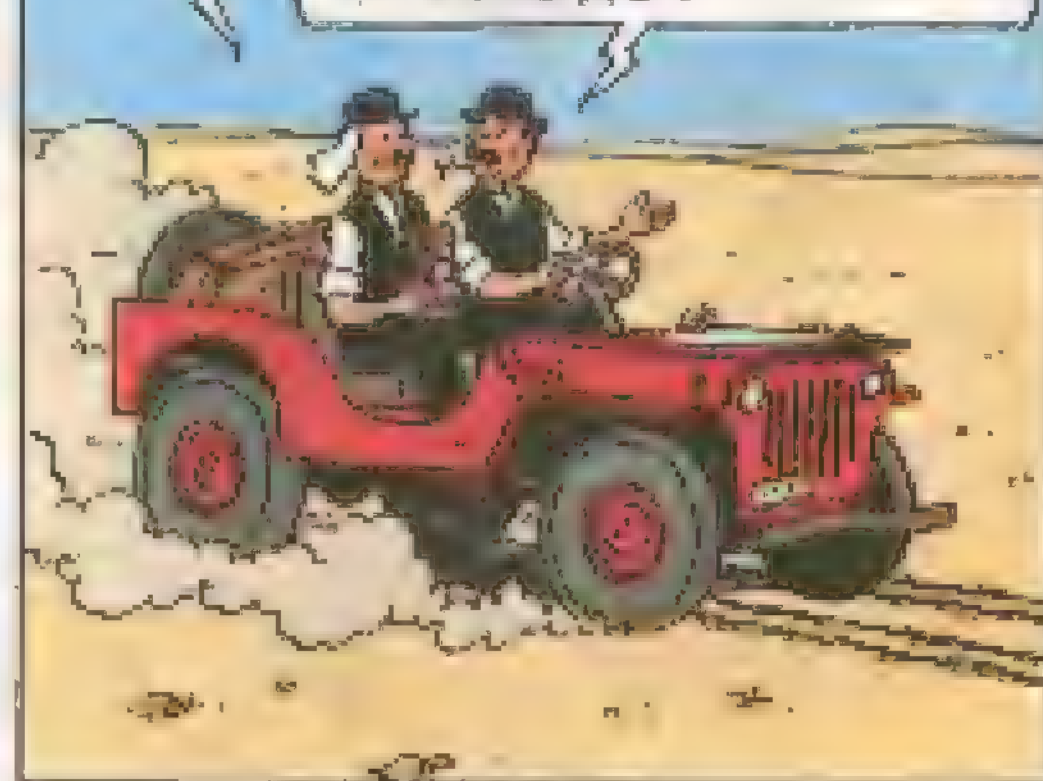
An hour later ...

Hooray!... More tracks!... A second car joined the first one...



A real stroke of luck hitting this road.

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



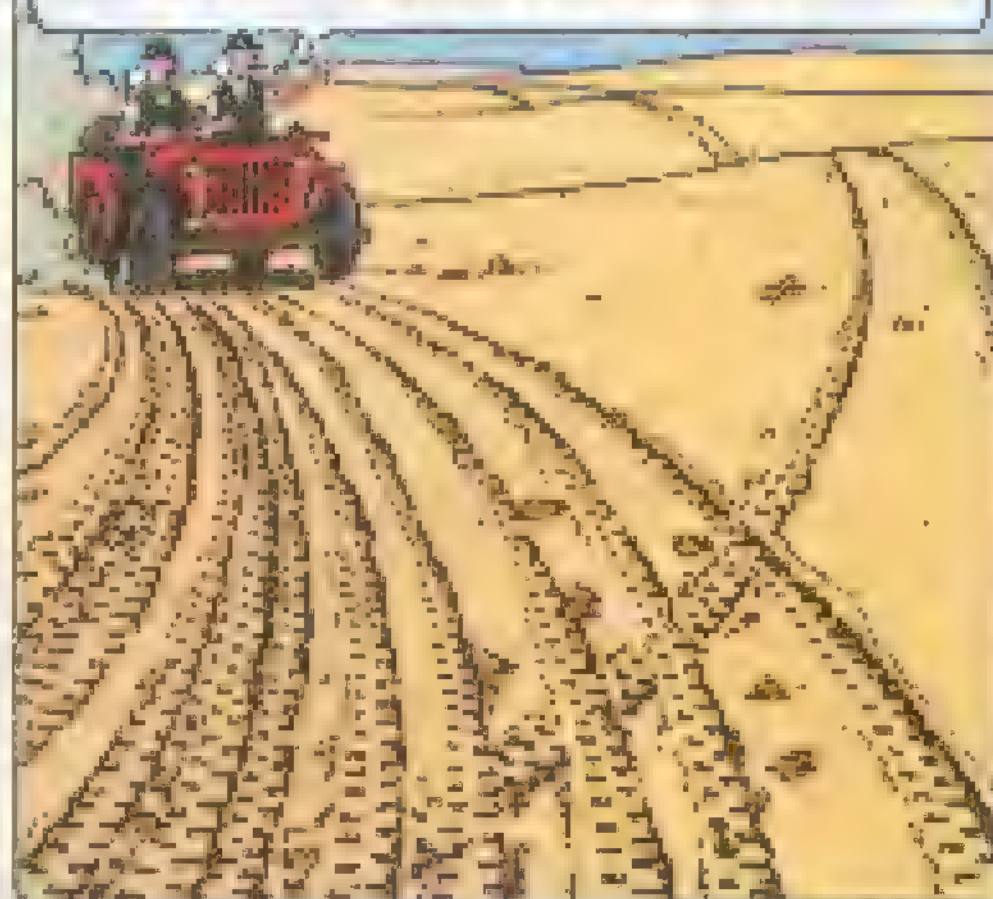
Another hour later...

There!... A third car joined the other two!... We're on a very busy road...

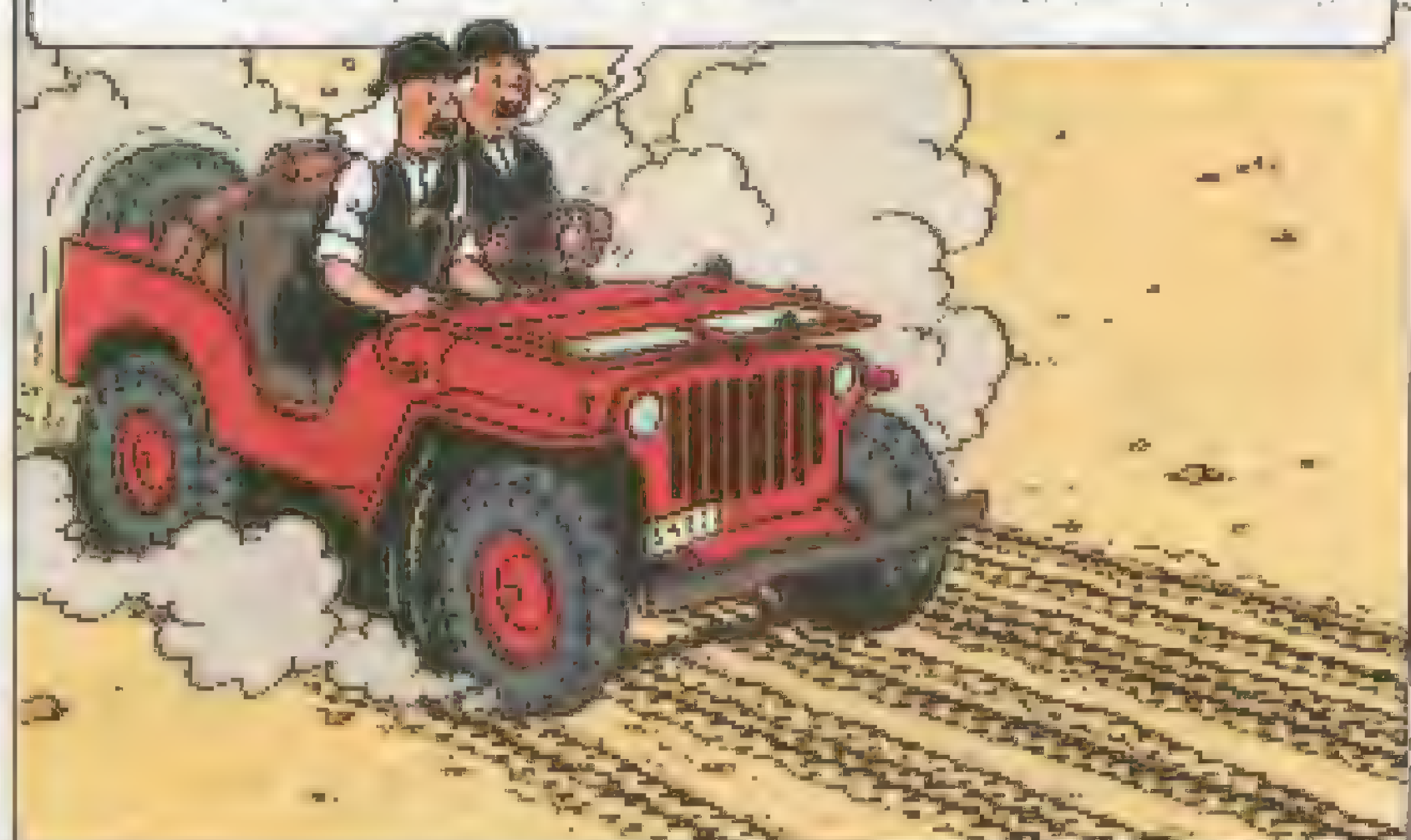


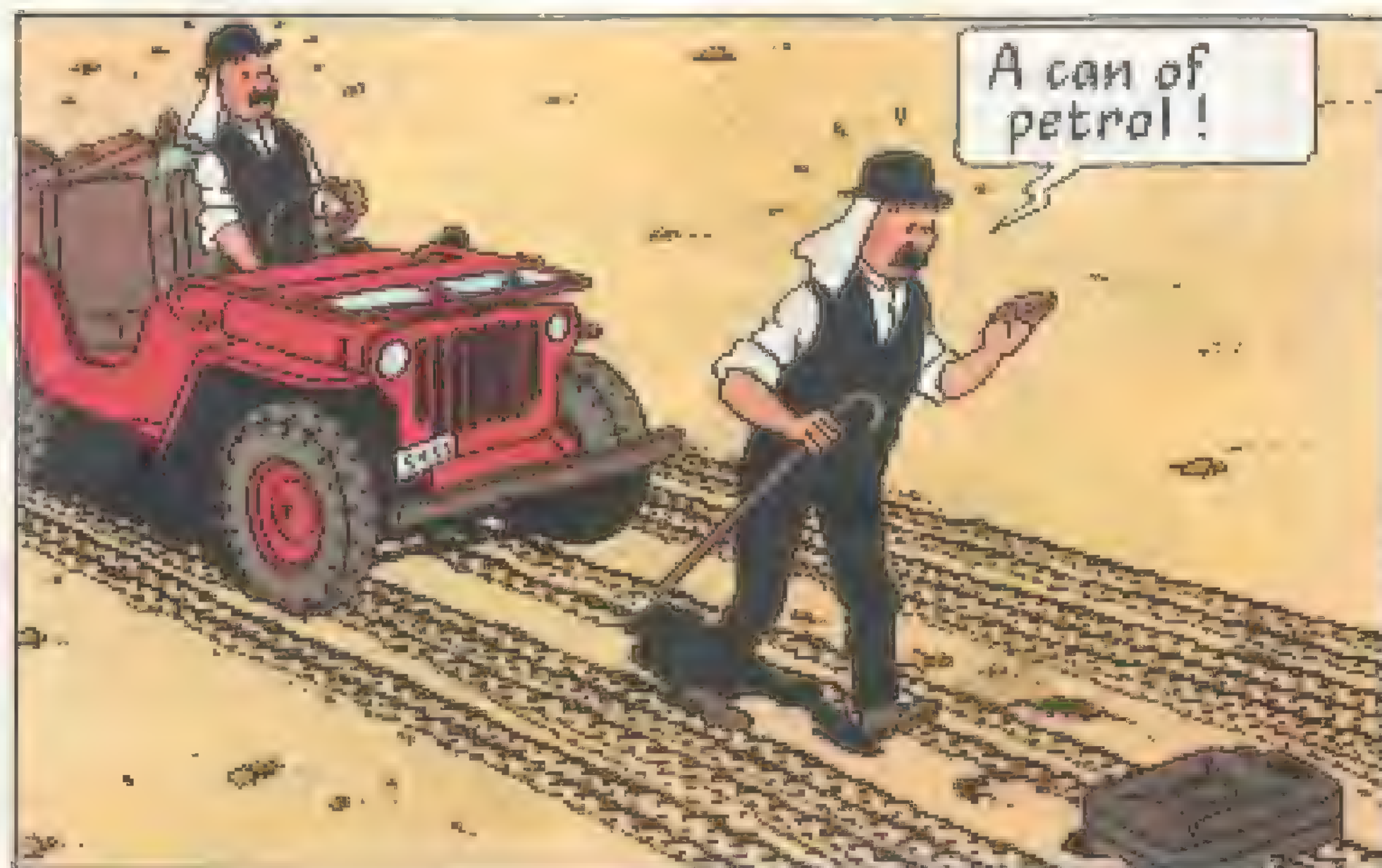
Several hours go by...

Another one!... That makes the seventh.



We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop!... What's that there, ahead of us?





A can of petrol!



A full one too! ... That's lucky... for us, at least... Not for the poor chap who lost it.



I'd better check that ours is properly fixed: you can't be too careful.



Goodness gracious!



Us too! We've lost our petrol can! ... Look, the strap's broken!

Goodness gracious!



It must be somewhere behind us. Hurry up and turn round. We must go back and look for it.

I agree. Petrol is much too precious to lose.

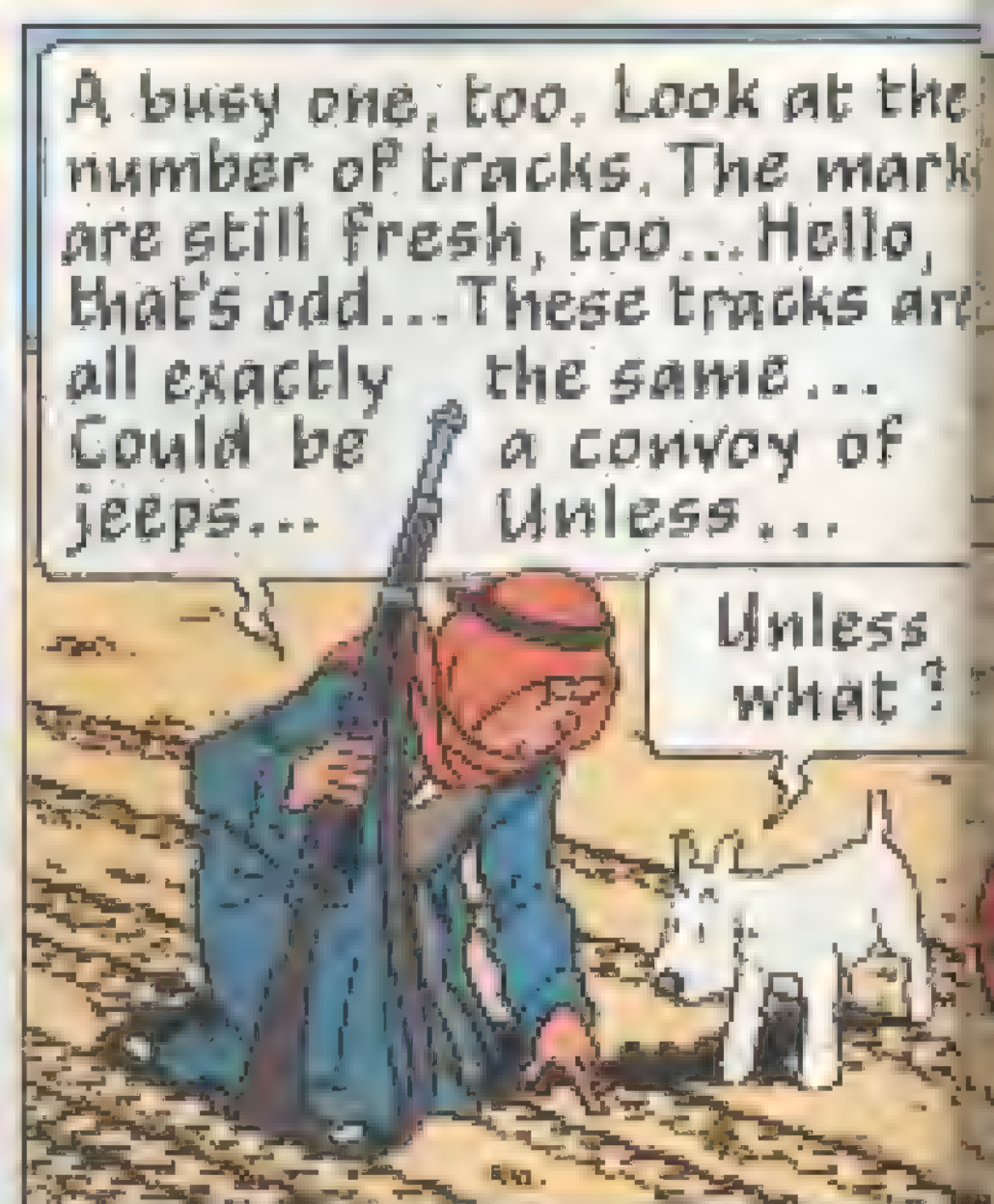


Off we go... It can't be far.



An hour later...

Almost a motorway, Snowy!



A busy one, too. Look at the number of tracks. The marks are still fresh, too... Hello, that's odd... These tracks are all exactly the same... Could be a convoy of jeeps... Unless...

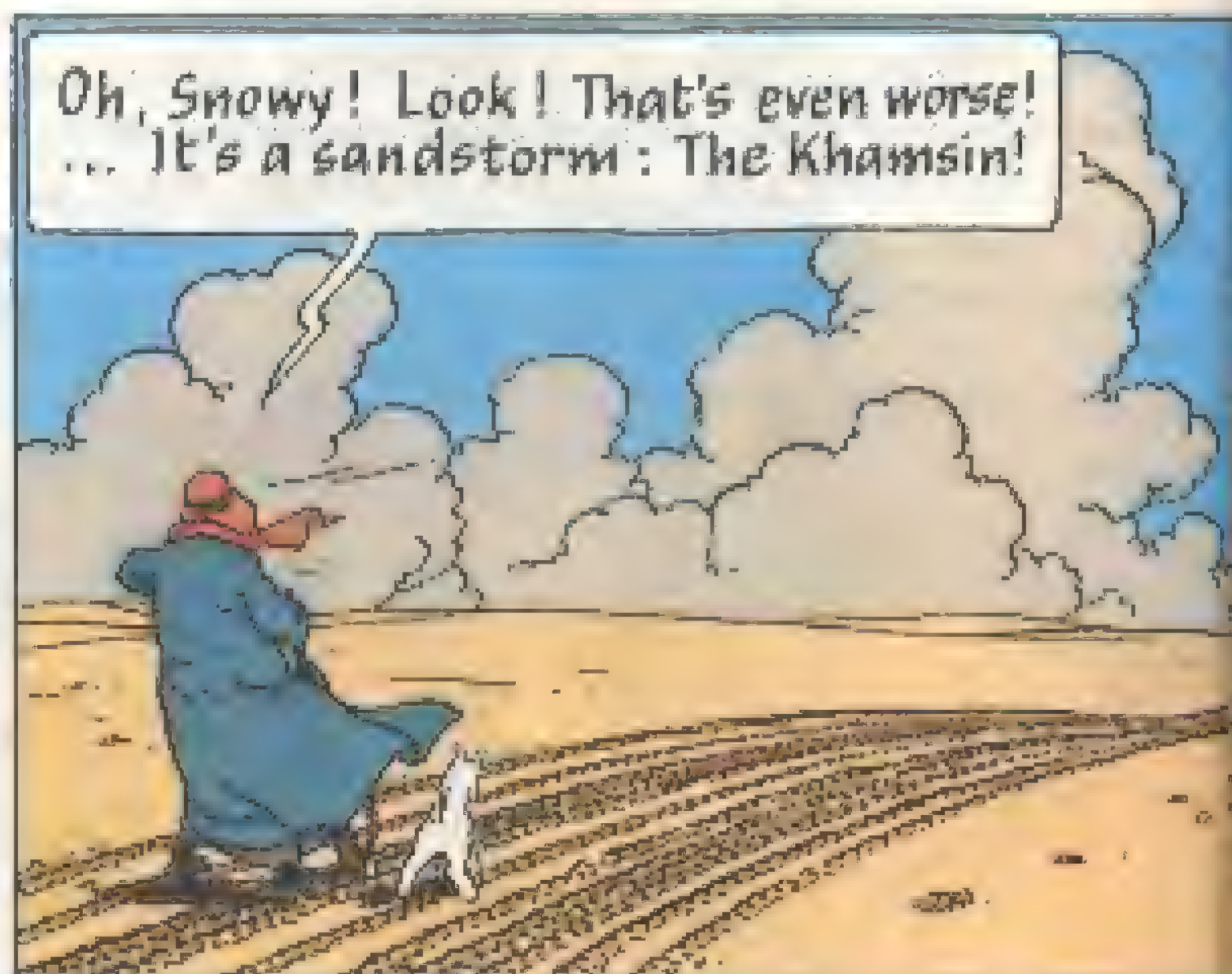
Unless what?



Yes, it's only too obvious... There's just one vehicle going round and round in circles, following his own tracks... The driver has lost his way, just like us...



?



Oh, Snowy! Look! That's even worse! ... It's a sandstorm: The Khamsin!

Ooh! Here it comes! We're right in the middle of it! ... Worst of all, the wind and sand will wipe out all the tracks ...



This awful sand... gets in your eyes... and your mouth... We can't go on! ... Only one thing to do ...



Wait till the storm blows over ...



Ssh! ... I heard something... There it is again... A car engine!



We can't go on like this. We must raise the windscreen and put up the hood ...



OOEE!



Careful! You mustn't let go ...

Don't worry, I'm holding it.



OOEE!



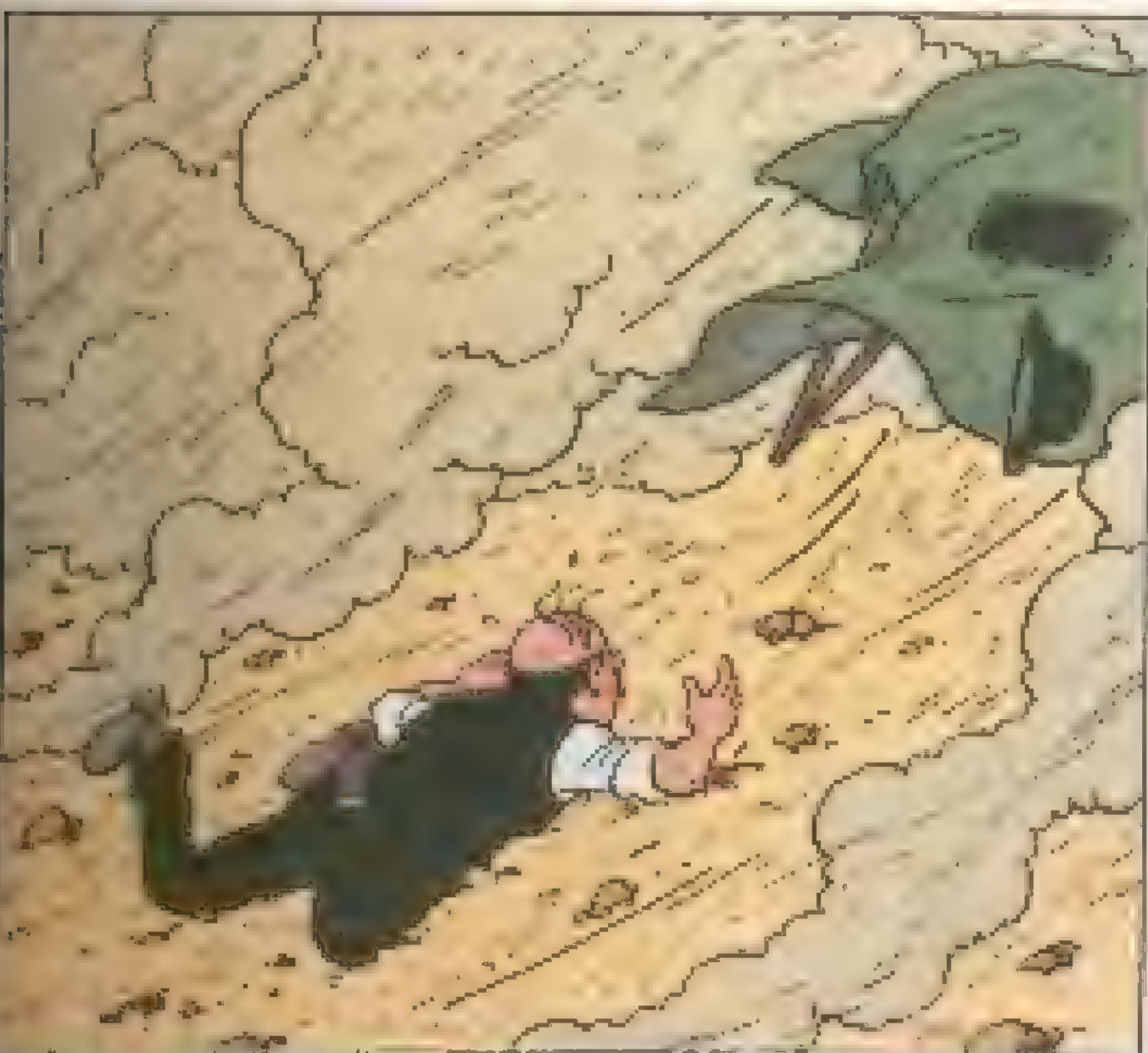
Come on, Snowy!



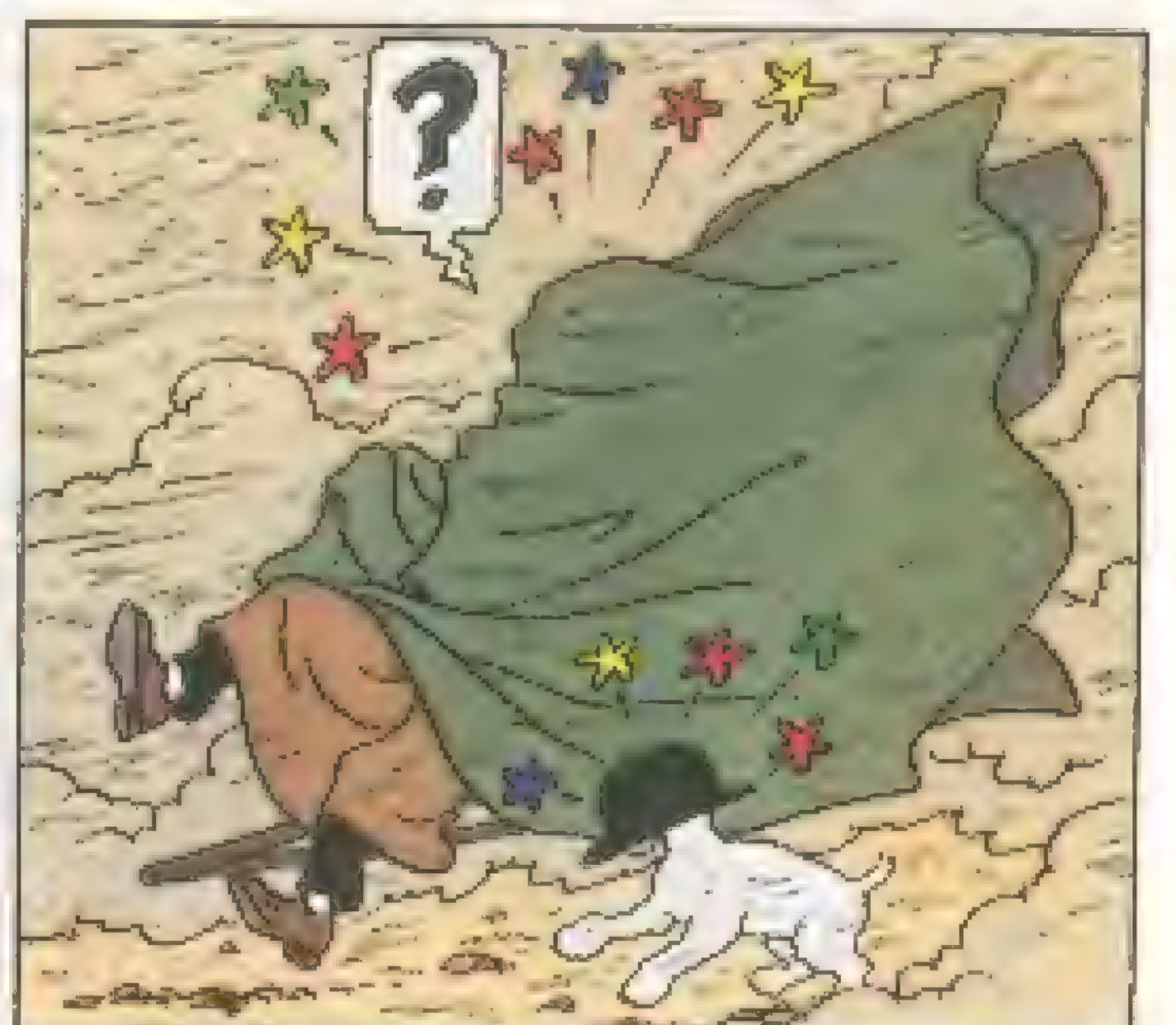
Hang on tight! ... Don't let it get away!

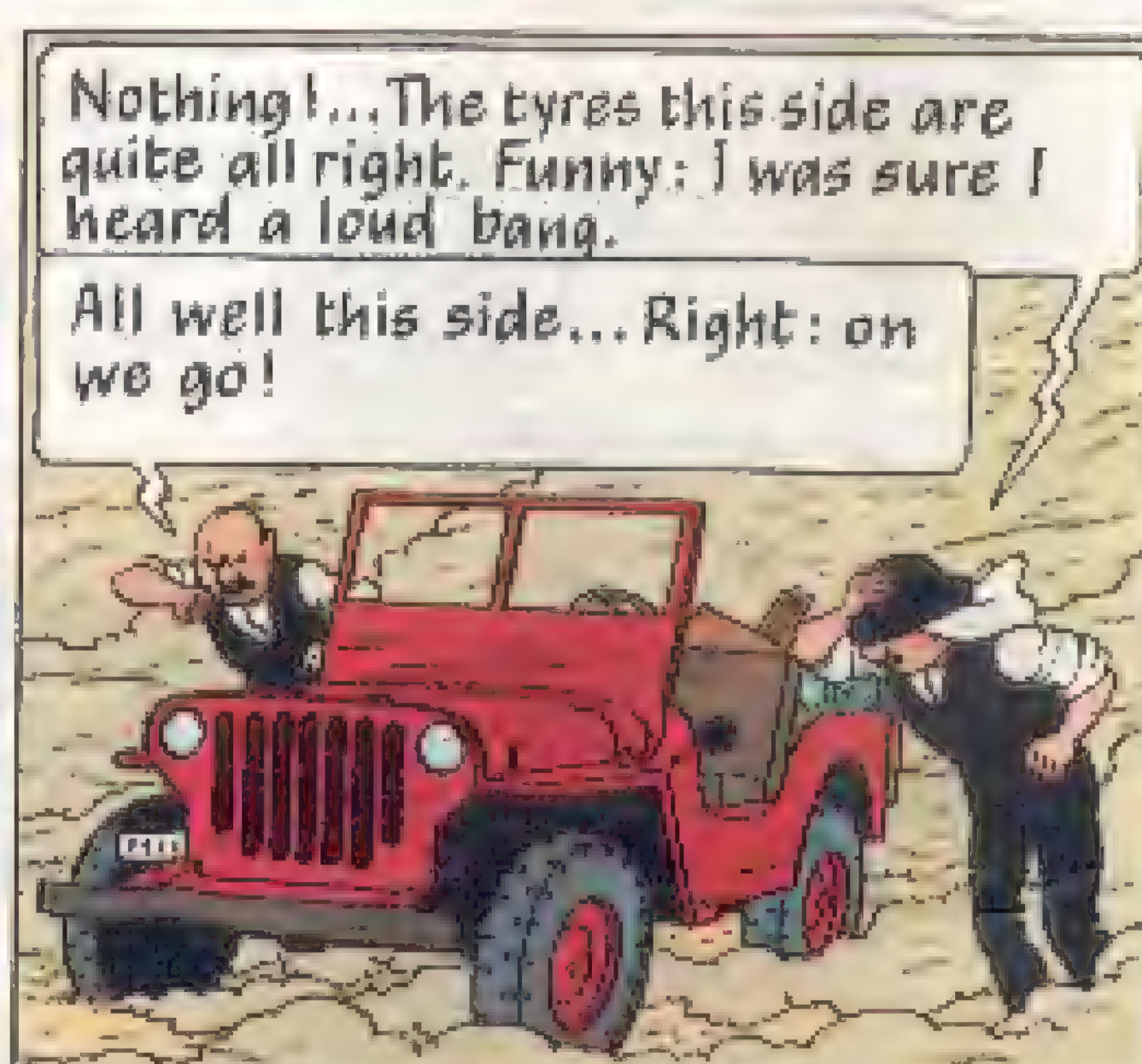
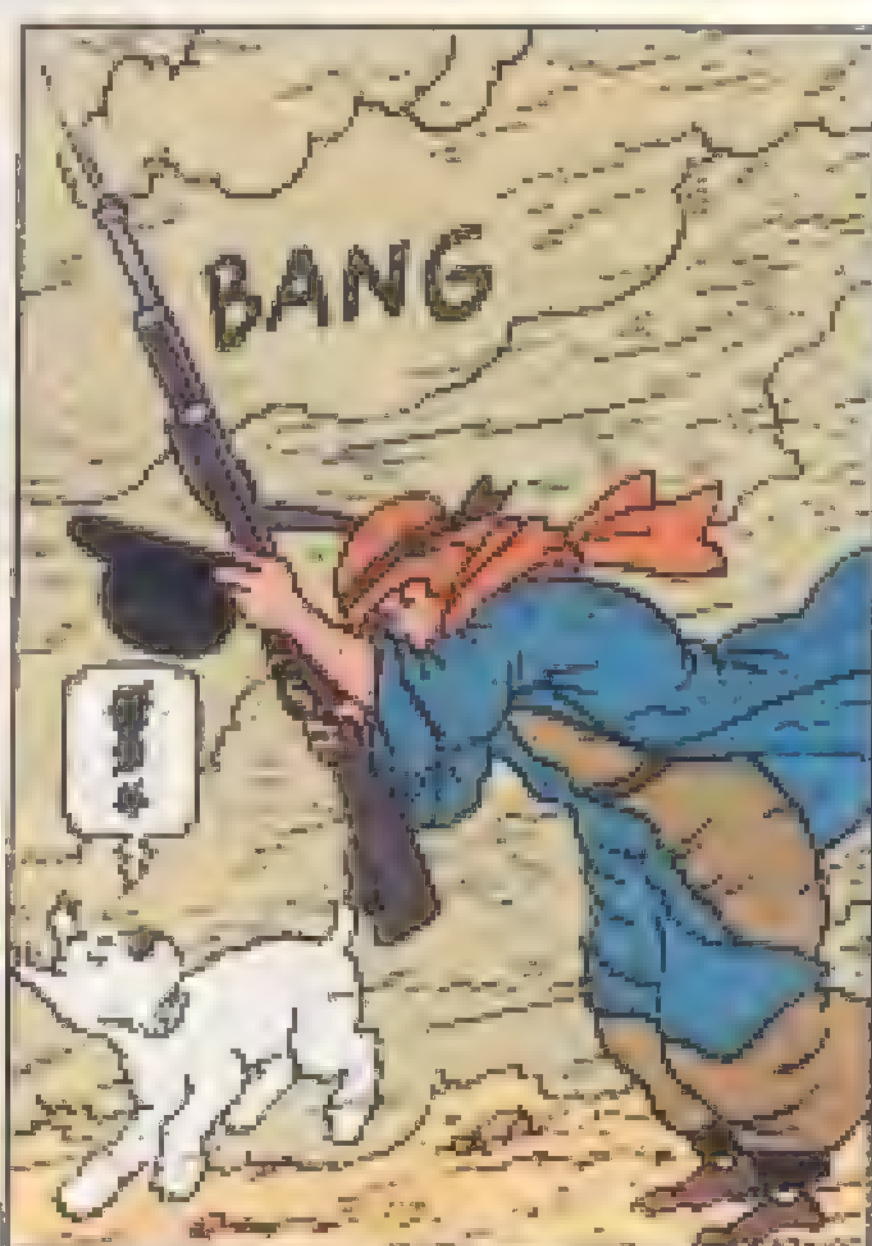
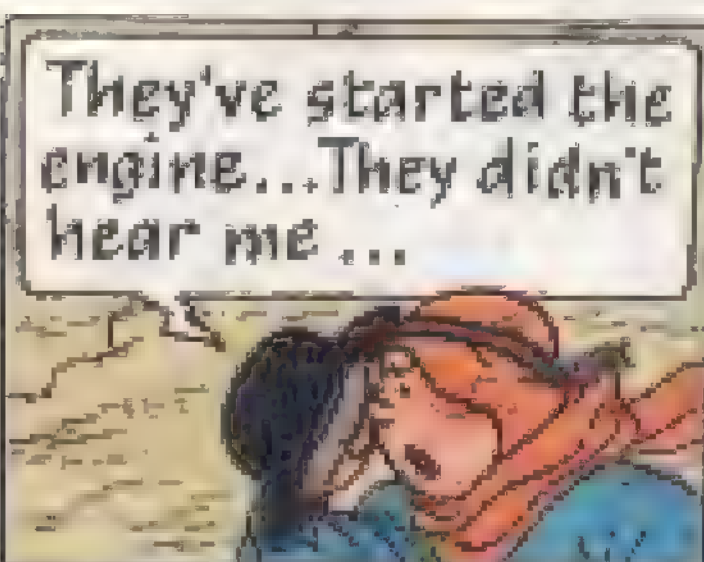
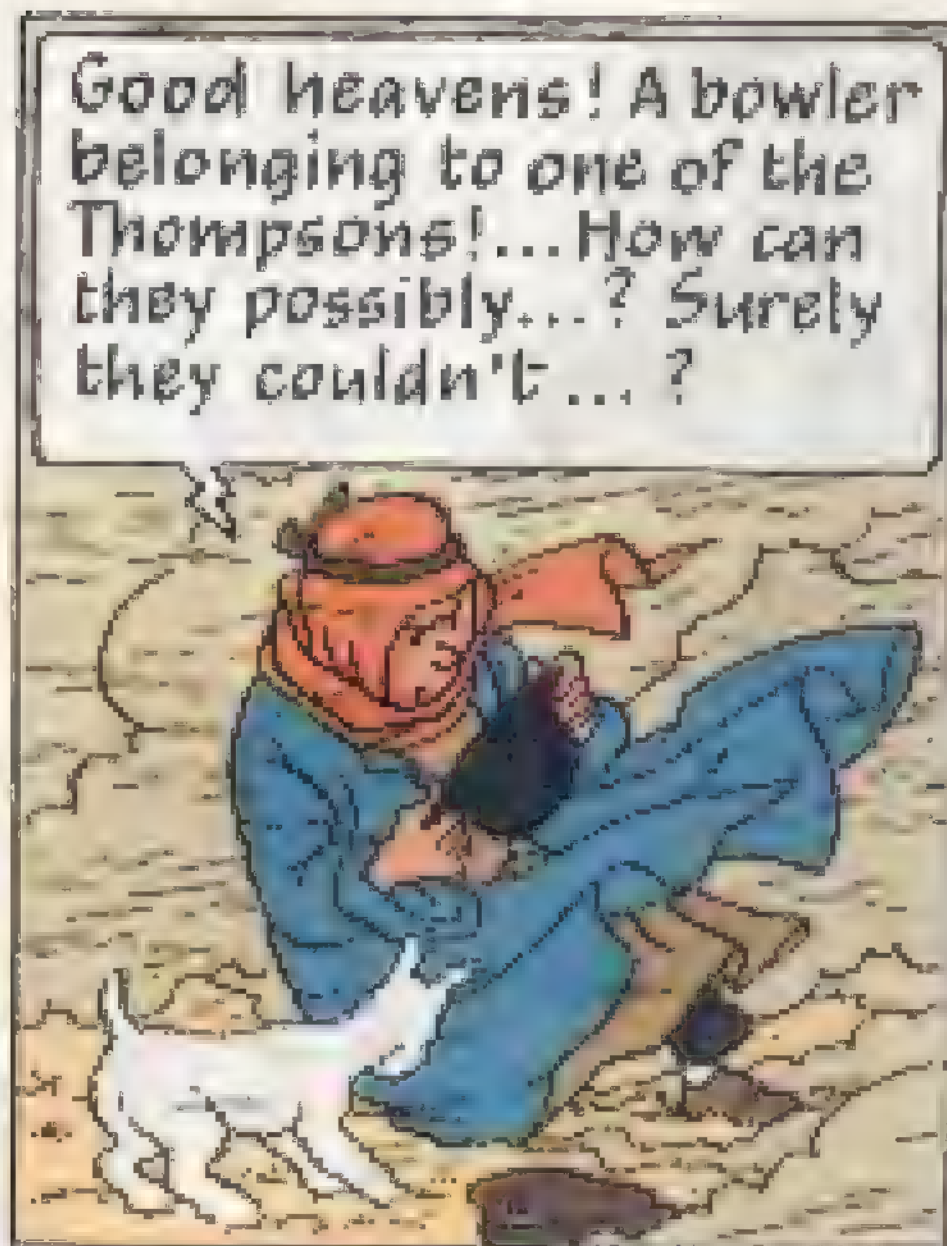
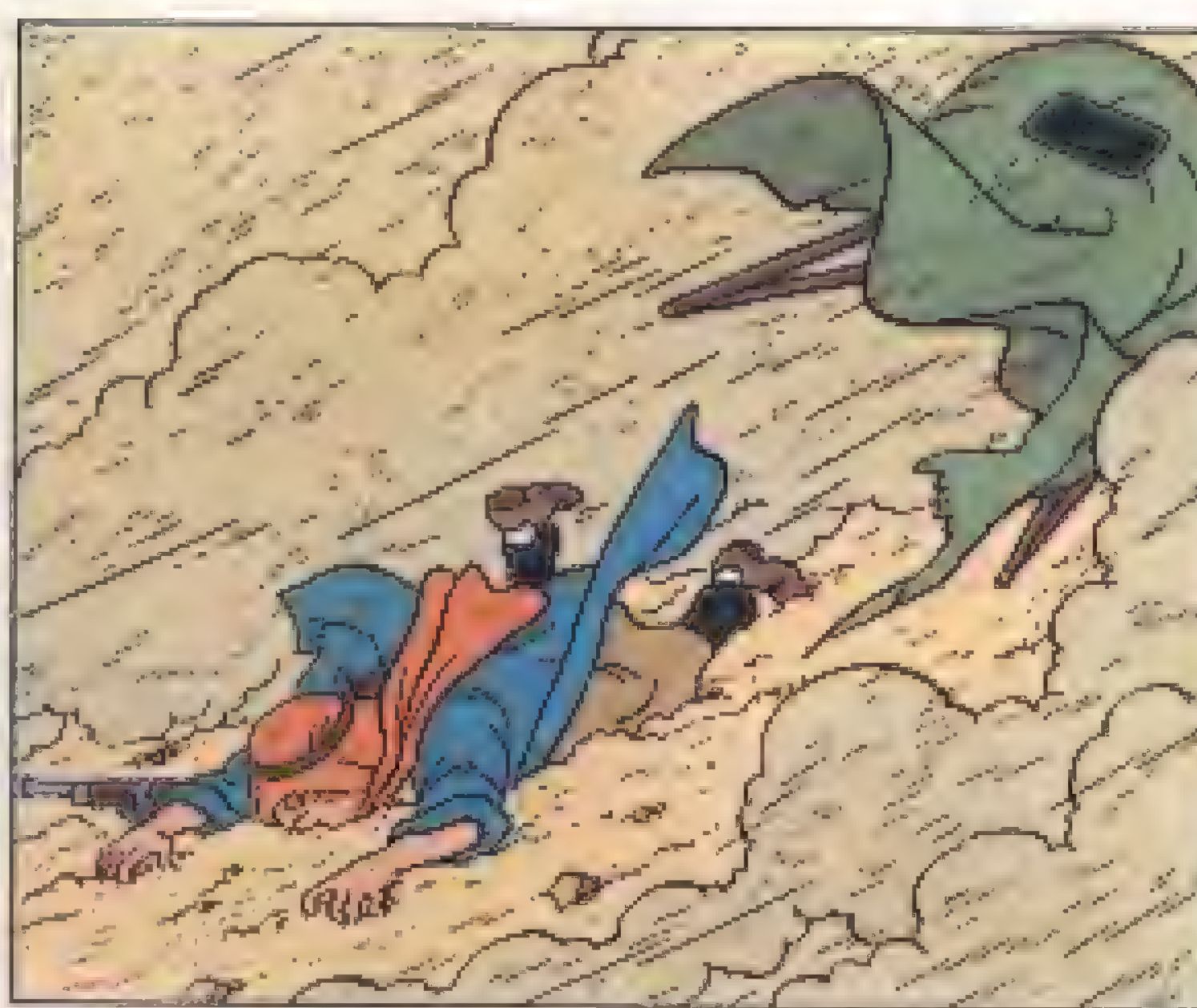
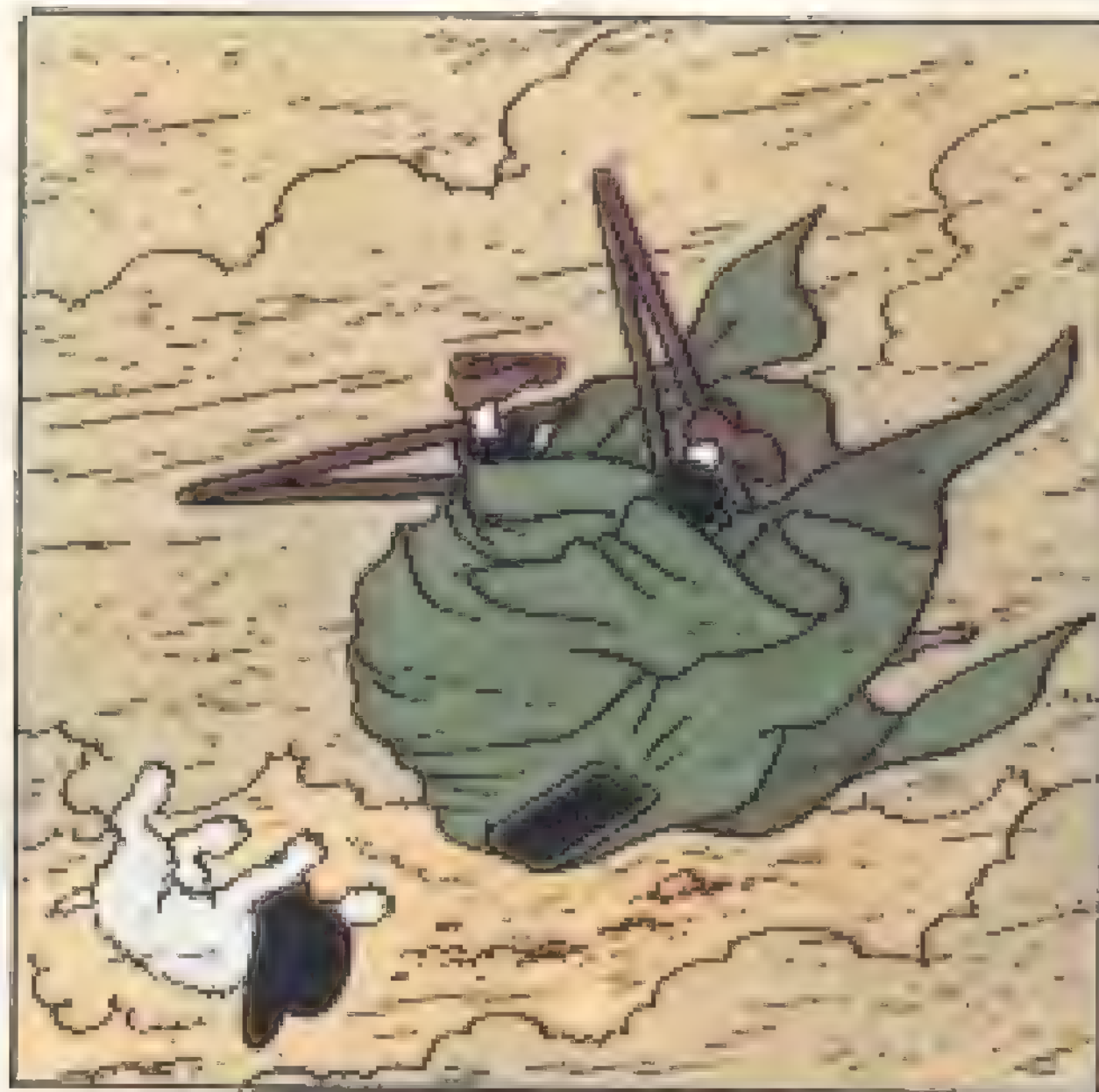


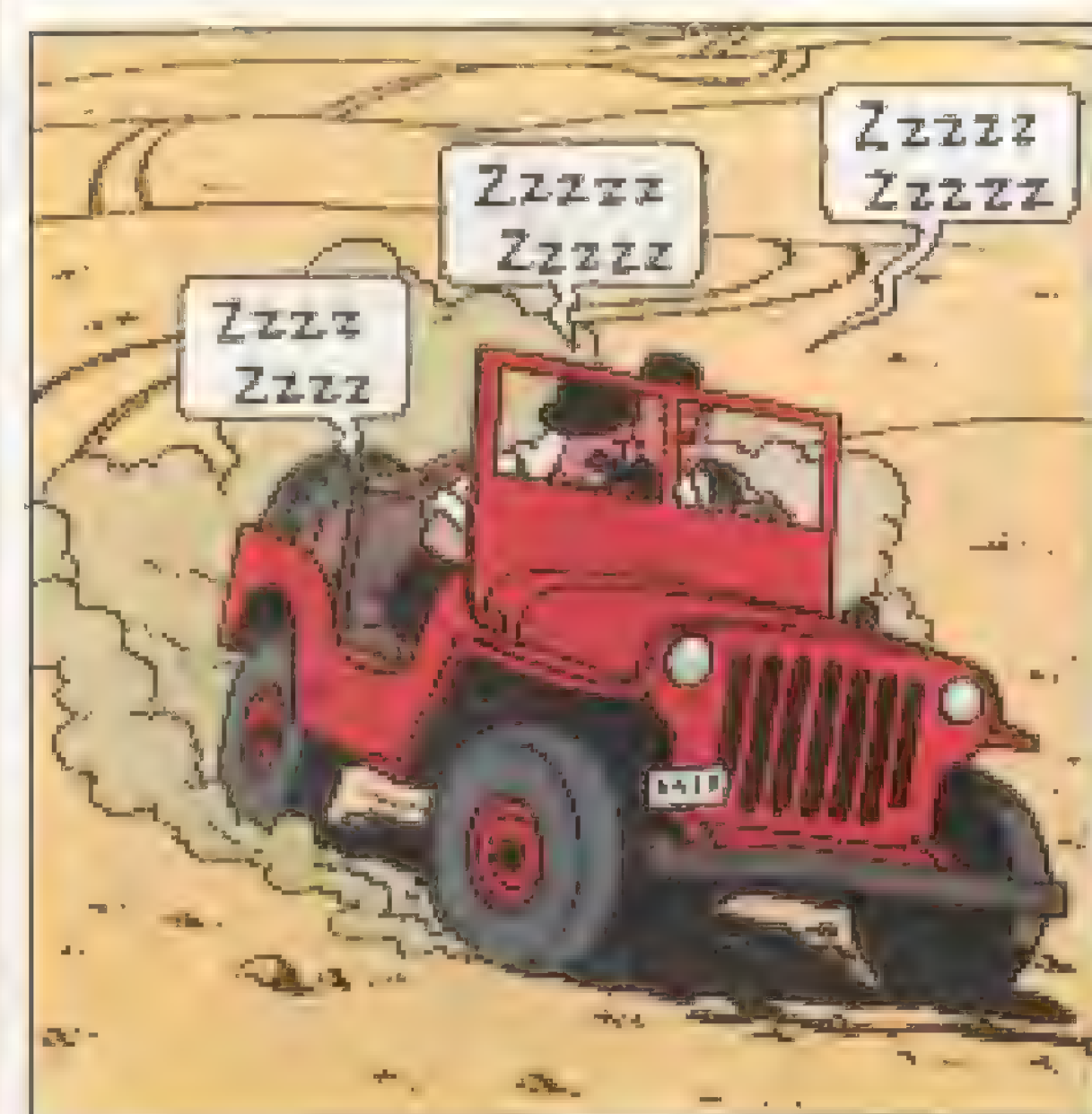
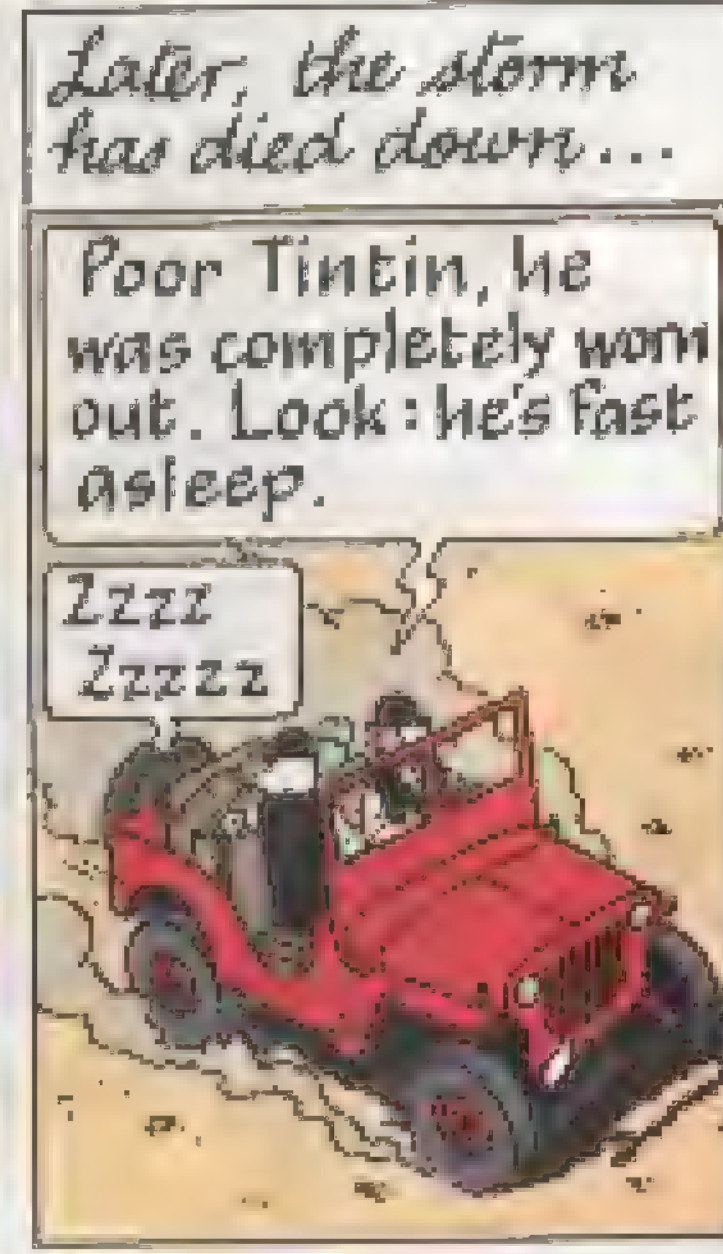
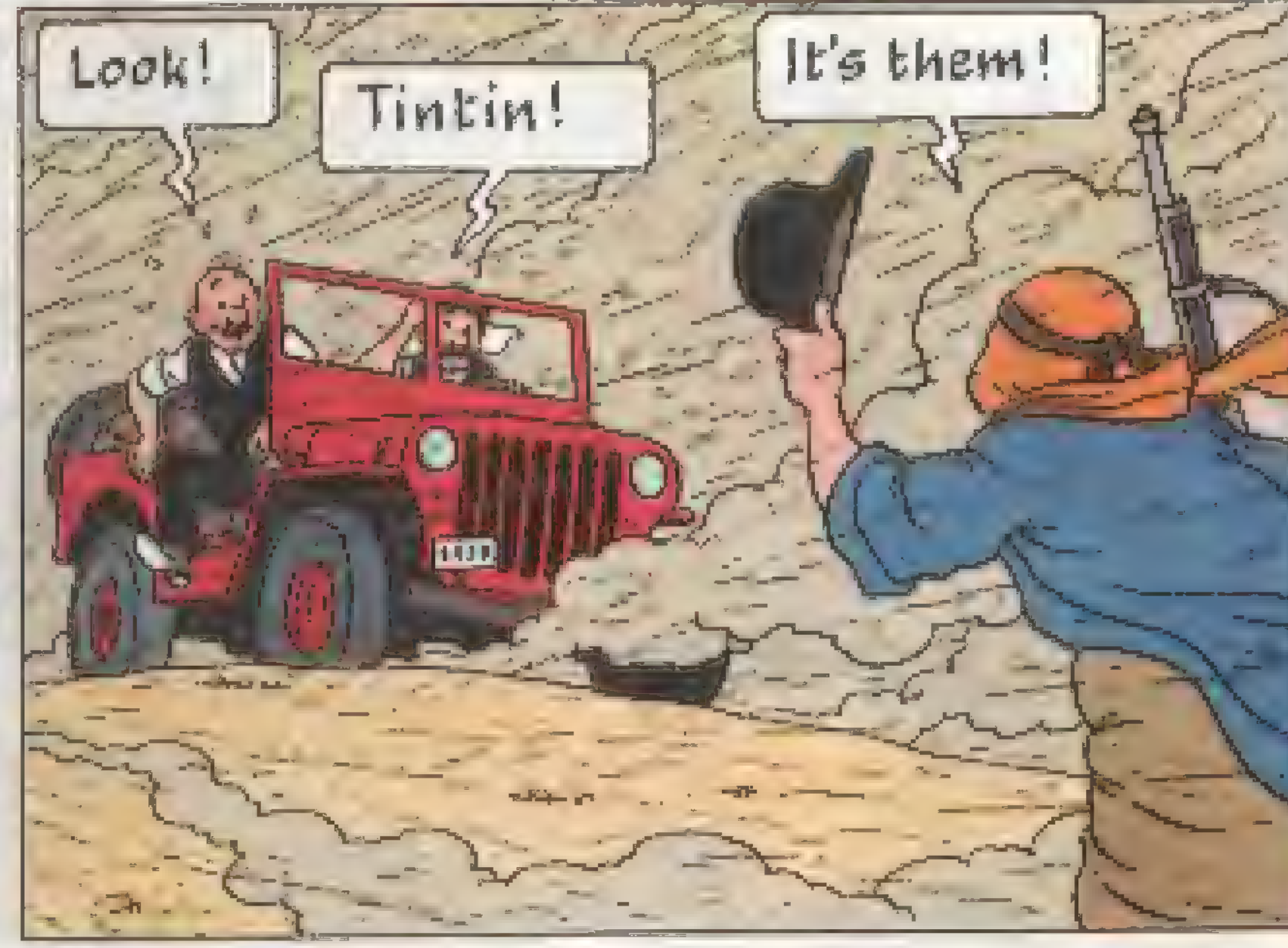
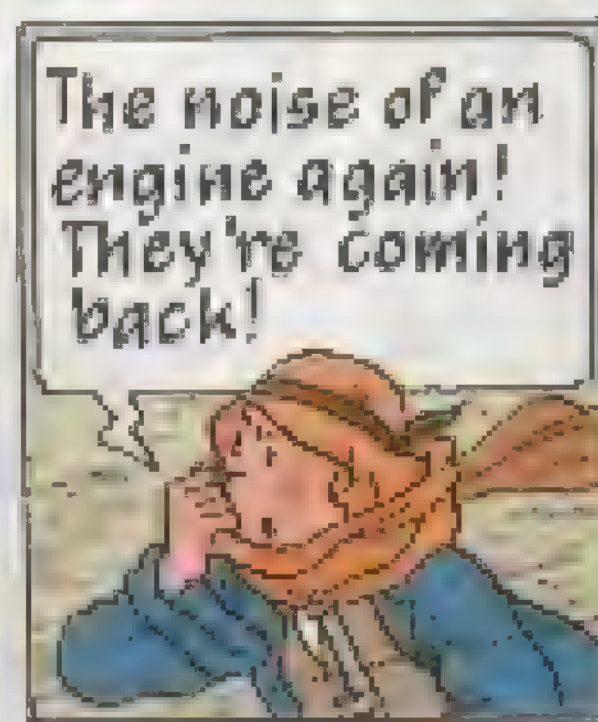
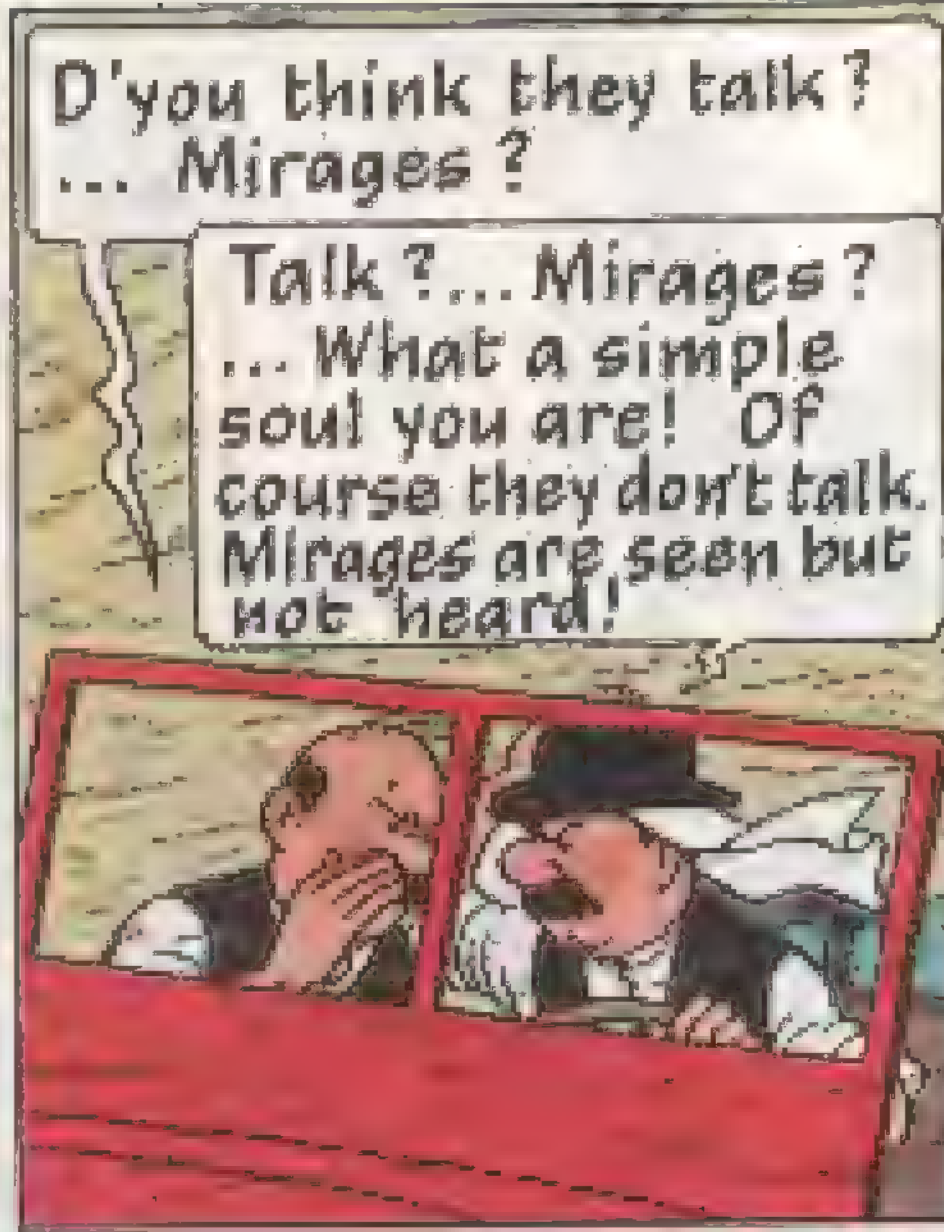
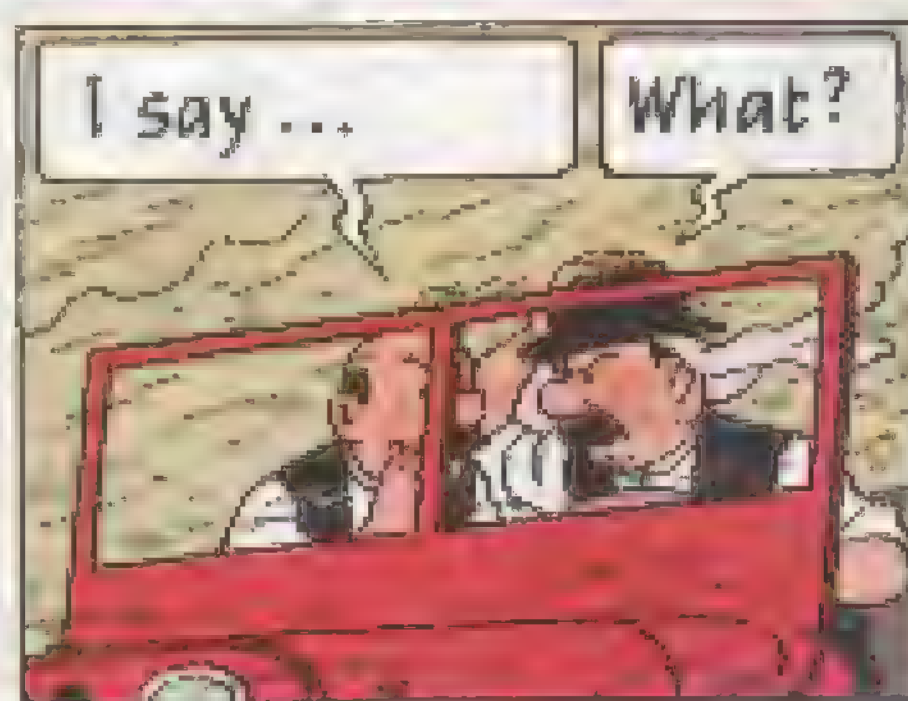
OOEE!

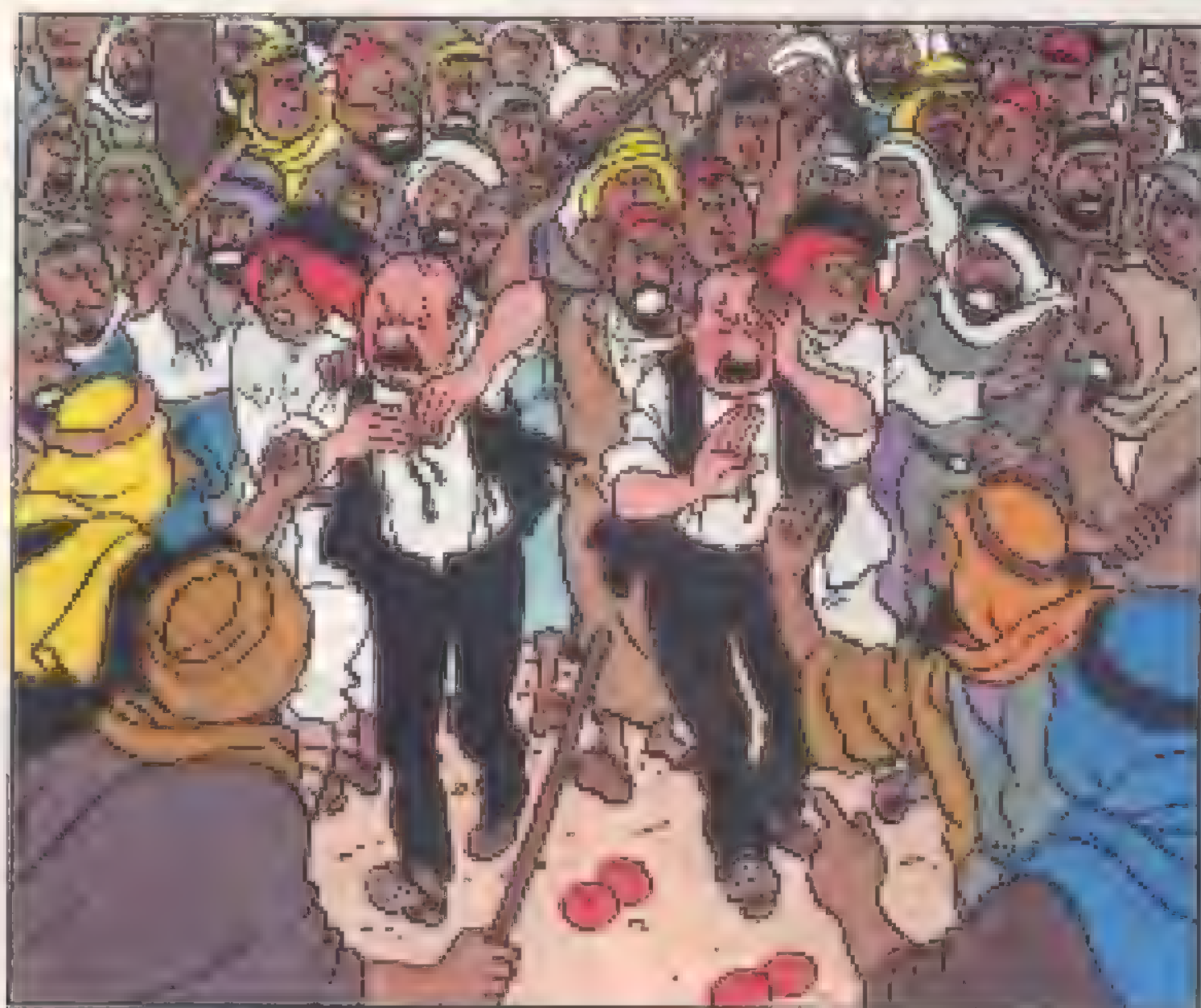
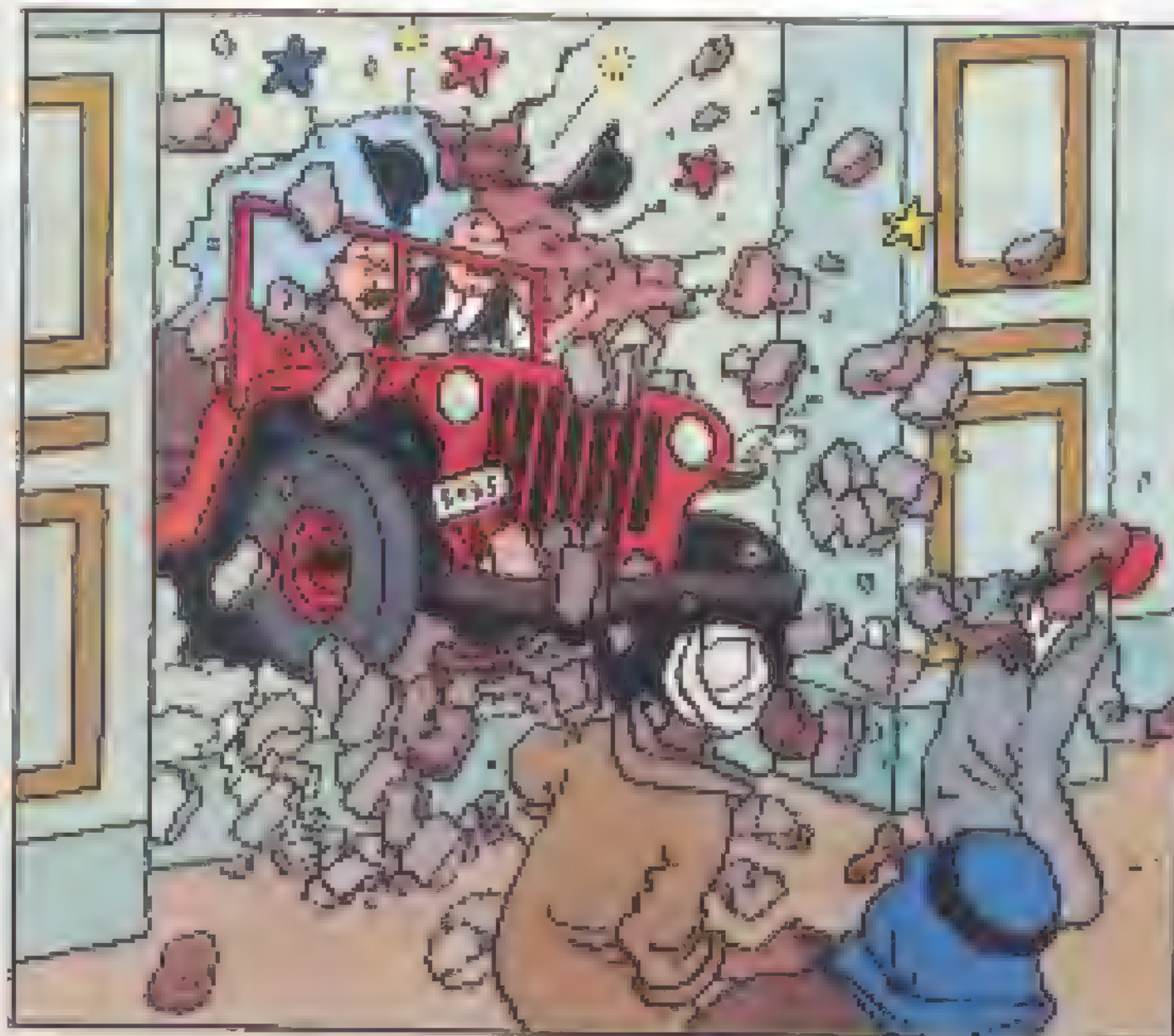


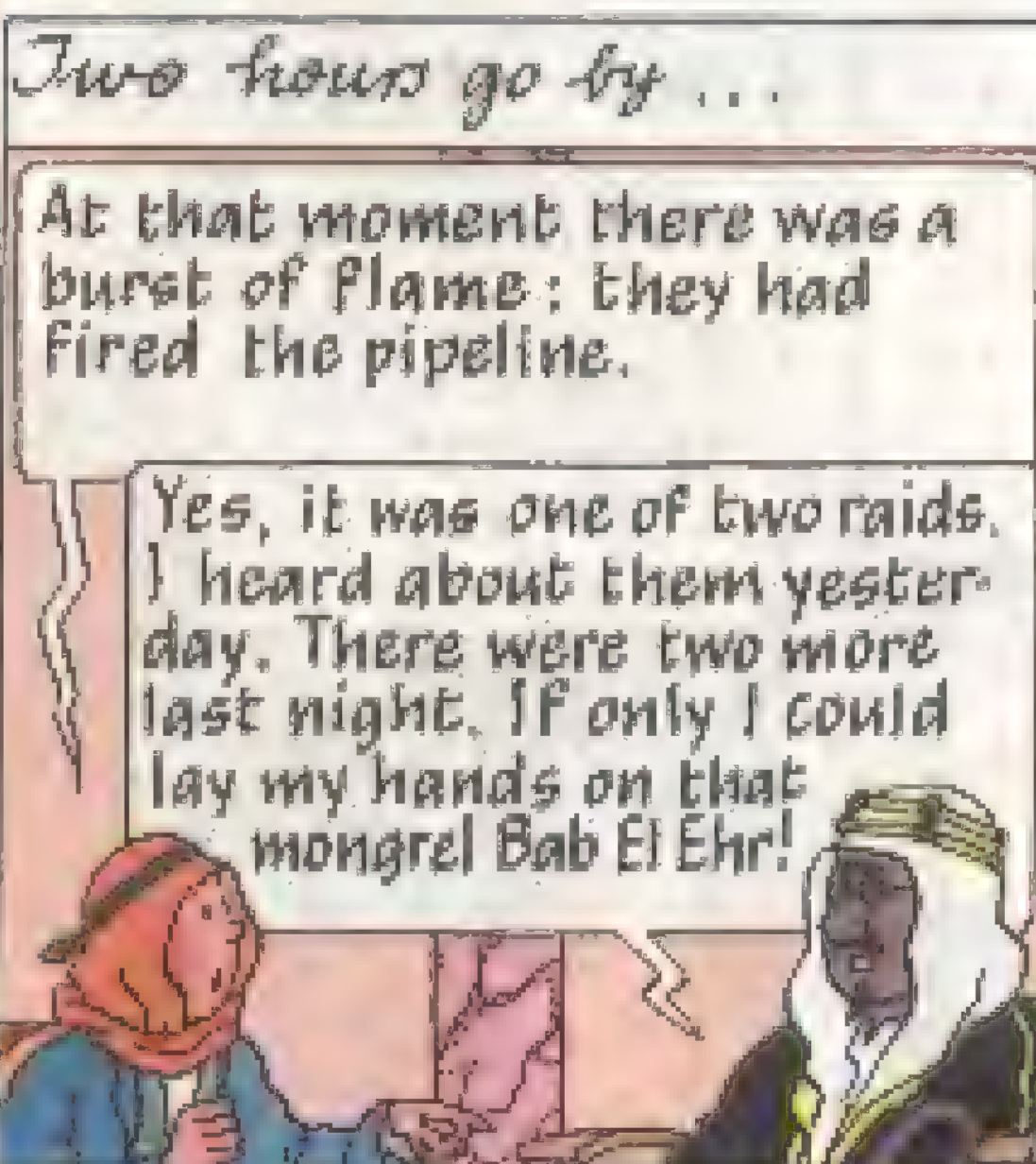
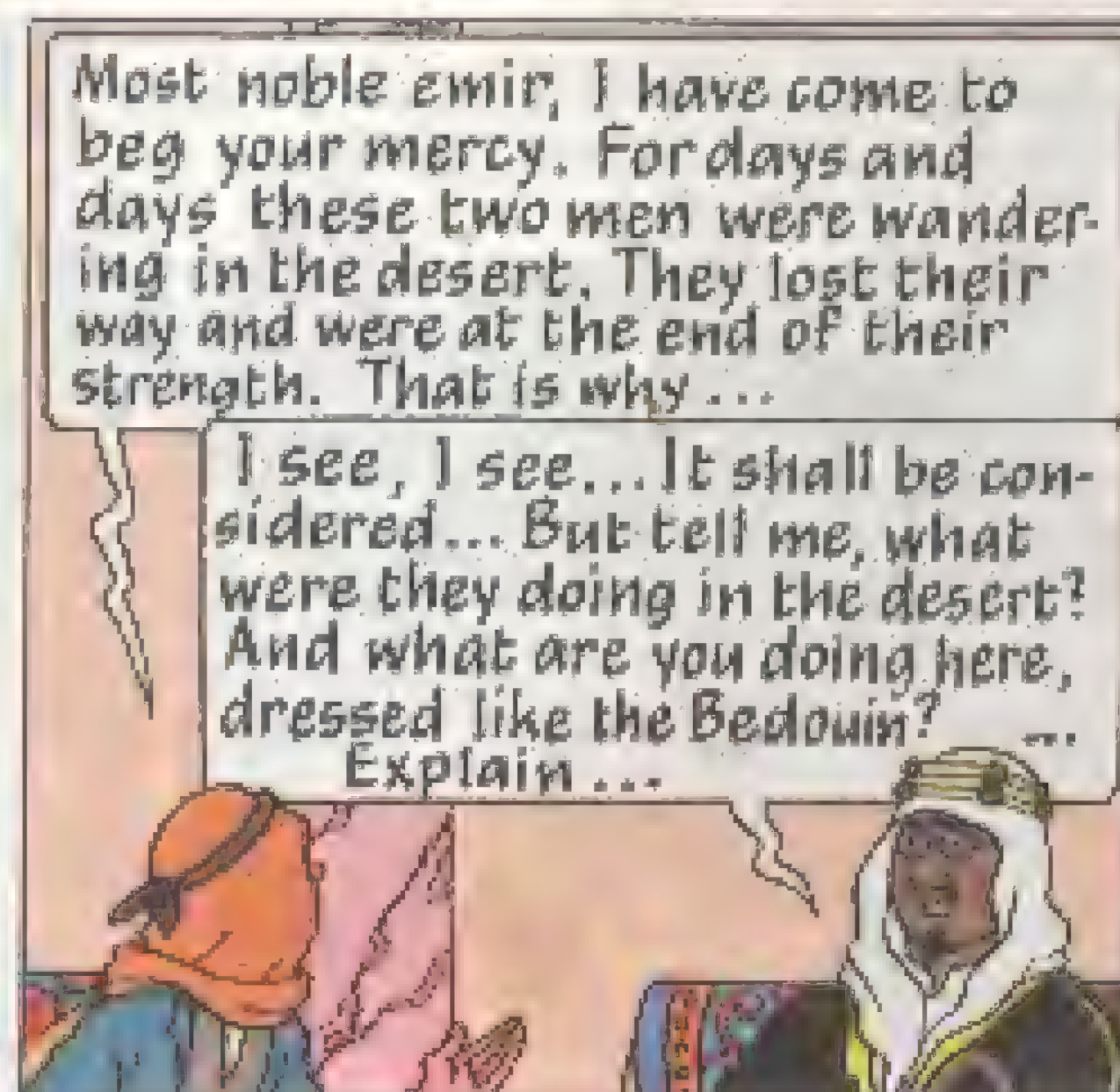
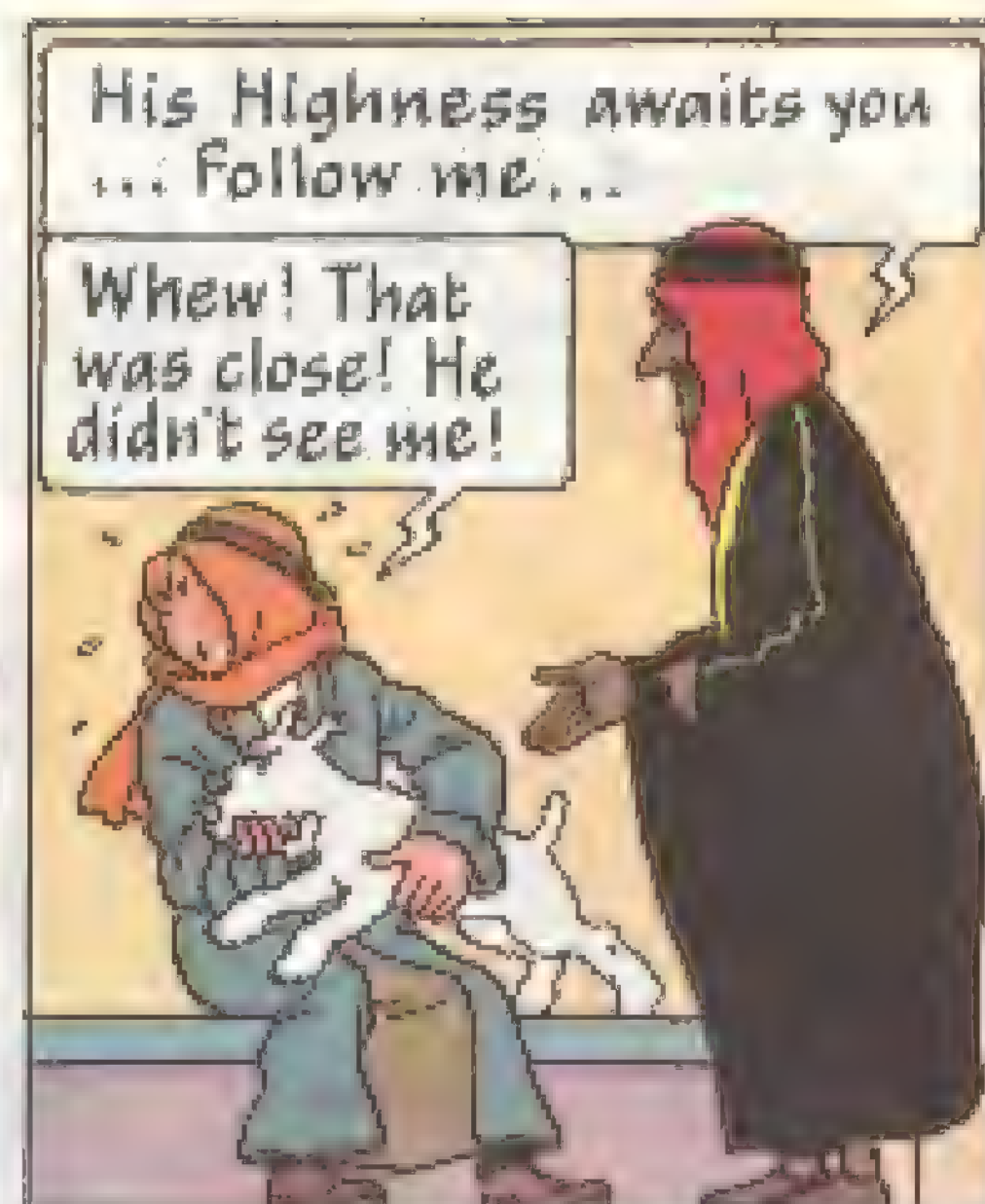
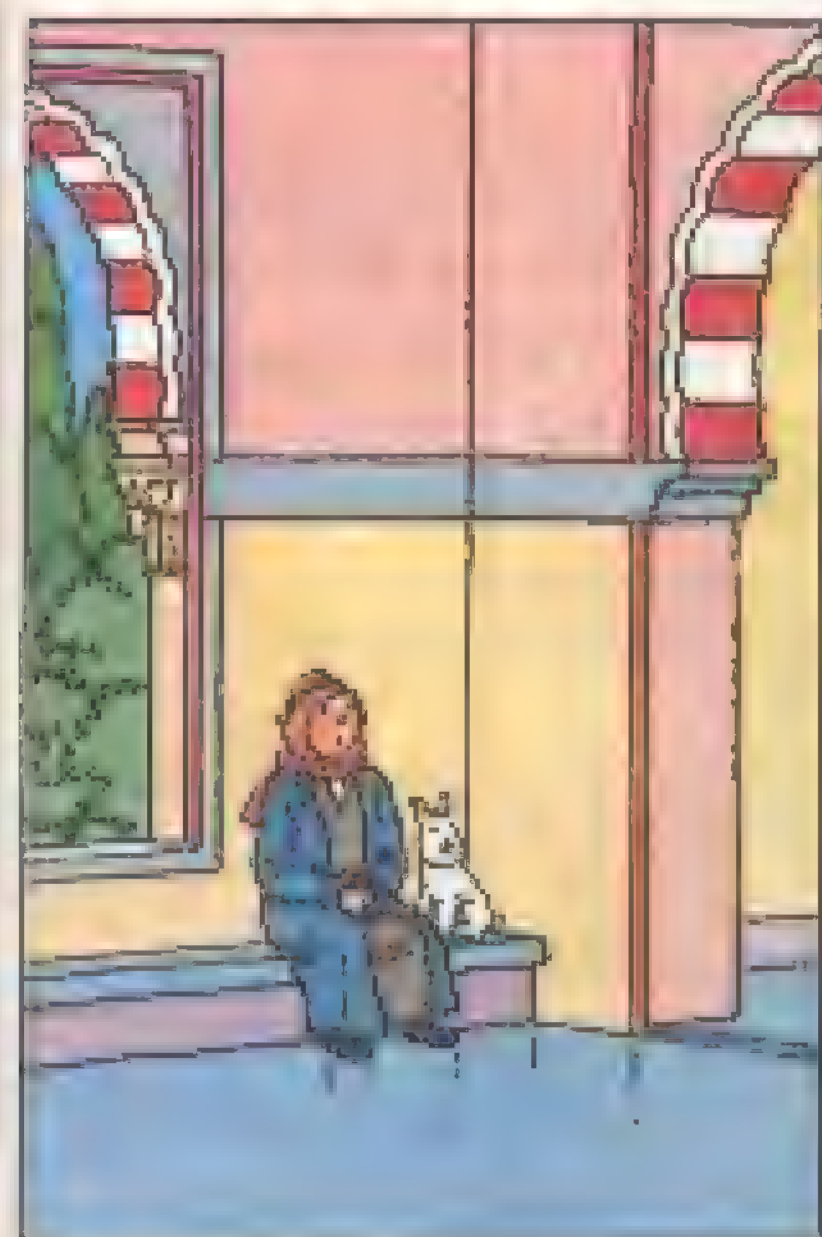
OOEE!











It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why, I wonder?

It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch' Allah!... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum.

Oh?

But I have interrupted your story... You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline..

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...

Master!... Master!... Oh! Master!

What is it?... Who dares to disturb us?

Oh, Master! Master!... Your son!...

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?

Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Disappeared!... If you knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw!... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness... But come with me, you'll see for yourself...

He was in the garden, Master...

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!

There's the little motor car I gave him last week... on his sixth birthday...

Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you, my treasure?

Abdullah!... Come out now, my little sugar plum!

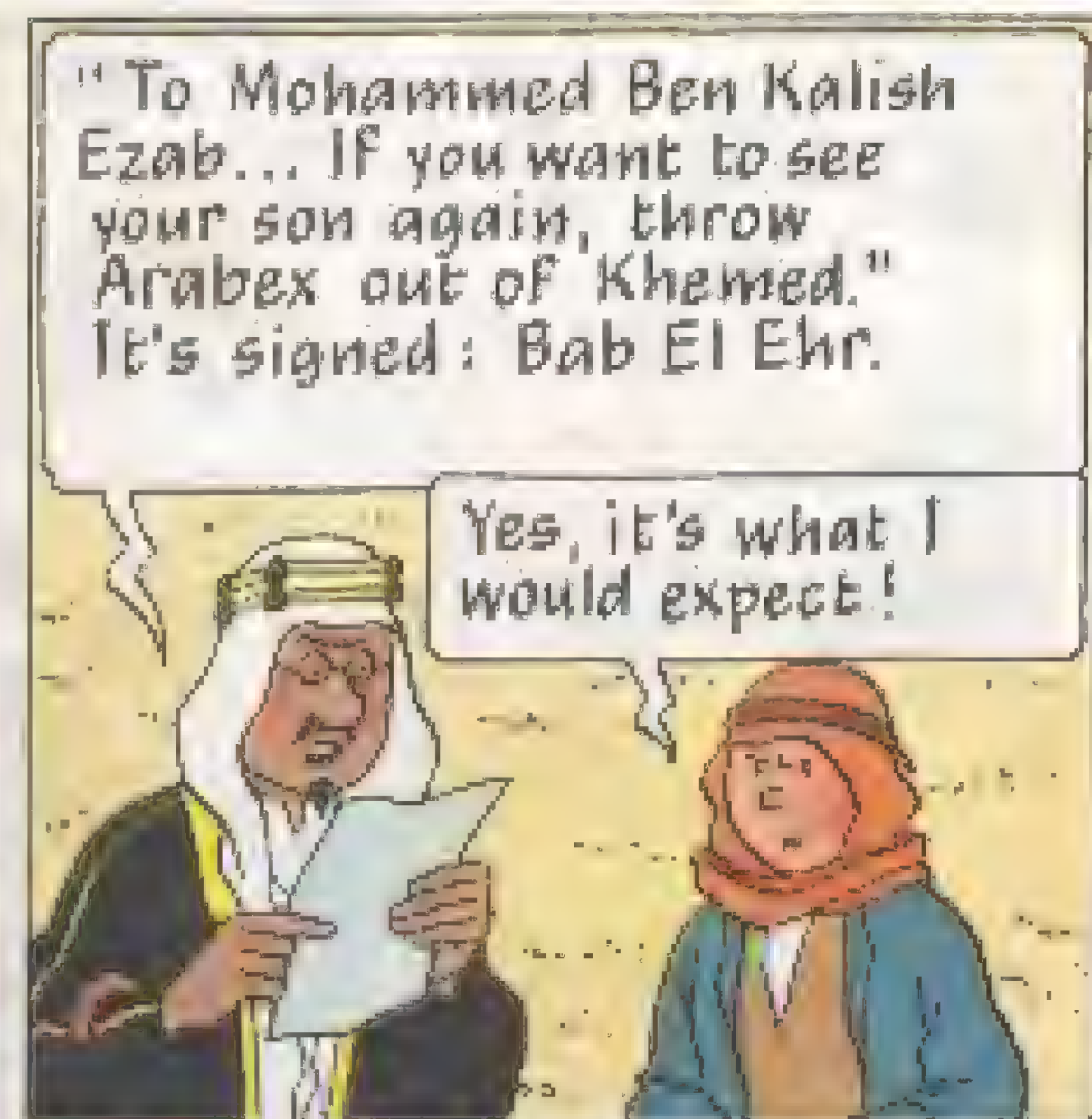
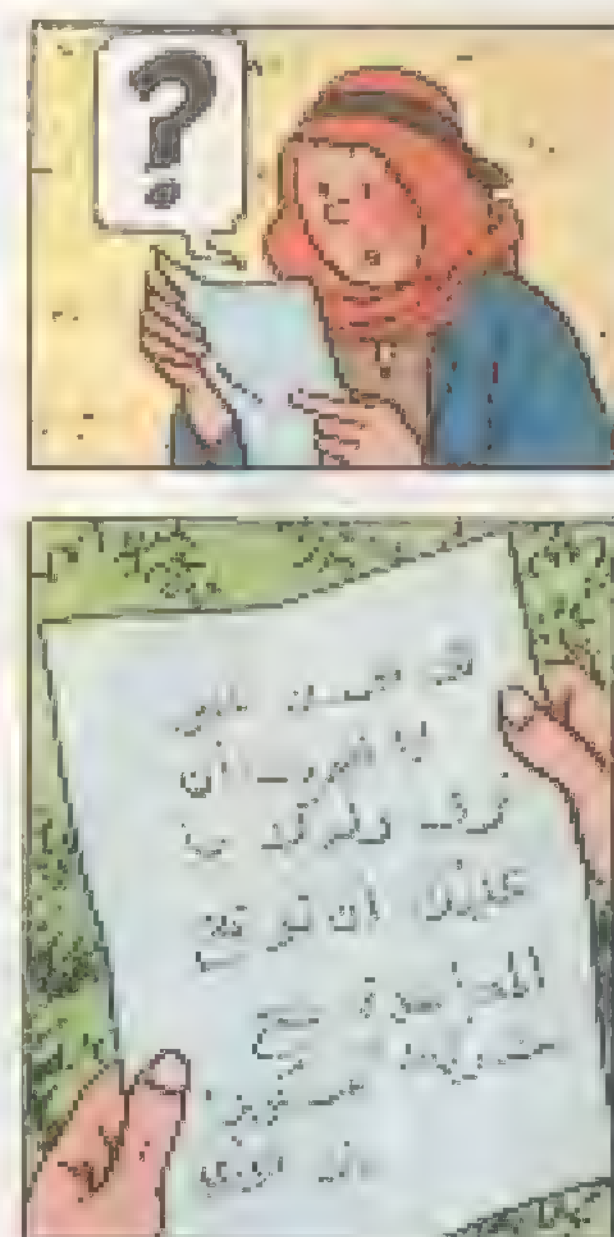
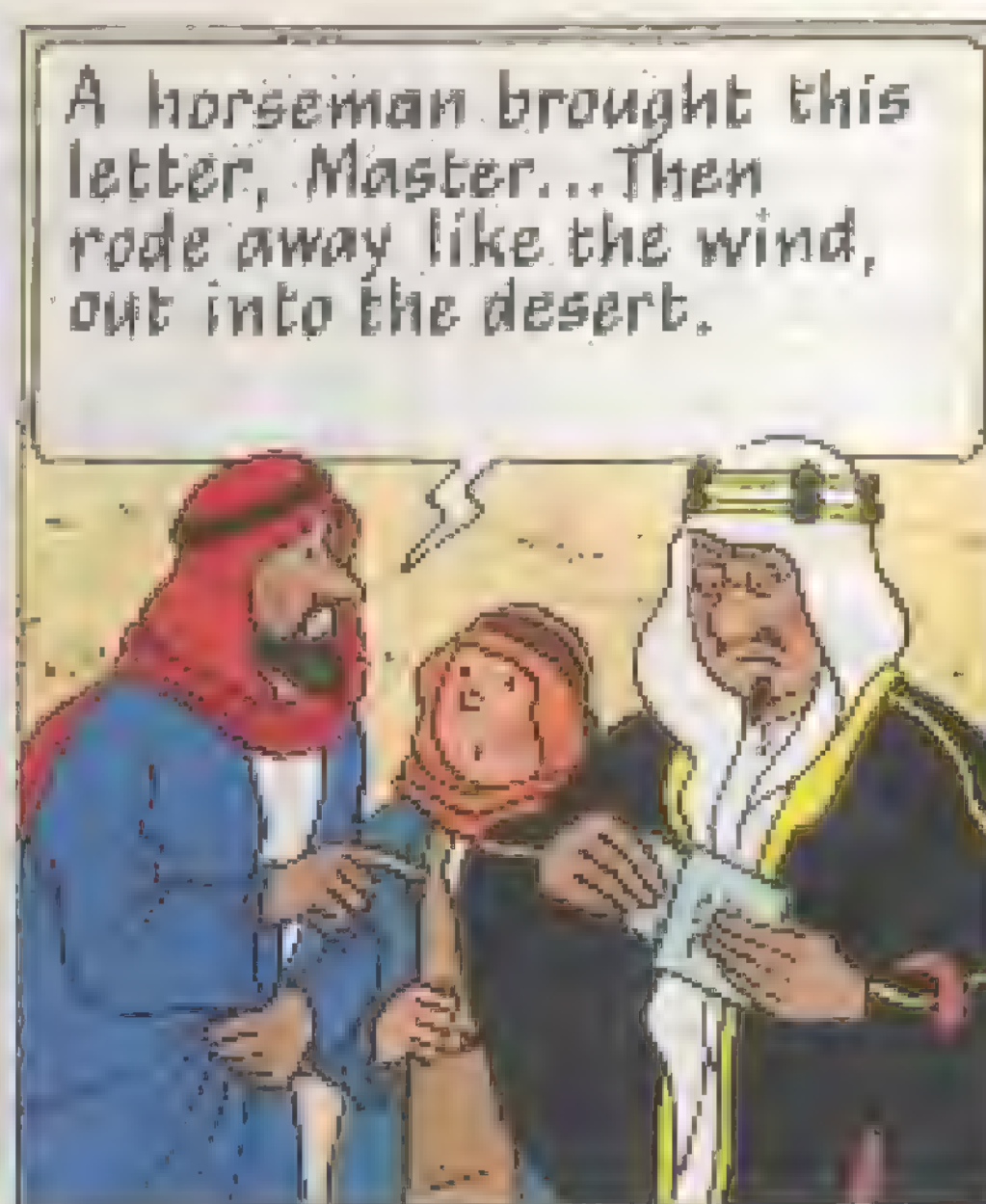
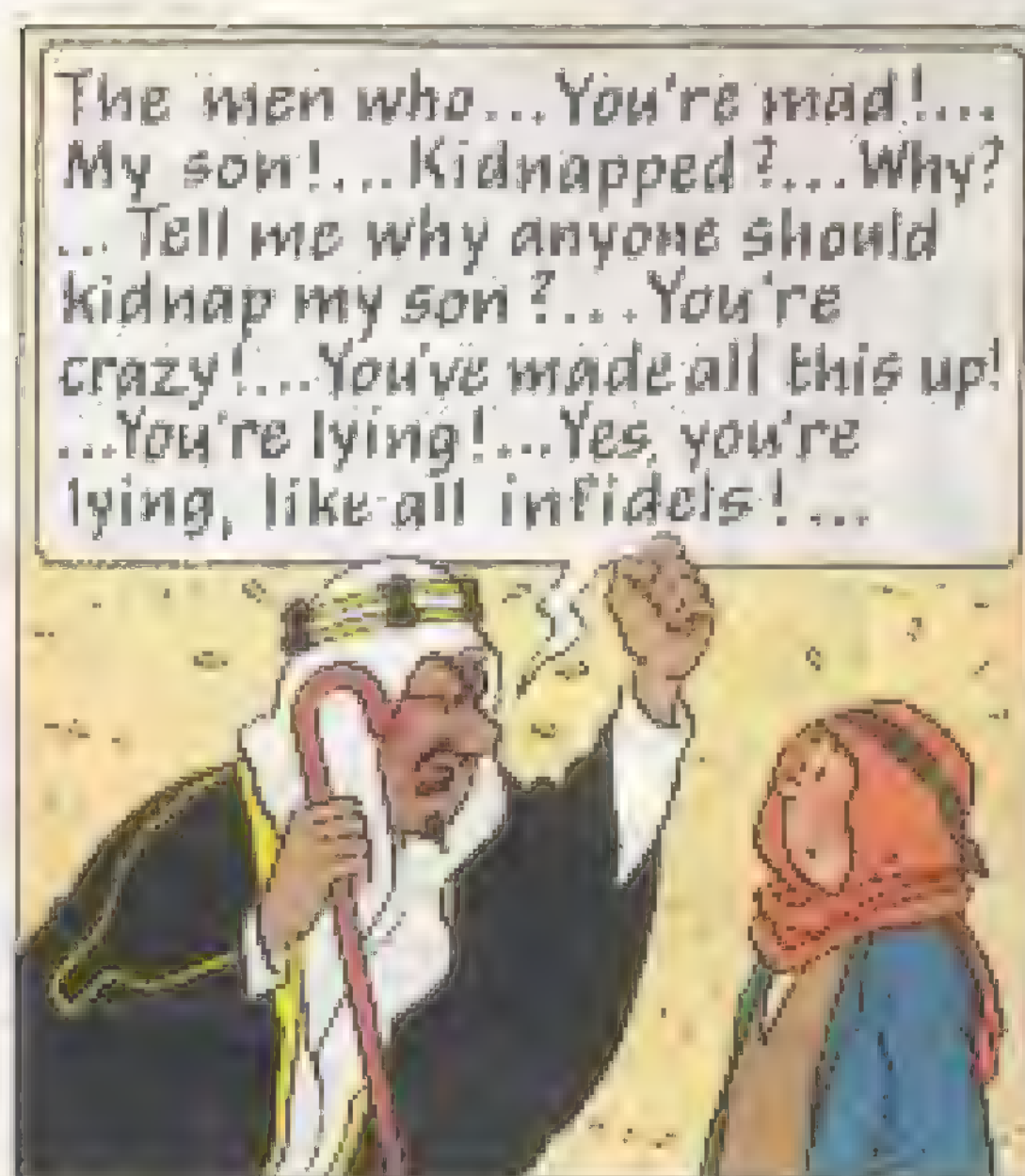
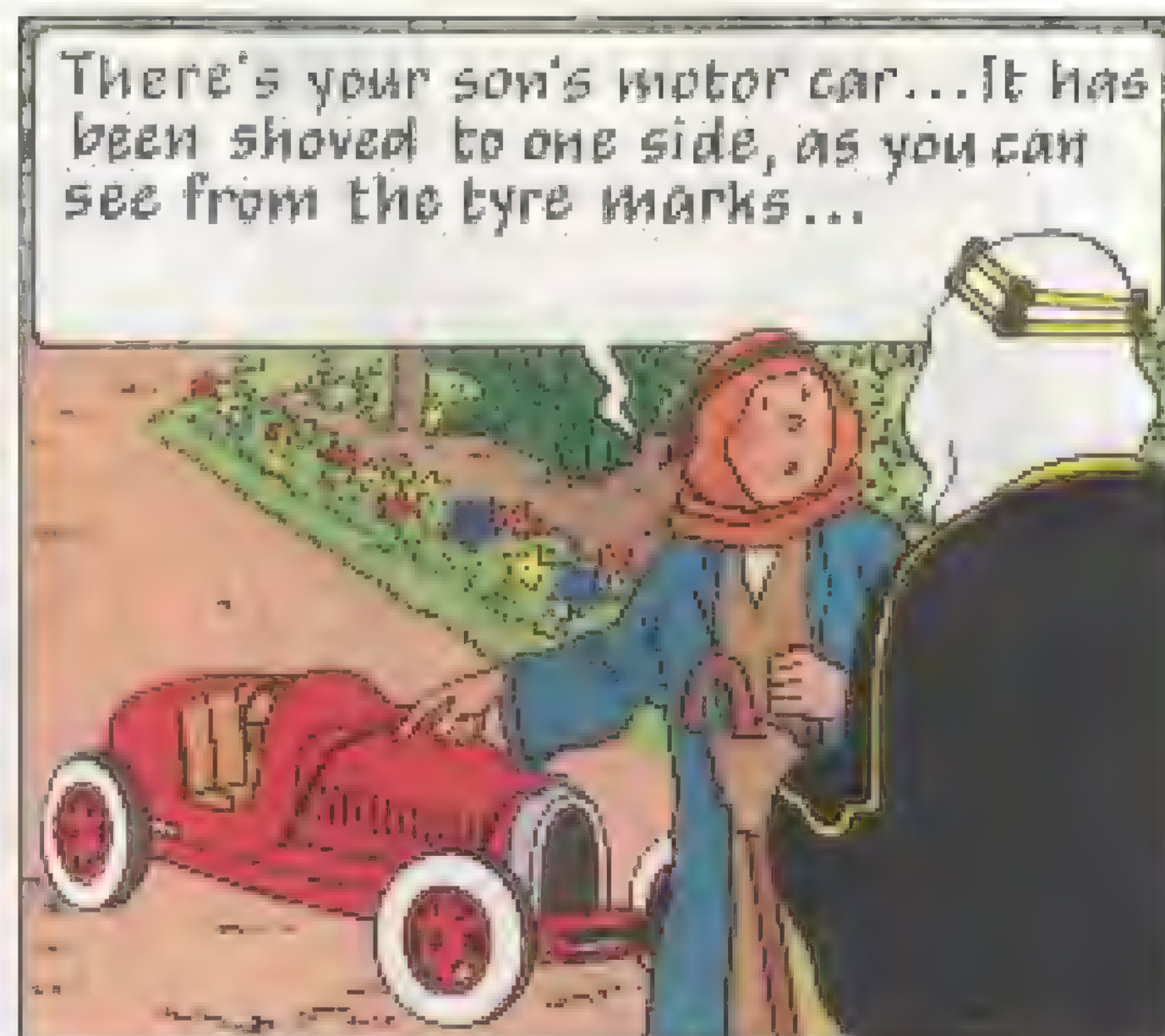
Abdullah, my baby lamb-kin...

Abdullah!... Abdullah! Where are you hiding?

Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!

Excuse me, Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

A blue robe?... Abdullah?... No!... Why do you ask?





Bab El Ehr! Bab El Ehr! Son of a mangy dog!... Grandson of a scurvy jackal!... Great grandson of a moulting vulture!... My revenge will be terrible!... I will impale you on a spit!... I will roast you over a slow fire!... I will pull out your beard, one hair at a time... And I will stuff it down your throat...



But we must act! Where is my military adviser?



Ohhh! ... His little car!



Boo-hoo-hoo-ooo-ooo... My little Abdullah!... My little honeybun, where are you?... My little peppermint cream... Boo-hoo-hoo... hoo... hoo...

Highness, you must calm yourself.



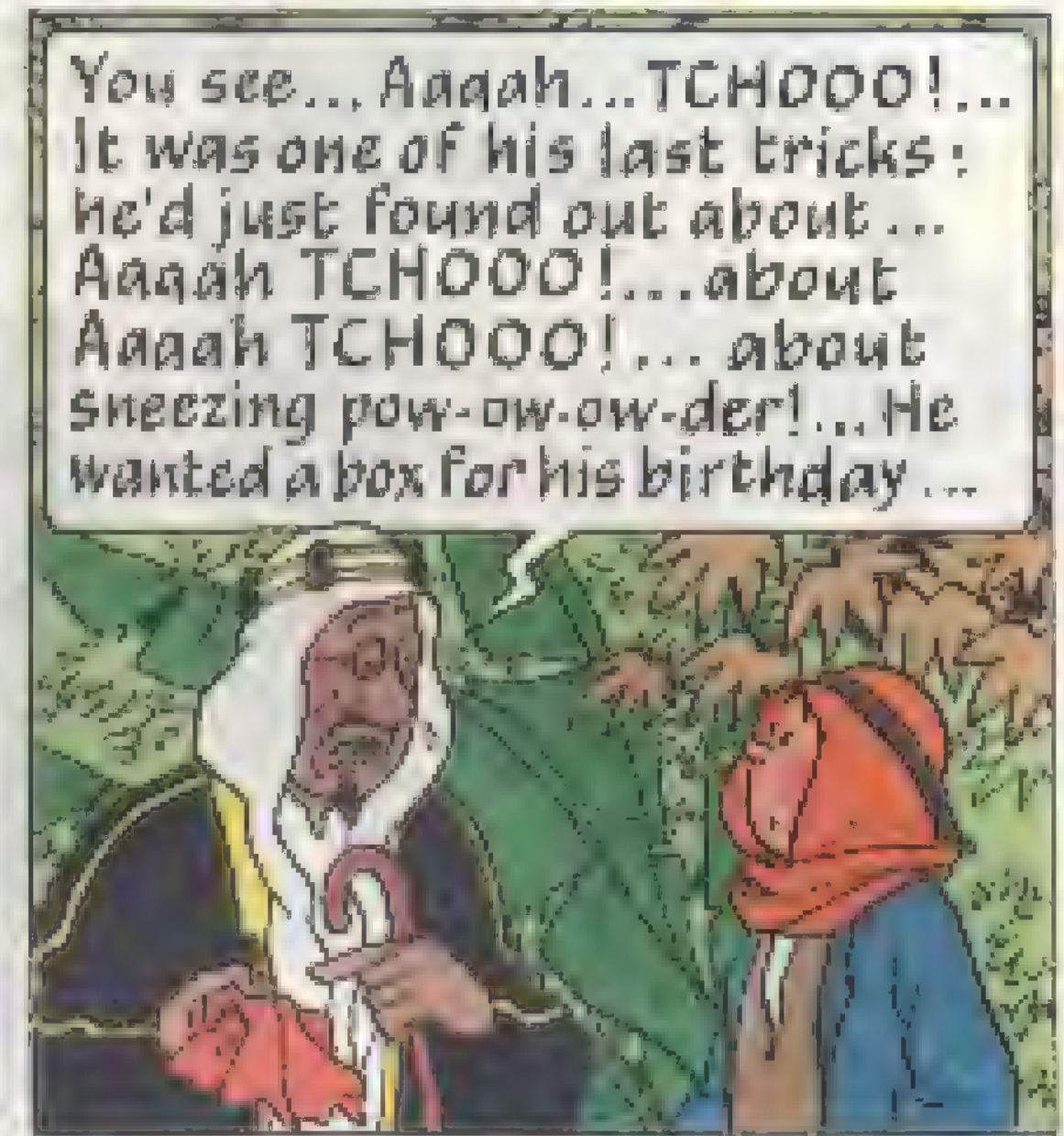
Woo-hoo-hoo... My little angel... Boo-woo-hoo-hoo!



My little Abdullah!... Aaaaah... Aaaaah... Aaaaah... Aaaaah...



TCHOOO!... Aaaaah... TCHOO!... Aaaaah TCHOOO!



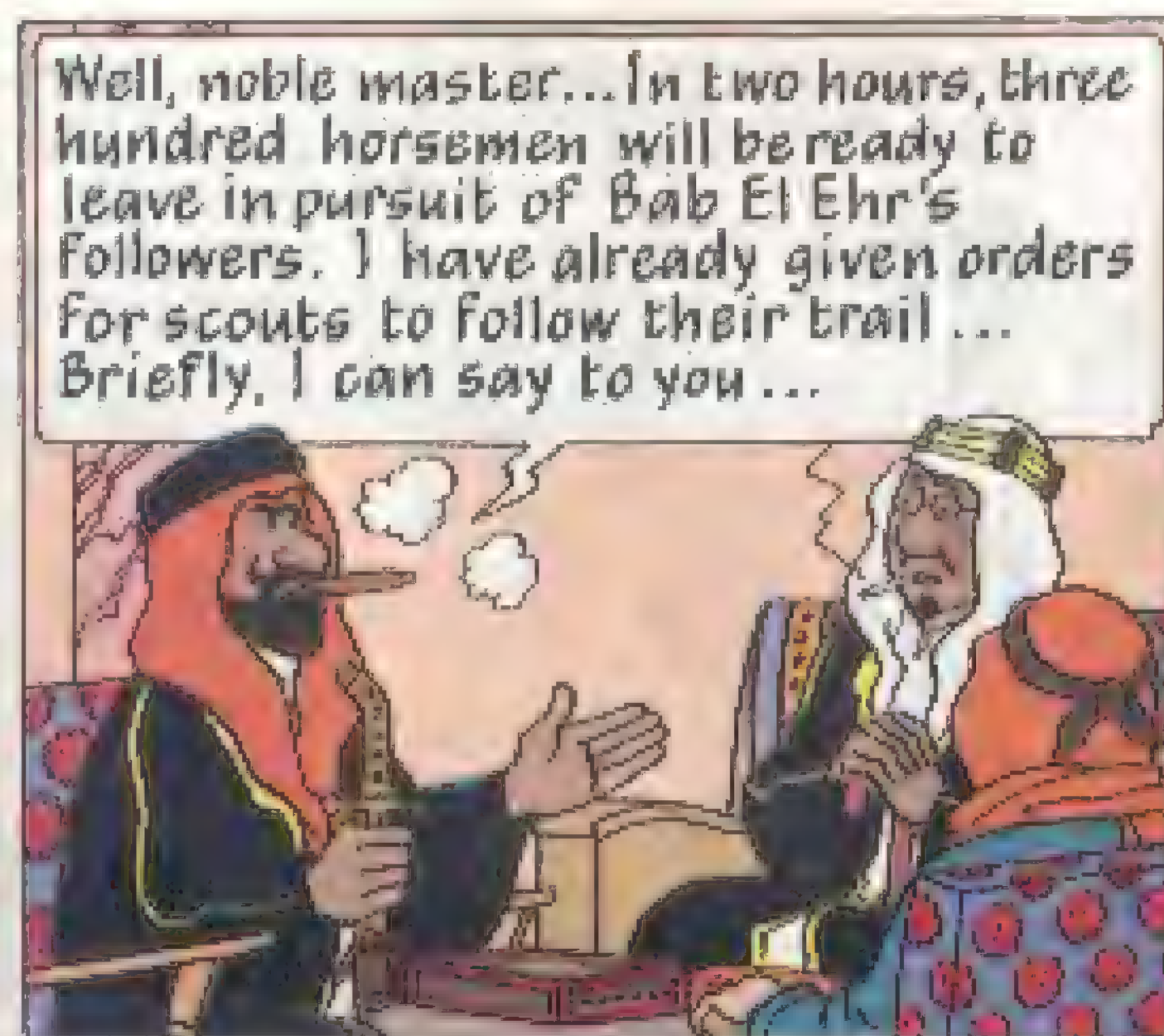
You see... Aaaaah... TCHOOO!... It was one of his last tricks: he'd just found out about ... Aaaaah TCHOOO!... about Aaaaah TCHOOO!... about sneezing pow-ow-ow-der!... He wanted a box for his birthday...



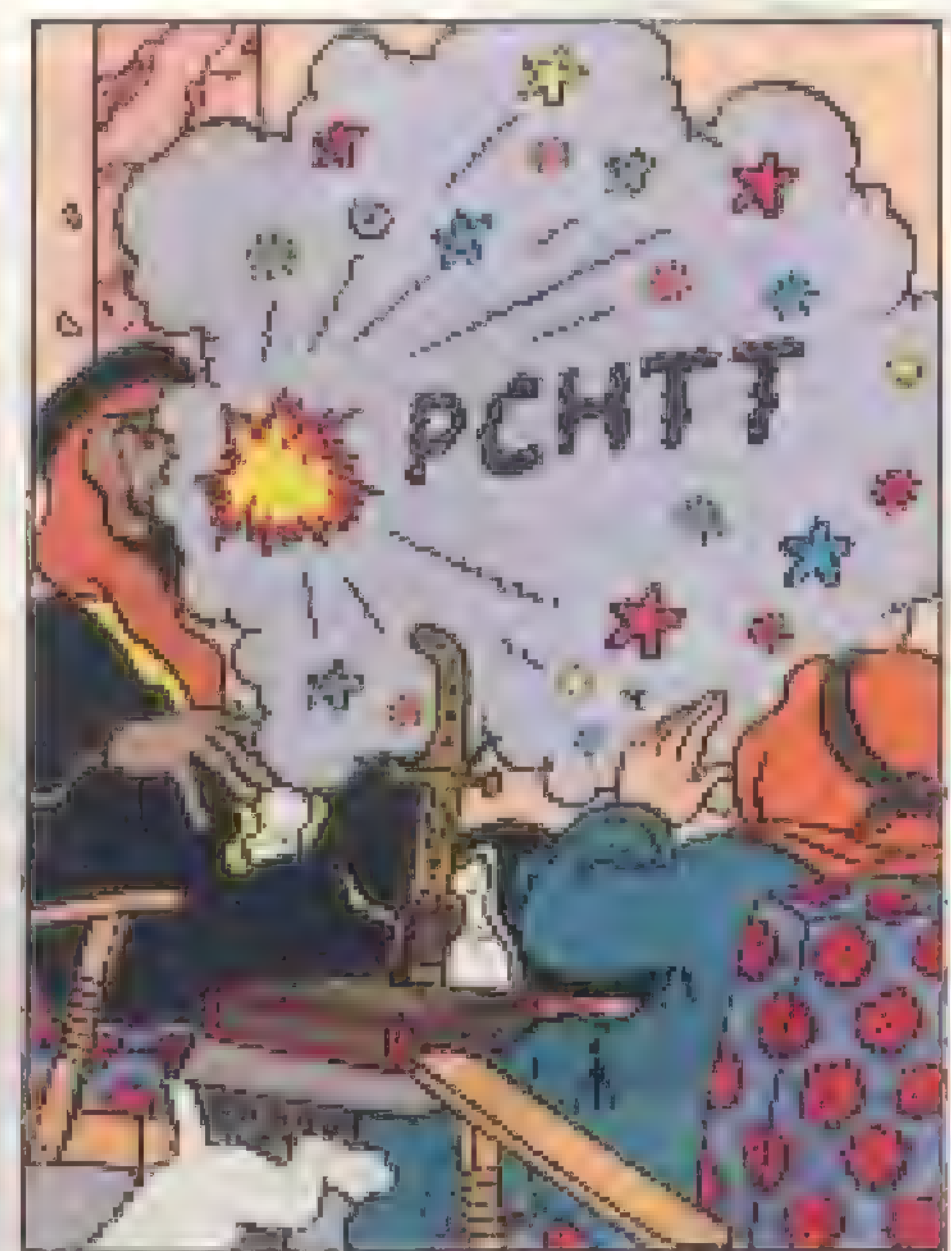
A few minutes later...

This is Yussuf Ben Mulfrid, my military adviser. He'll explain his plan of campaign... A cigarette?

No, thank you. I don't smoke.



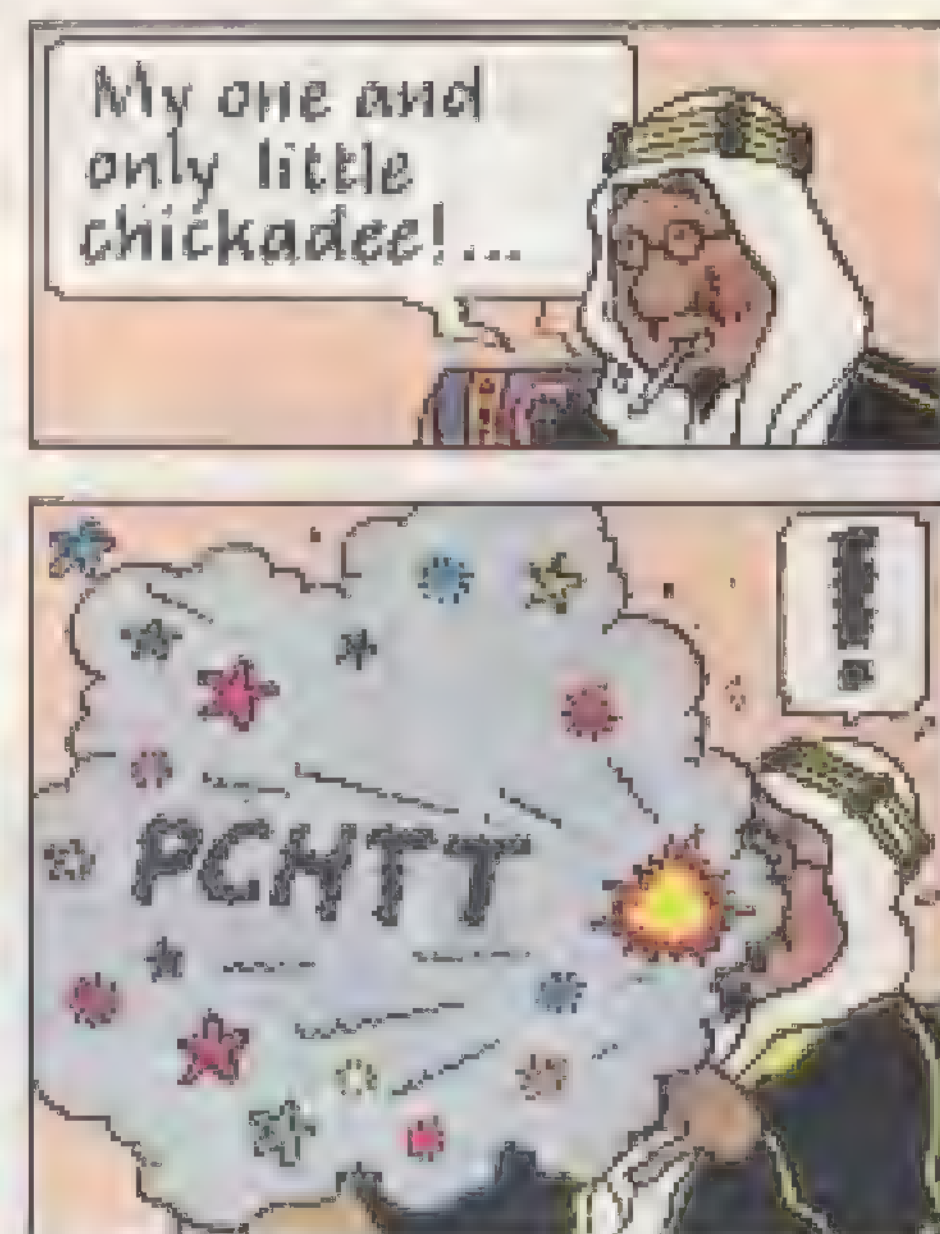
Well, noble master... In two hours, three hundred horsemen will be ready to leave in pursuit of Bab El Ehr's followers. I have already given orders for scouts to follow their trail... Briefly, I can say to you...



PCHTT



Allah is good!... My little poppet replaced all my best havanas with his trick cigars... Wasn't that sweet?...

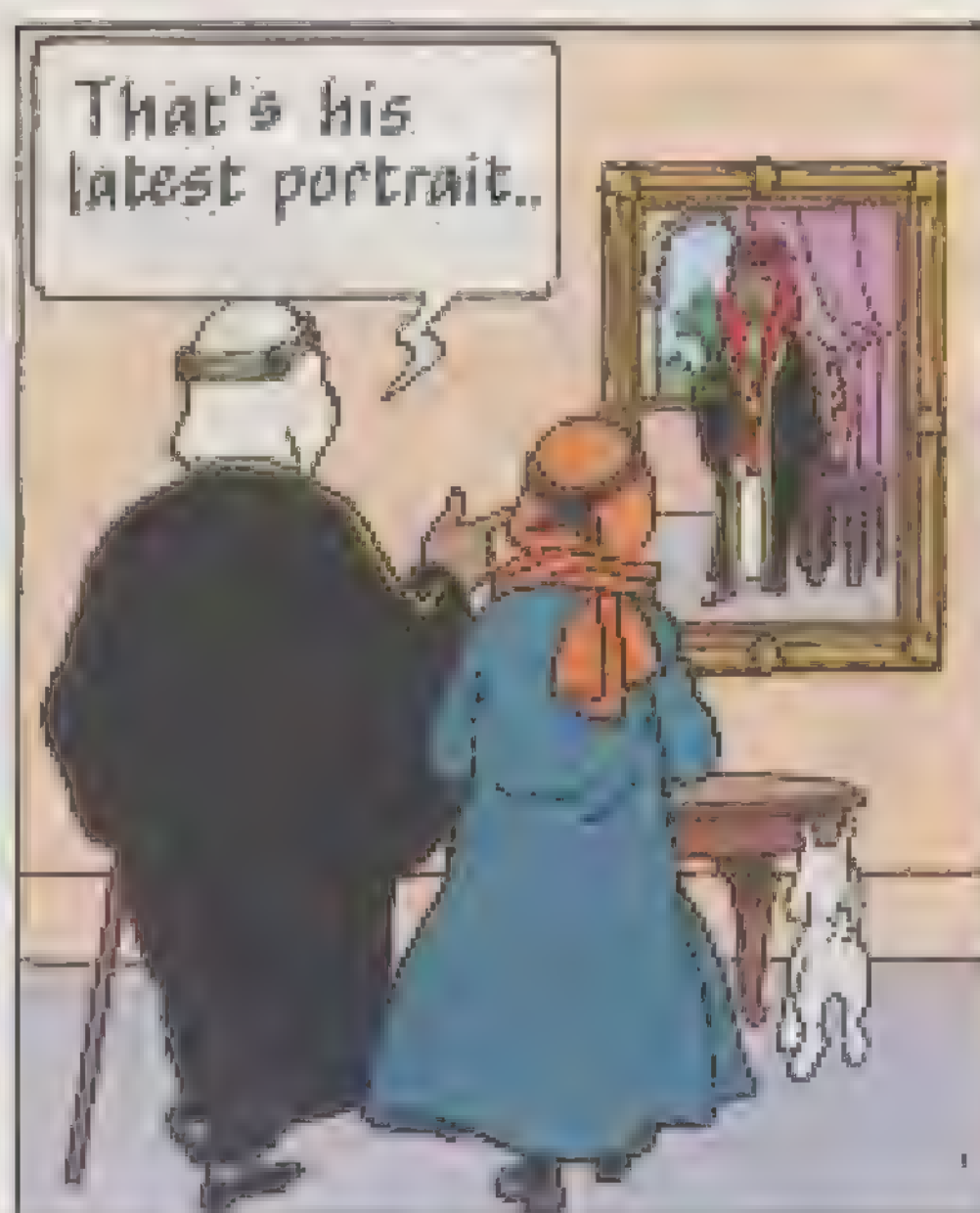
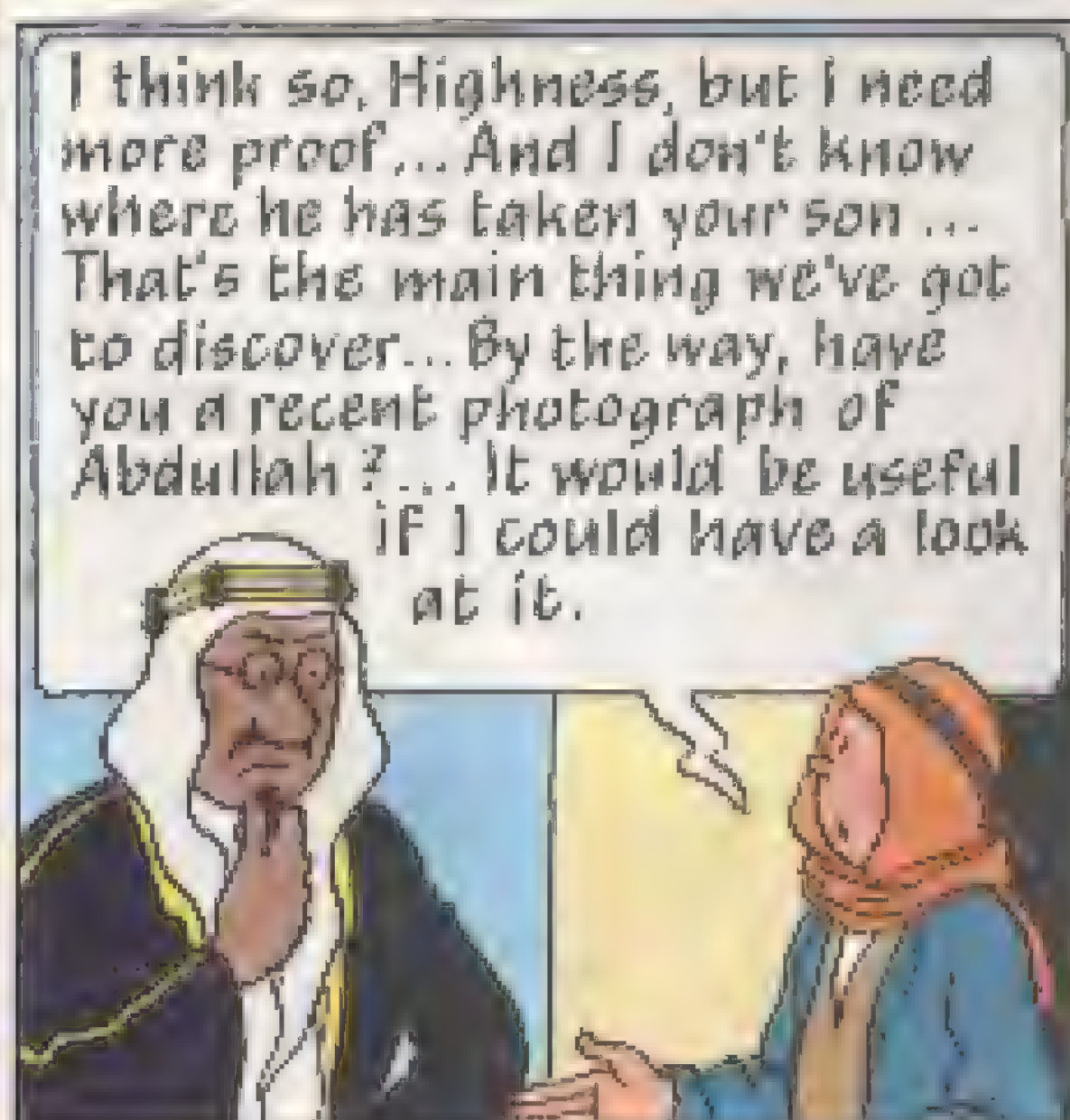
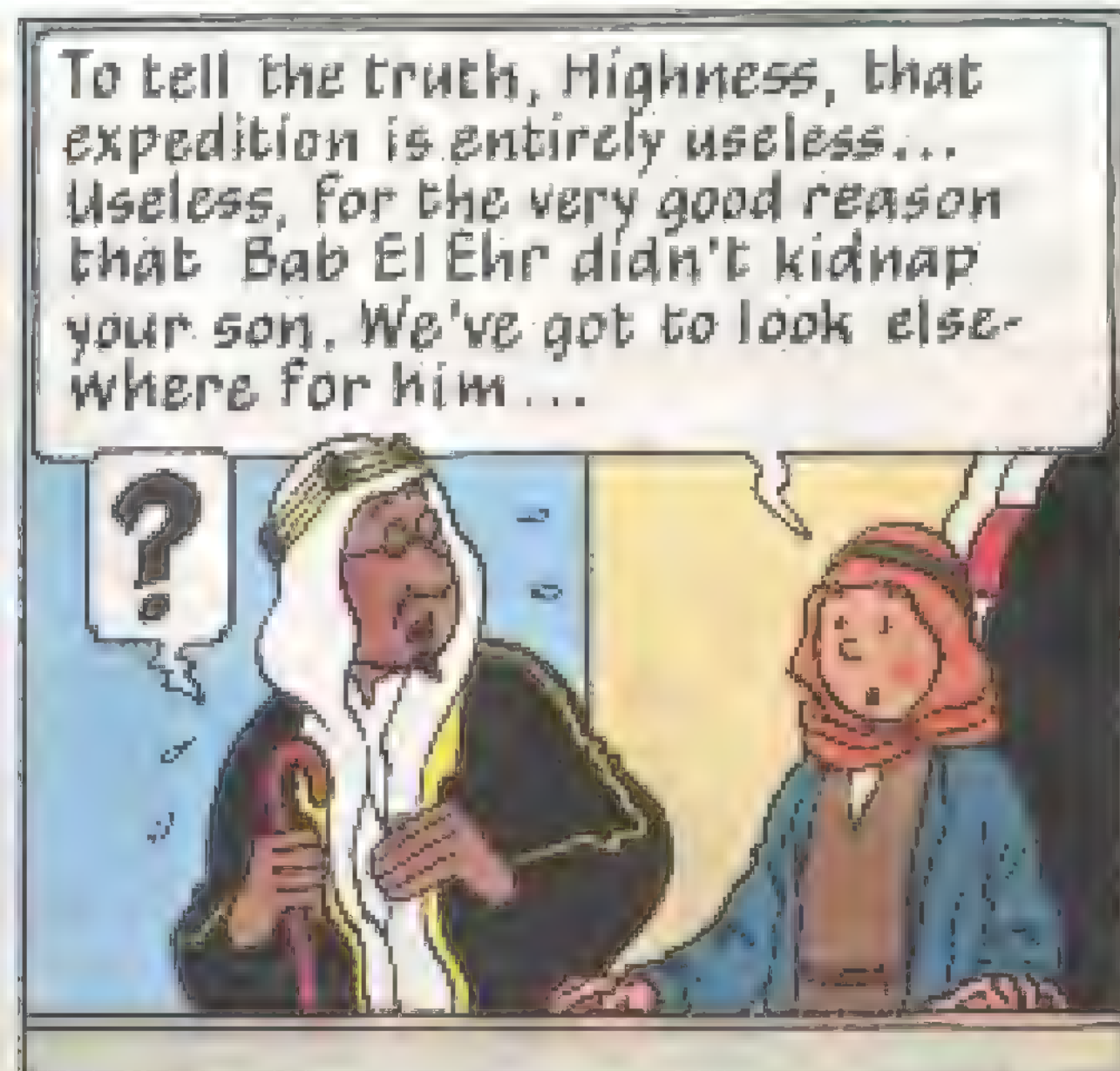


My one and only little chickadee!...

PCHTT



By the beard of the prophet! That wretched little centipede has changed all my best Sobranies for his filthy joke cigarettes!...



Another of his confounded tricks! ... Now where did he get that?



Well, he's certainly quite unmistakable! ... Now I must start my search, Highness ... Could you fit me out with some different clothes? ... And I'd like some information on Doctor Müll... I mean Professor Smith.



Professor Smith?... You think he can help you find my son?...



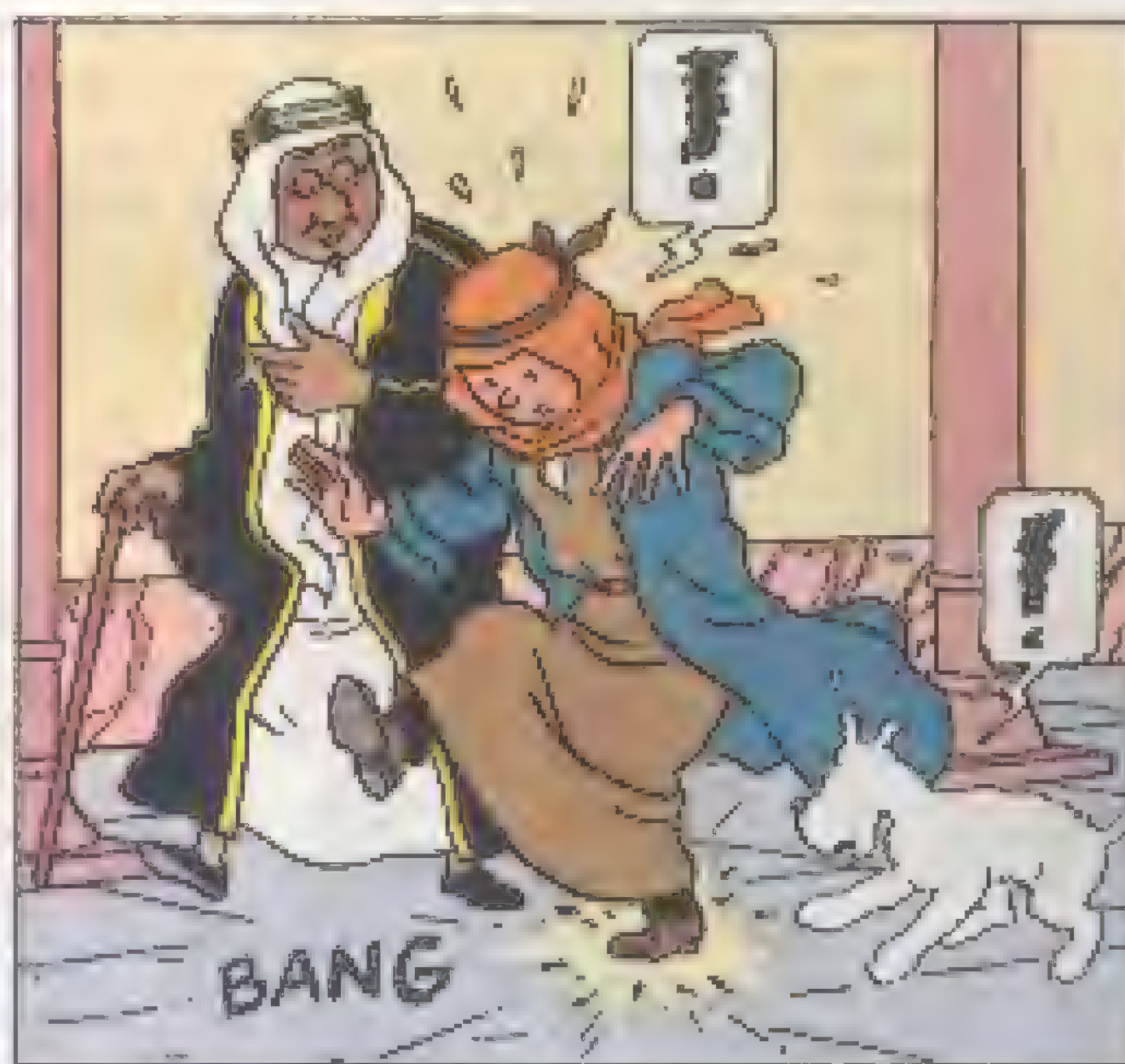
He's an archaeologist, digging for remains of the ancient civilisations that once flourished in these lands... At the same time he acts as representative for Skoil Petroleum.



Yes, in Wadesdah, my capital ... about twenty miles from here, on the coast. He lives in an enormous palace, perched like an eagle's nest on the top of a cliff.



I see... There's just one more thing...



BANG

Take no notice... Just a cap... Abdullah scattered them everywhere ... They livened things up in the palace...



Oh?... I see.

Where was I?... Oh, yes... The two friends I mentioned... I have a great favour to ask on their behalf: please treat them as your honoured guests. Lavish every comfort upon them; take every possible care of them... But if you want me to find your son, for pity's sake don't allow them out of the palace on any pretext whatsoever.



Next morning, in Wadesdah...



That must be Professor Smith's palace, up there ...



ATCHOO!



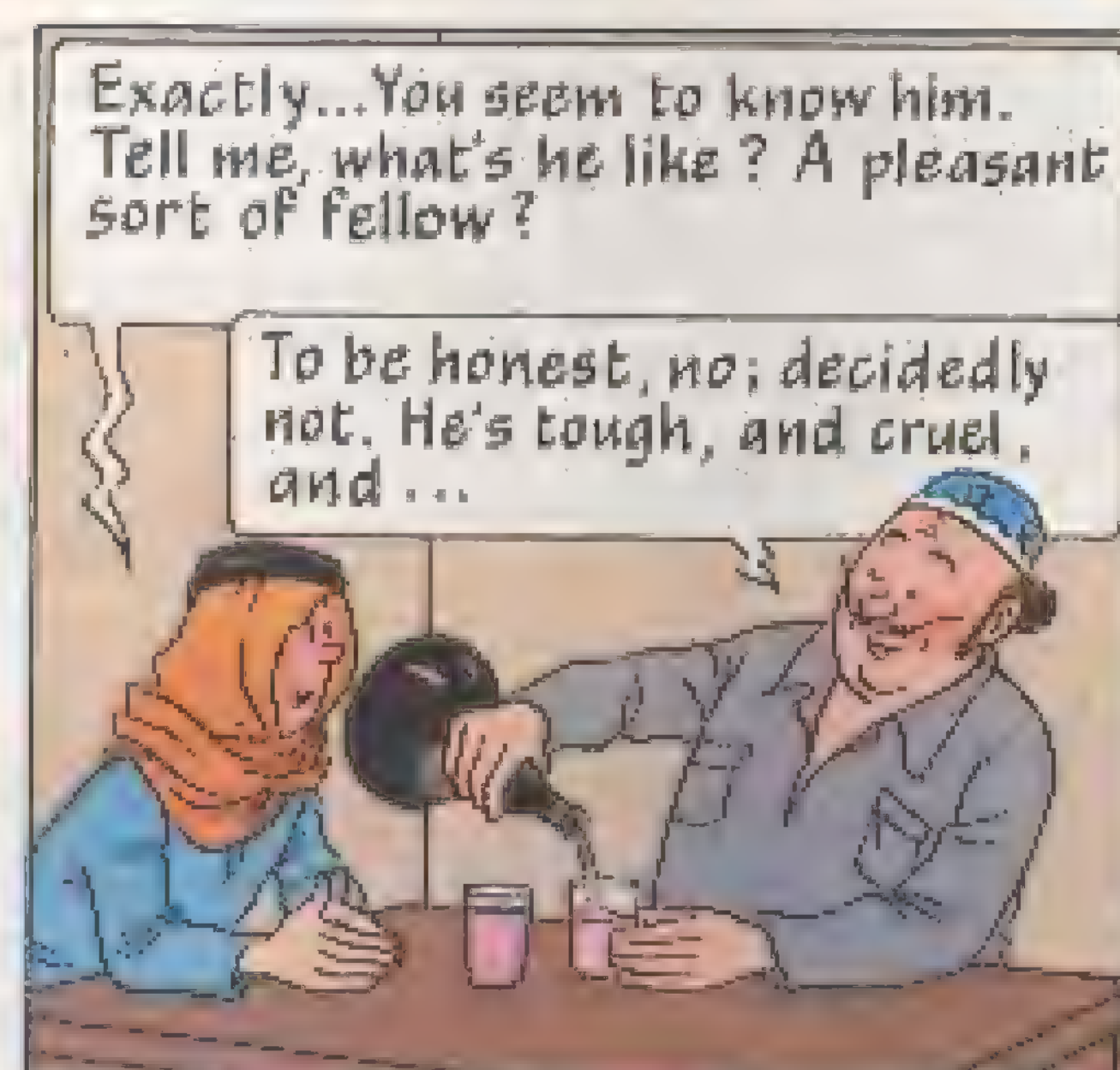
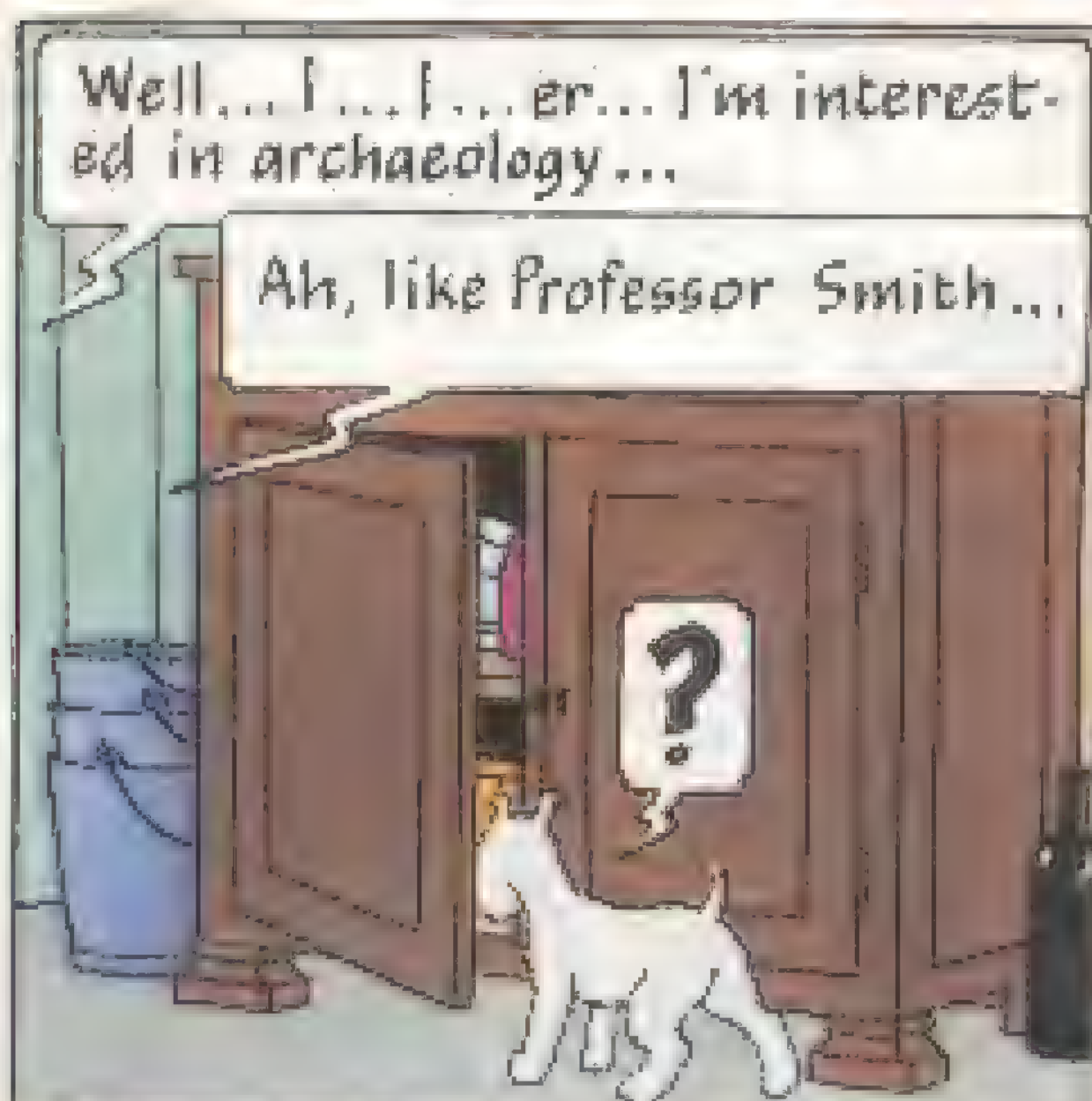
A cold?... Or sneezing powder? I'd better follow.

ATCHOO!



?







All right?

There...yes...a big mouse for a small trap!



Excuse me... A customer ... I'll be back in a moment.

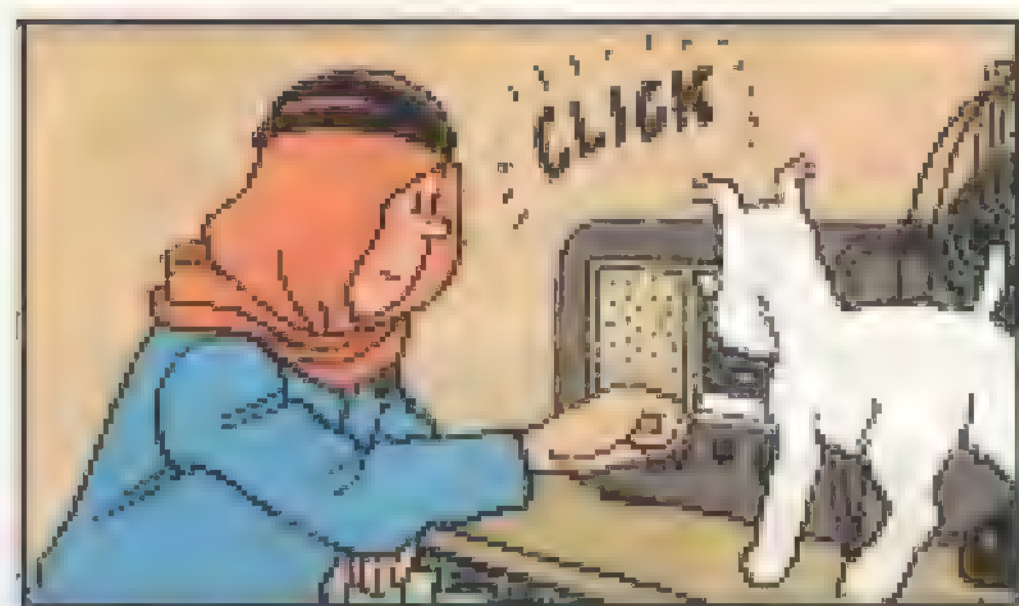
Please don't worry ... I'll clean up the mess while you're gone.



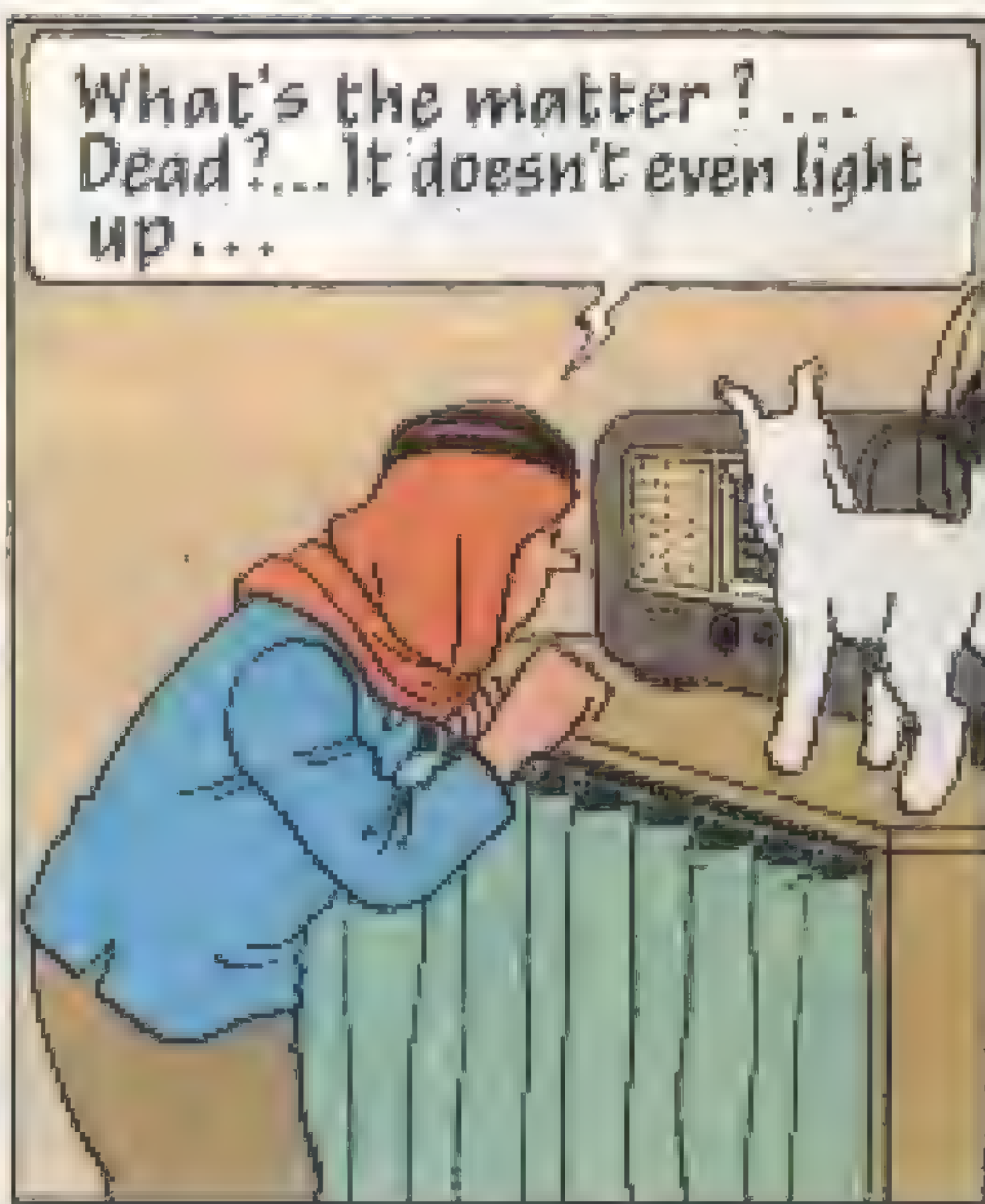
You see what happens to Nosey Parkers!



There, all tidied up... Hello, a radio. I wonder if I can get any news?



CLICK



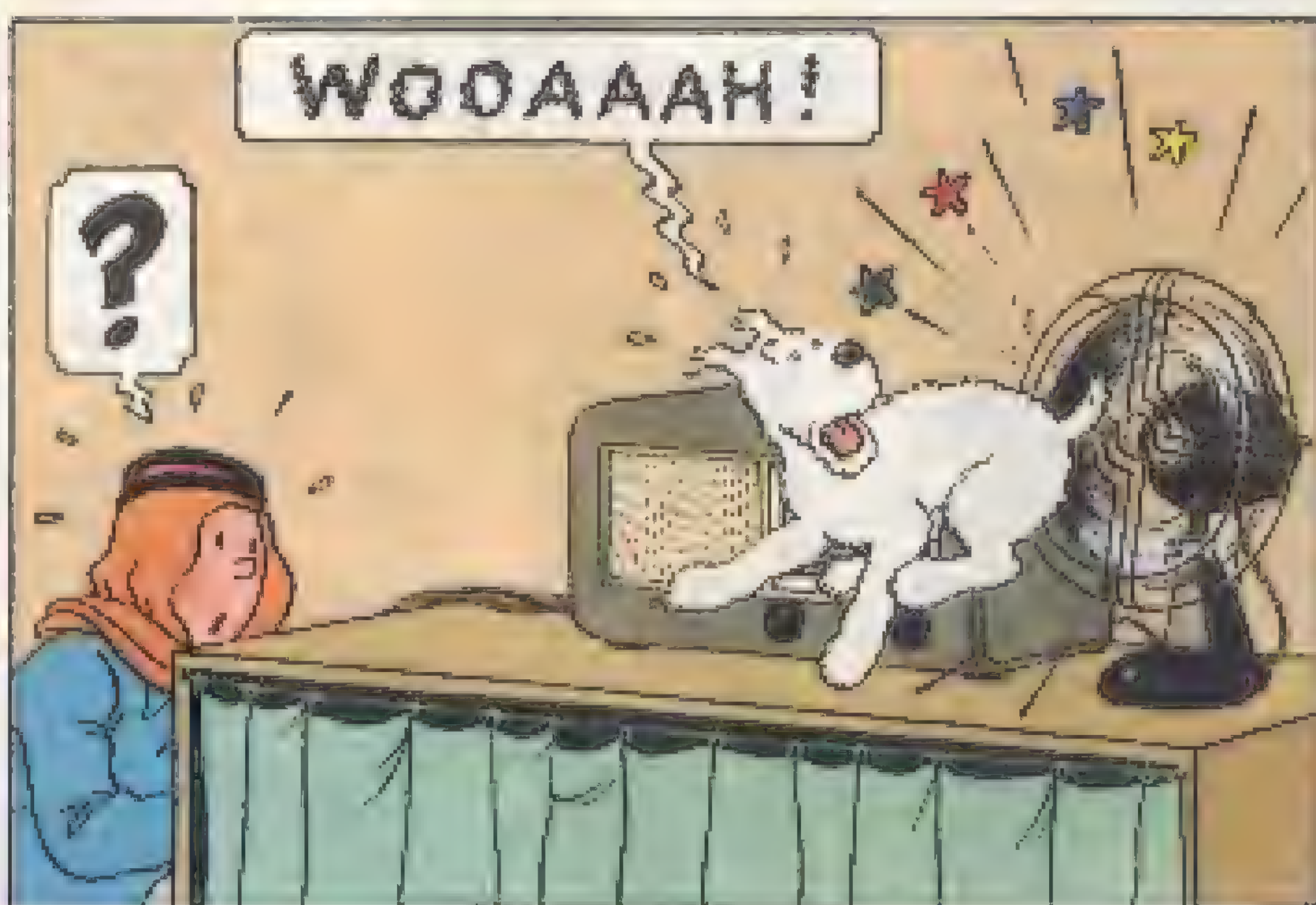
What's the matter? ... Dead?... It doesn't even light up...



Oh, I see. The plug isn't connected.



There, it should work now.



WOOAAAH!



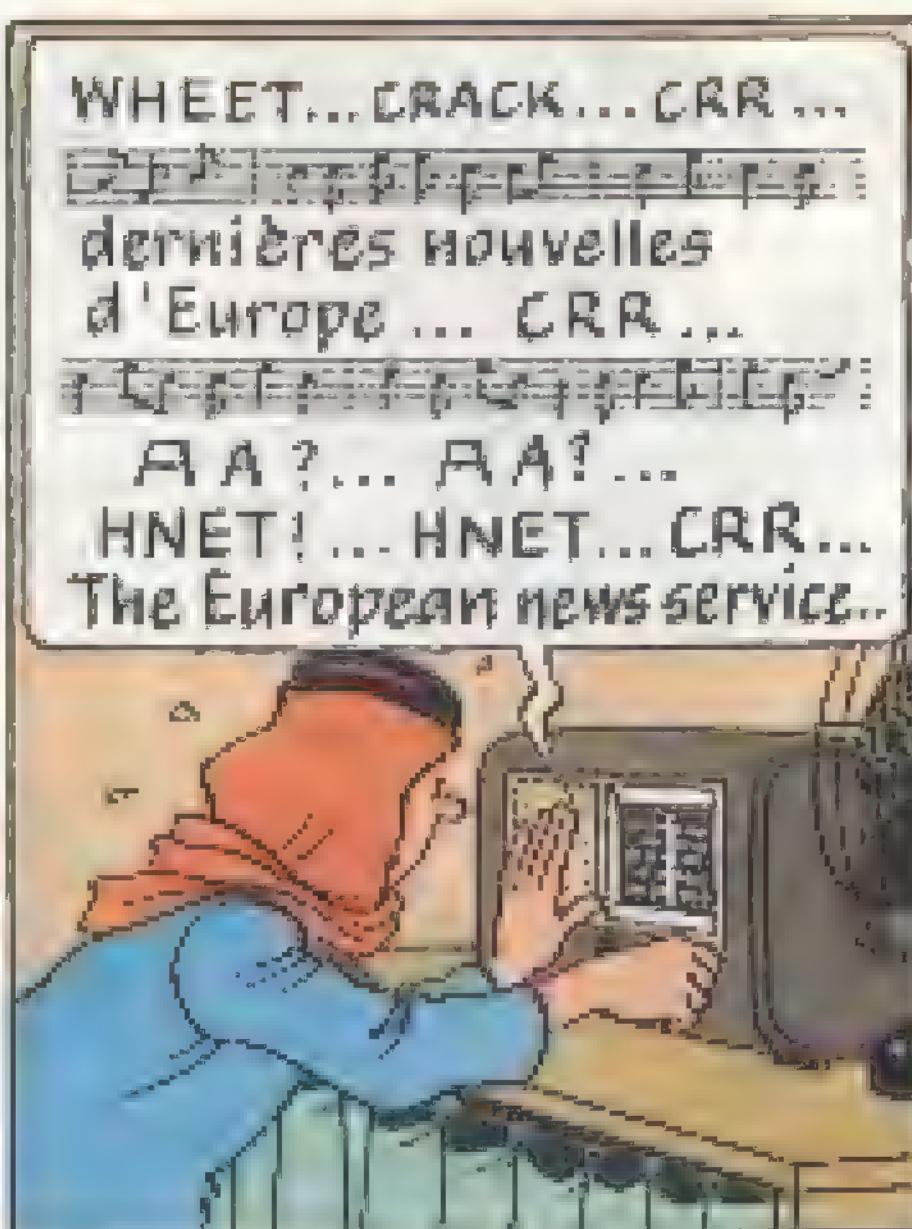
The wrong plug! Let's try this one...



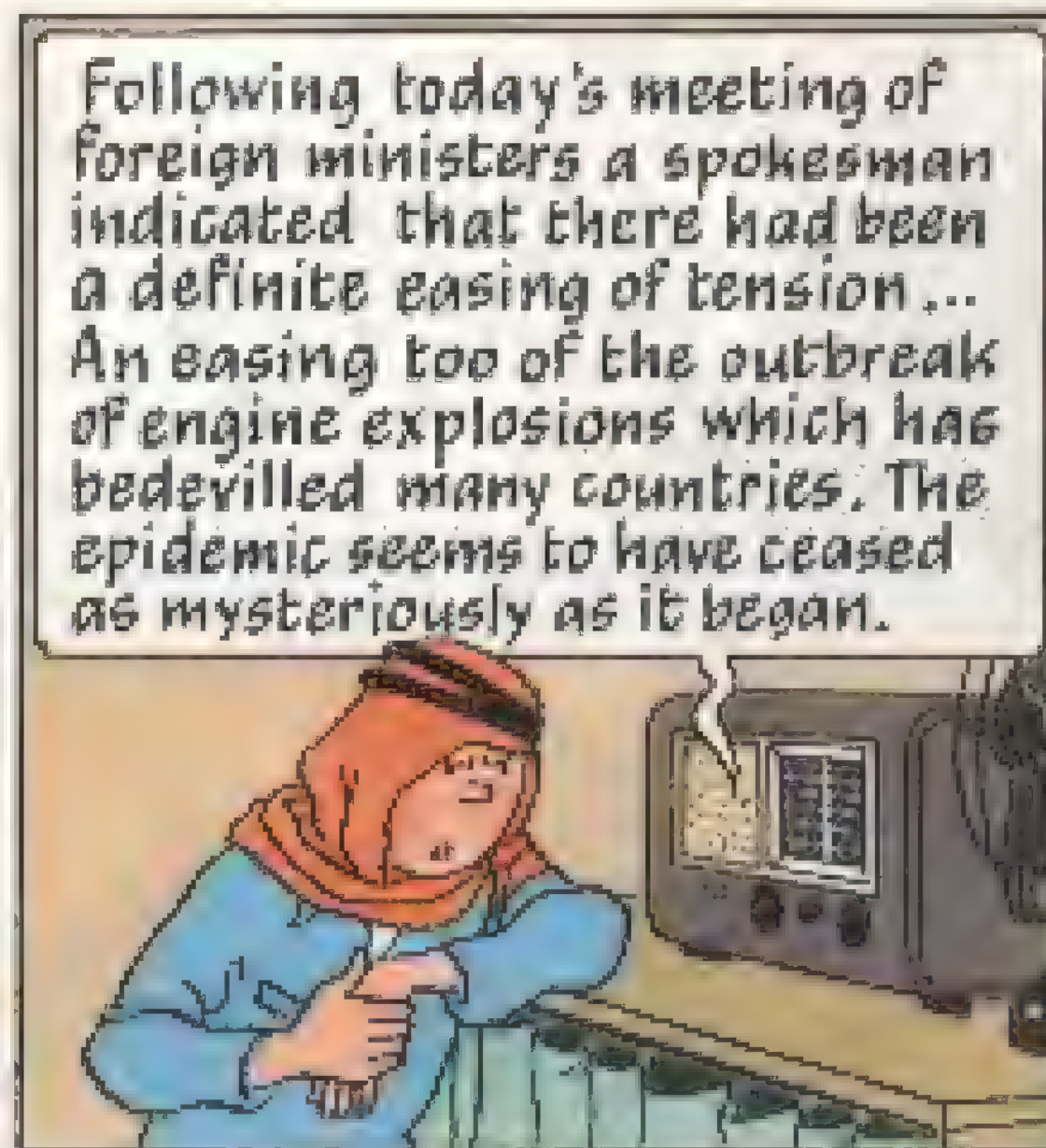
Ah! My beauty past compare ... These jewels bright ...



... I wear ... Was I ever Margarita? Come, reply...



WHEET... CRACK... CRR...
dernières nouvelles d'Europe ... CRR...
AA?... AA?...
HNET! ... HNET... CRR...
The European news service...



Following today's meeting of foreign ministers a spokesman indicated that there had been a definite easing of tension... An easing too of the outbreak of engine explosions which has bedevilled many countries. The epidemic seems to have ceased as mysteriously as it began.

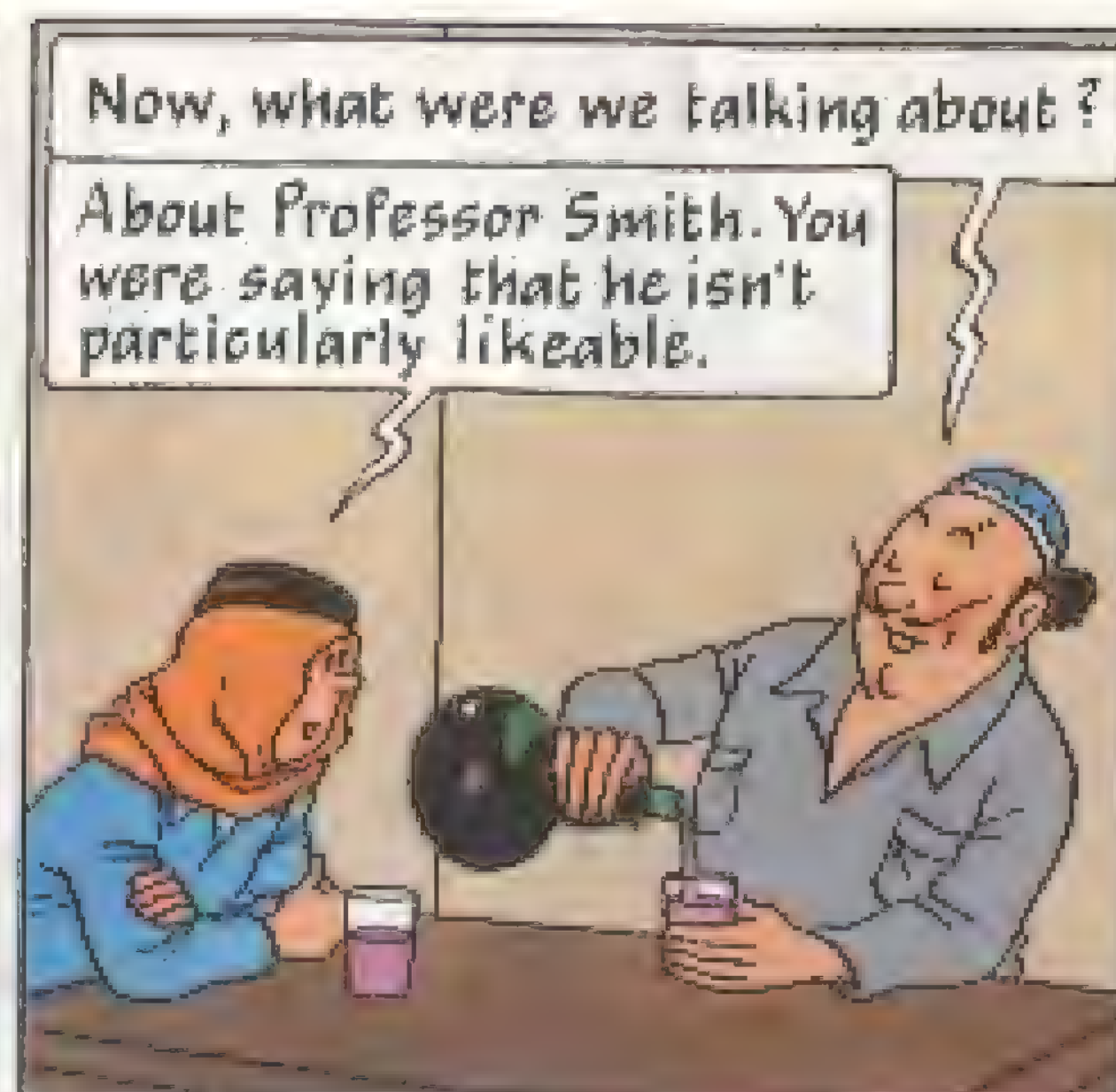


In a statement, Mr. Peter Barrett, Head of the Fuel Research Division of the Ministry of Transport, told our reporter he had nothing to say, except that his department's investigations were continuing...



Here we are... Ah, you're listening to the news...

Yes. The threat of war seems to be lessening, thank heavens!



Now, what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable.



That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas!... What a man!... One of the best!... Which is more than can be said for his nasty little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah!... But you won't have heard: he's just been kidnapped!

I did hear of it!



Look here, Senhor Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab?

Would I like it?... Of course!... It would be the crowning glory of my career... But... what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah... To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith... What for?... Well, if you like... It's quite easy... I go there each morning...



The next morning...

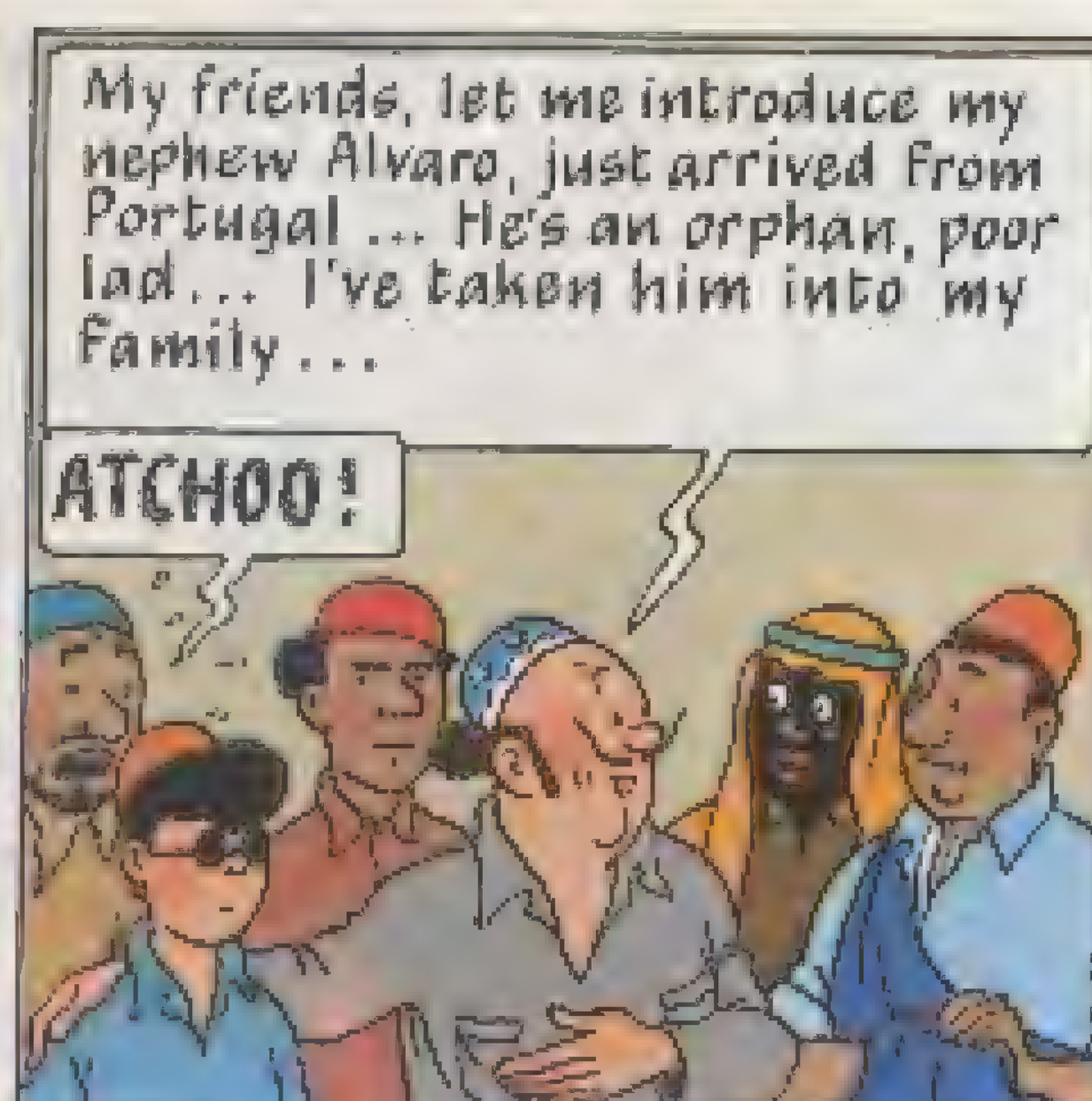
Salaam aleikum, Murad!

Aleikum sala... Tchoo!!



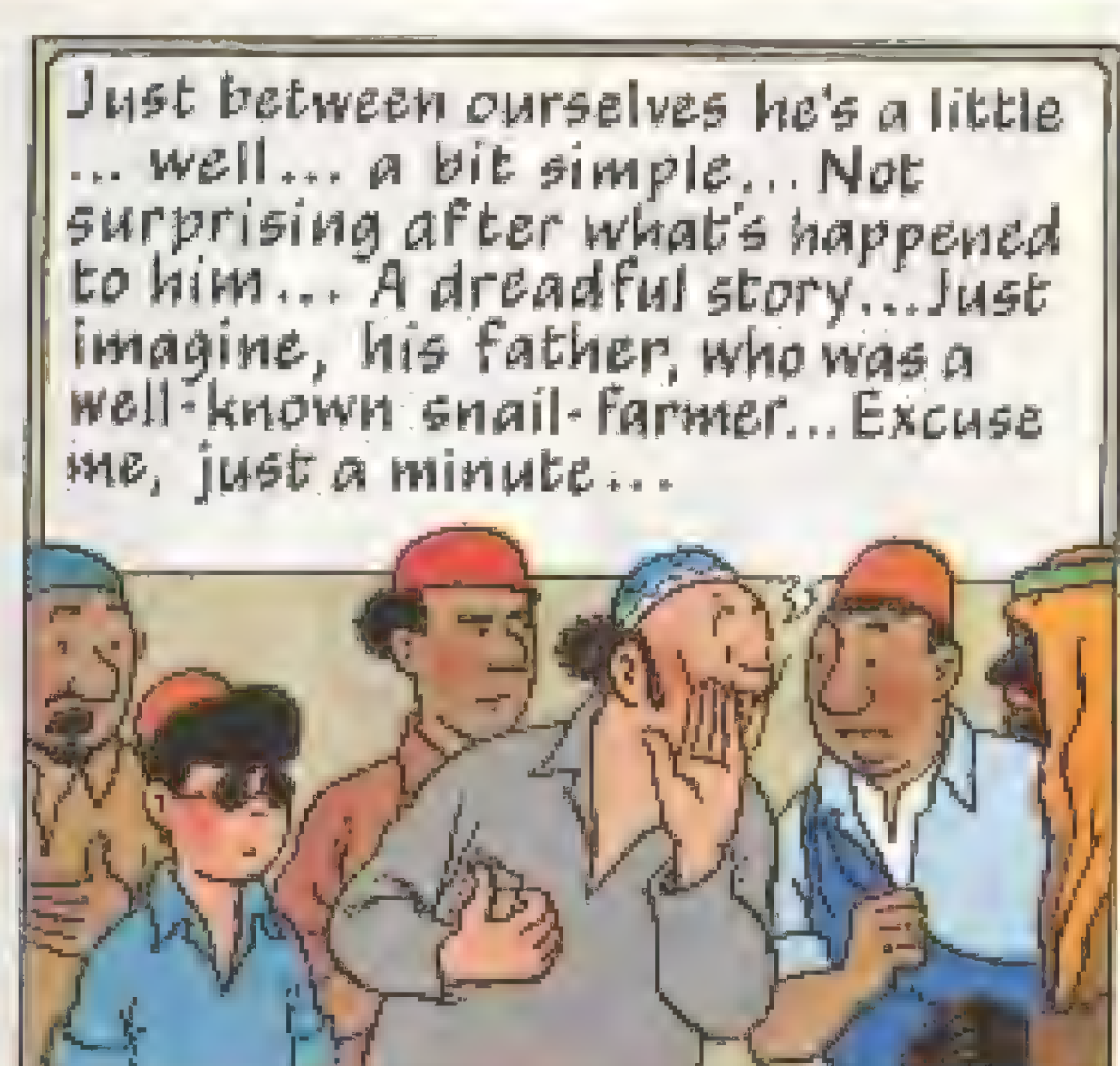
Who is the young stranger?

My nephew Alvaro... I want him to meet the palace servants.



My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal... He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family...

ATCHOO!

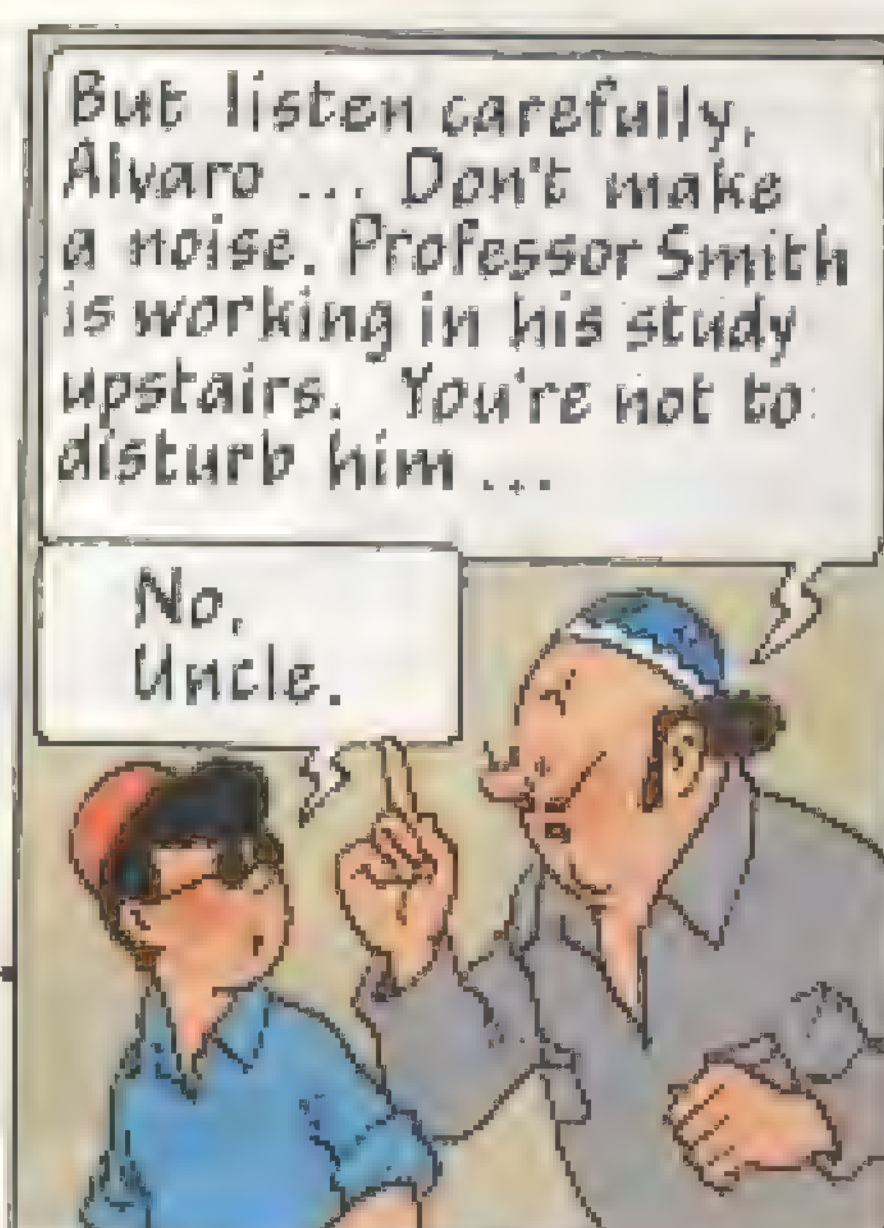


Just between ourselves he's a little... well... a bit simple... Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer... Excuse me, just a minute...



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

Yes, Uncle.



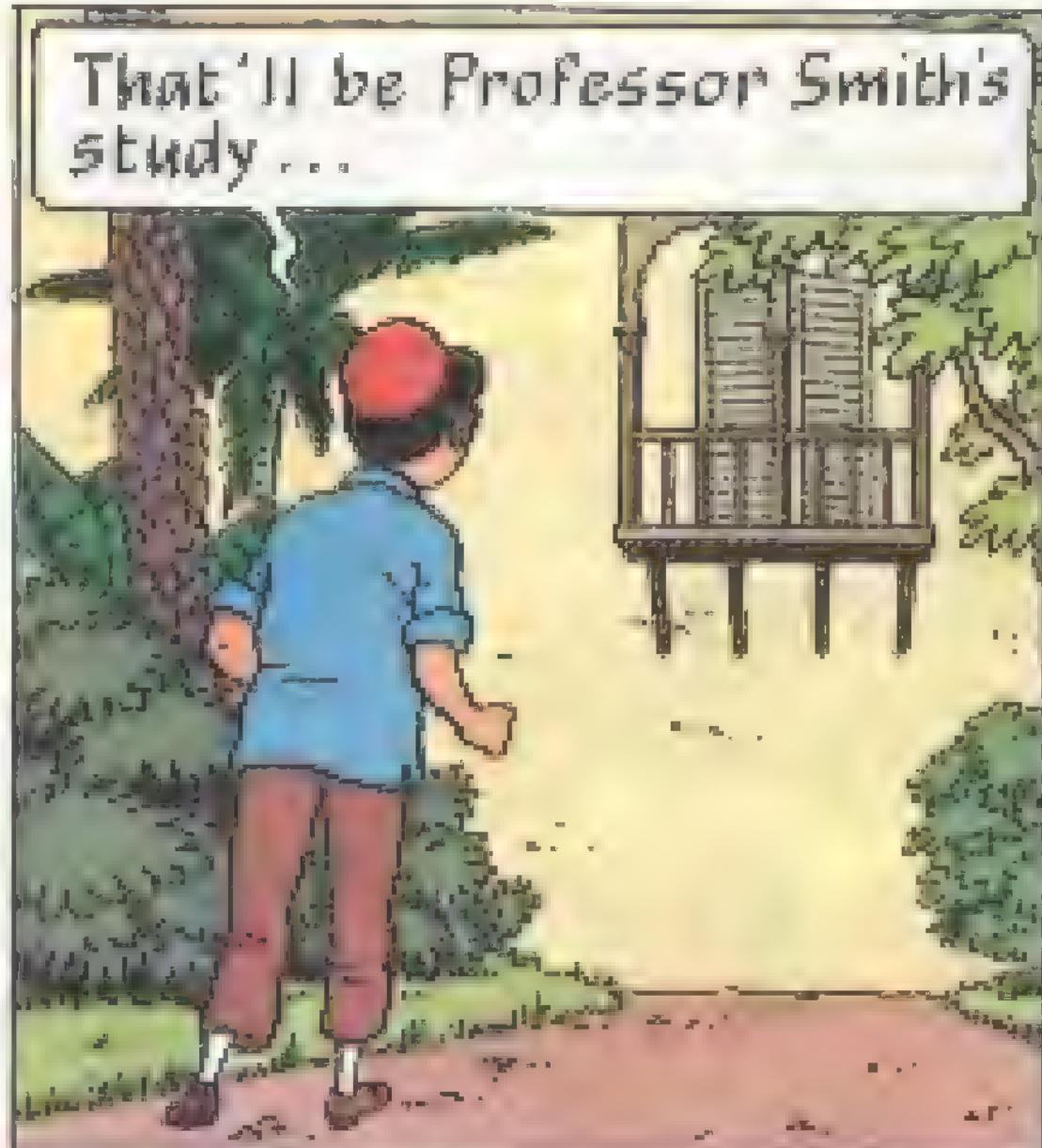
But listen carefully, Alvaro... Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him...

No, Uncle.



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories... but I mustn't waste time...

That'll be Professor Smith's study...



Let's see if he really is there... I just need some pebbles...



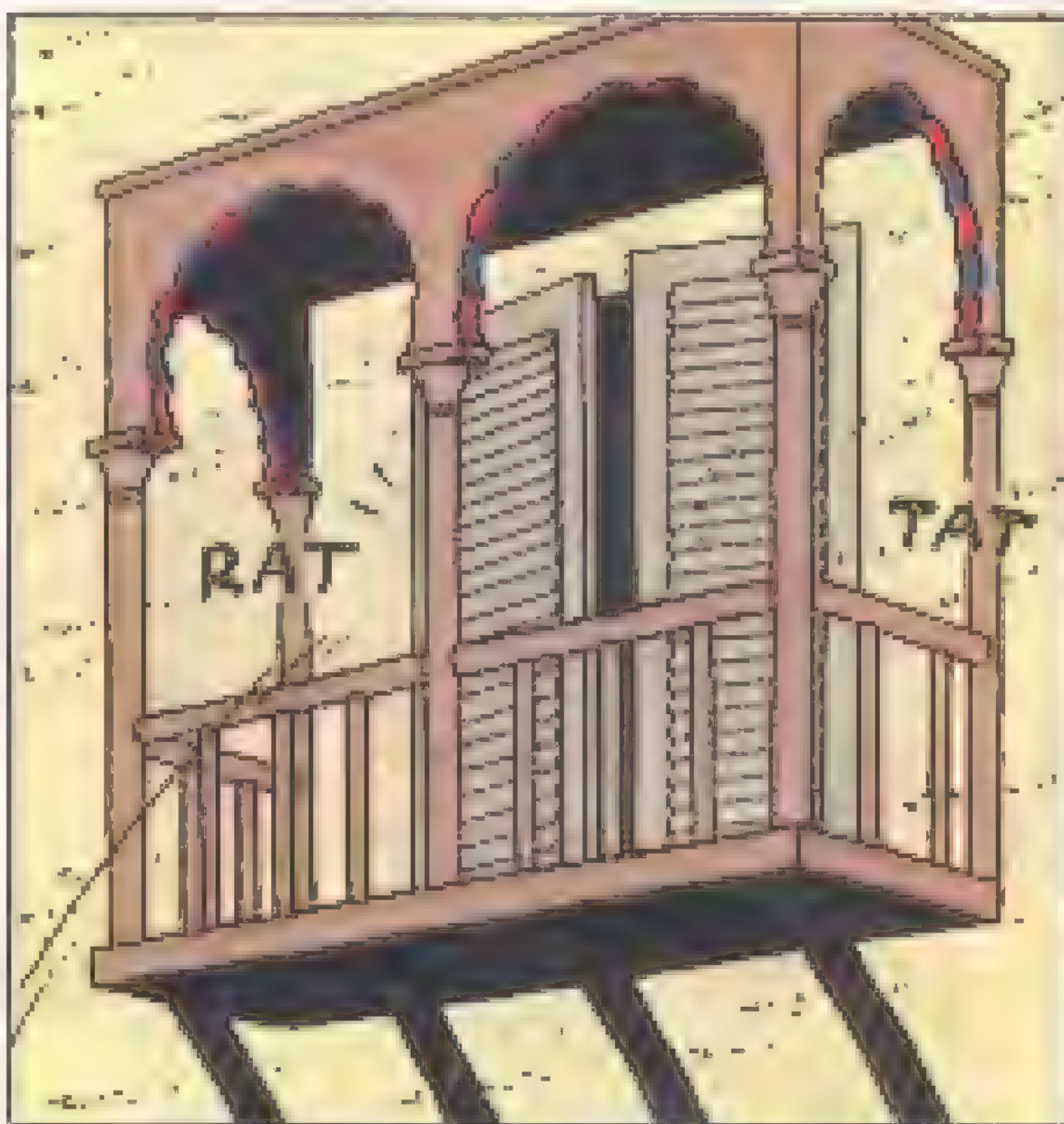
Right on the shutters...



Any sign of life?... No...



Let's try again...



No one at home... Good!



Hooked first time! That's a bit of luck!



There!... I made it!



Careful... mustn't take chances...



Meanwhile...

...So his father, who'd married the daughter of Da Costa the pirate from Lisbon, suddenly found himself in the middle of an extraordinary adventure. One day...



Aha!... The room's empty...



I must lock the door... If someone comes, it'll give me time to make a getaway...



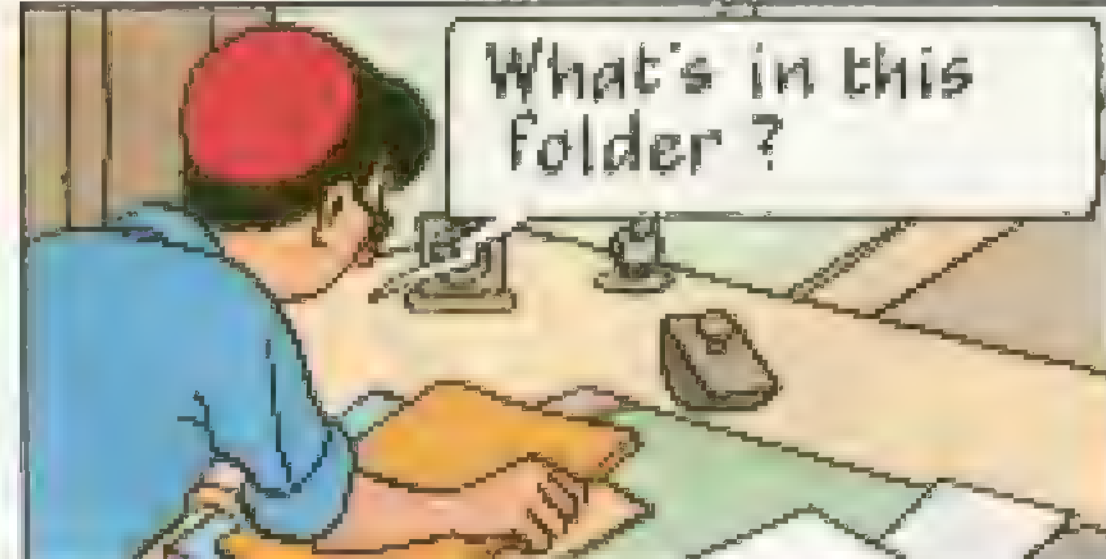
The key's in the door... And the door's locked from the inside!... But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense...



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A file of newspaper cuttings...



SCIENTI
BAFFLE

MORE
PETROL BLASTS

by our Motoring Correspondent

WORLD'S AIRCRAFT
GROUNDED

LONDON, Monday

FUEL MYSTERY

What's gone wrong with our petrol?
An outbreak of mysterious auto-mobile explosions is terrorising the world's capitals. Car engines

Now why should Dr. Müller be interested in that petrol mystery? ... I wonder if ...



ATCHOO!

??

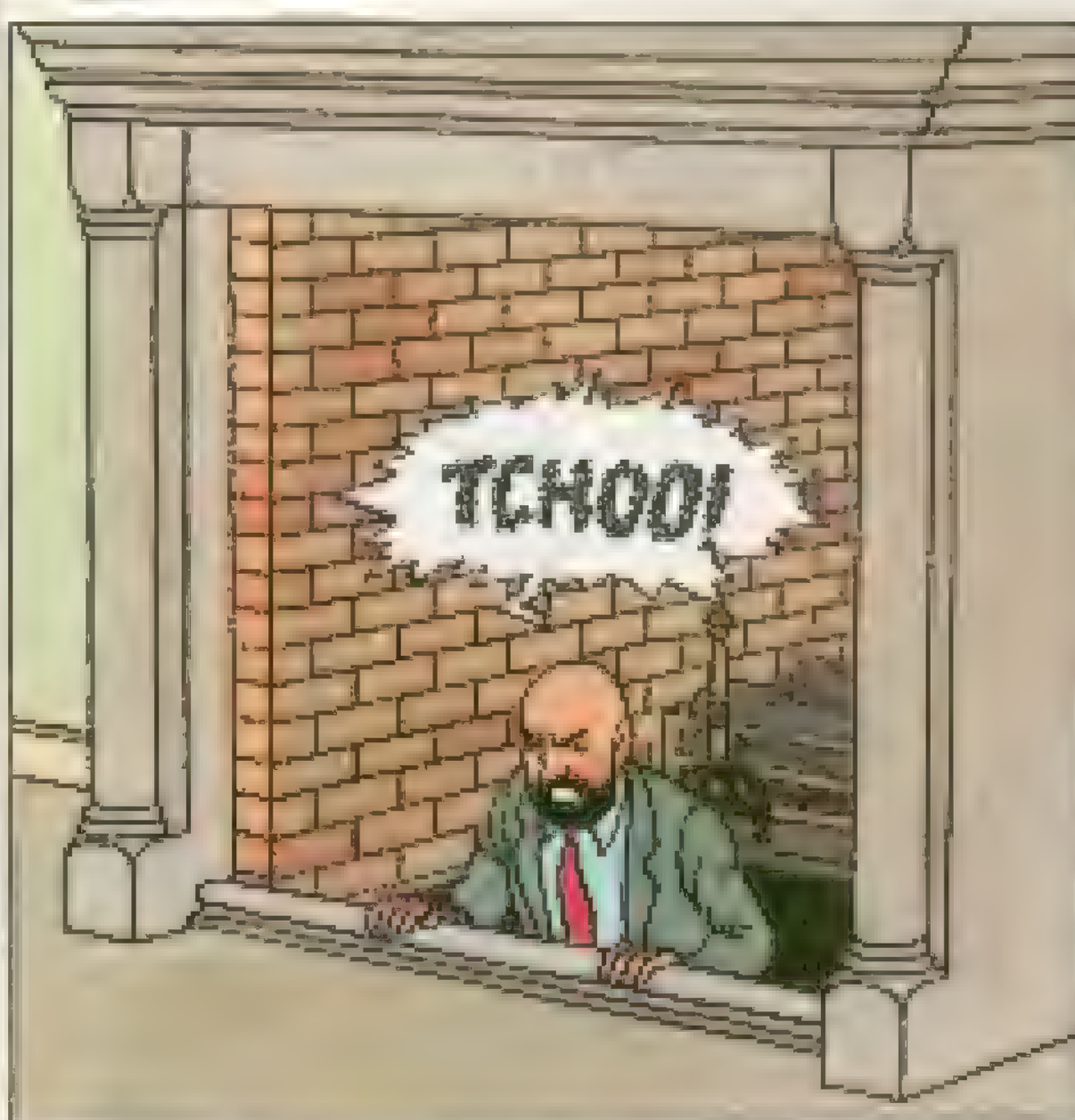


Great snakes! The hearth is opening! ... I must hide!

Aaah...



TCHOO!



What's he doing in that corner?... Ah, I see... That's where a secret button for the trapdoor must be hidden.



Aaah... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Ach, that little pest! ...



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates...



There... I'll burn it in a minute...

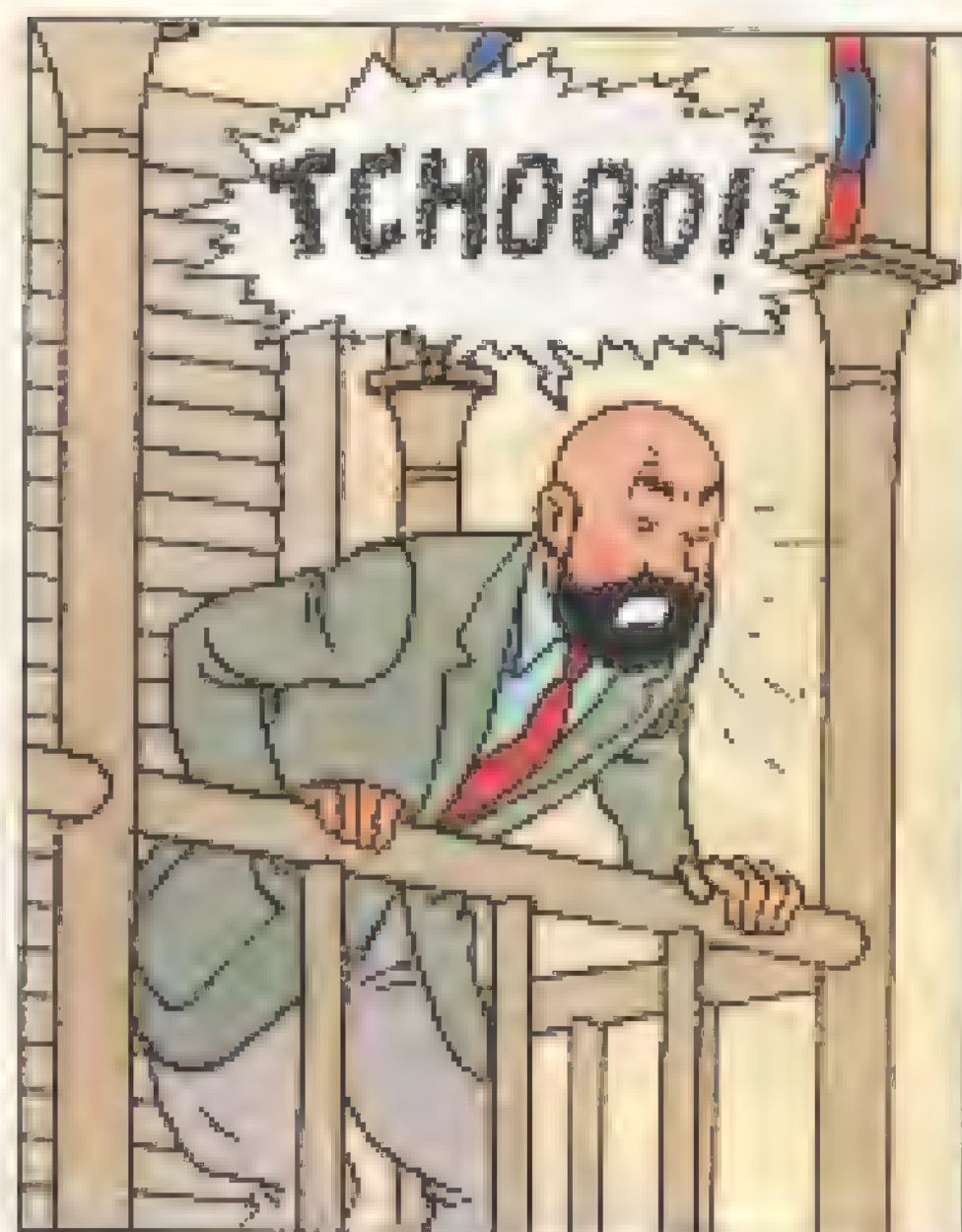
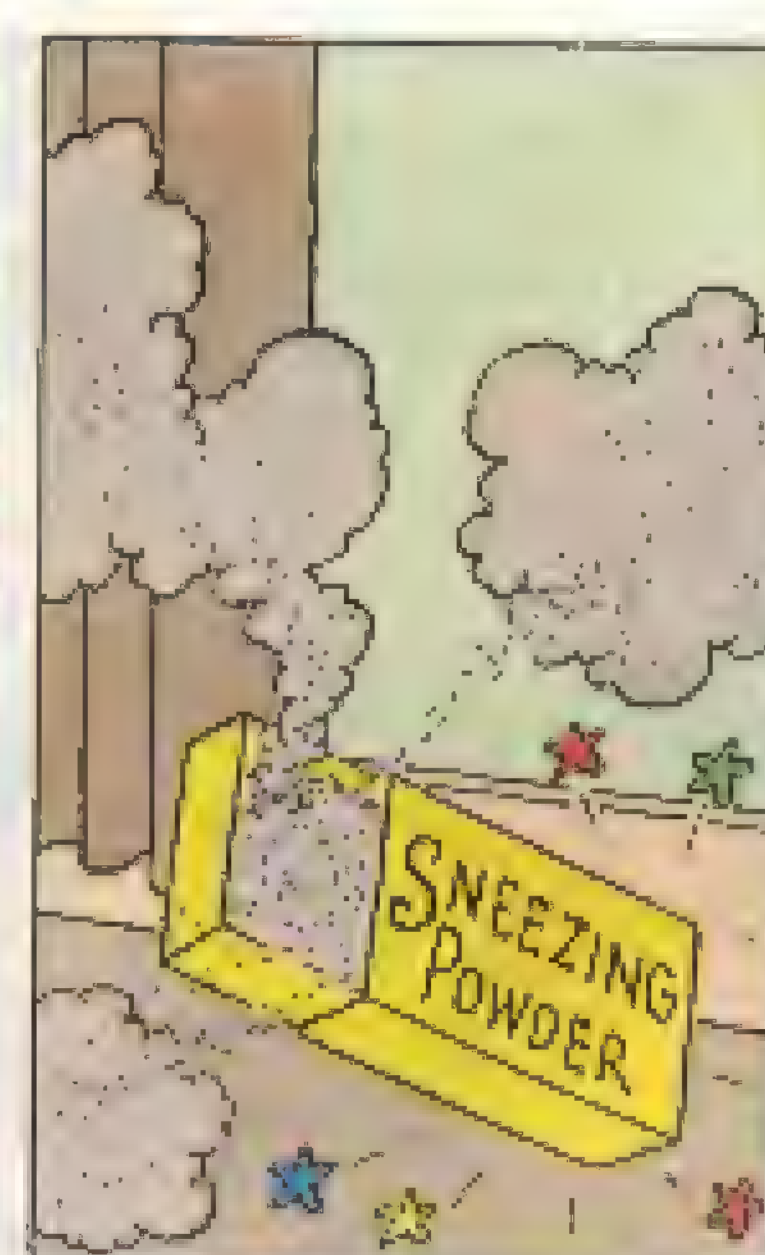


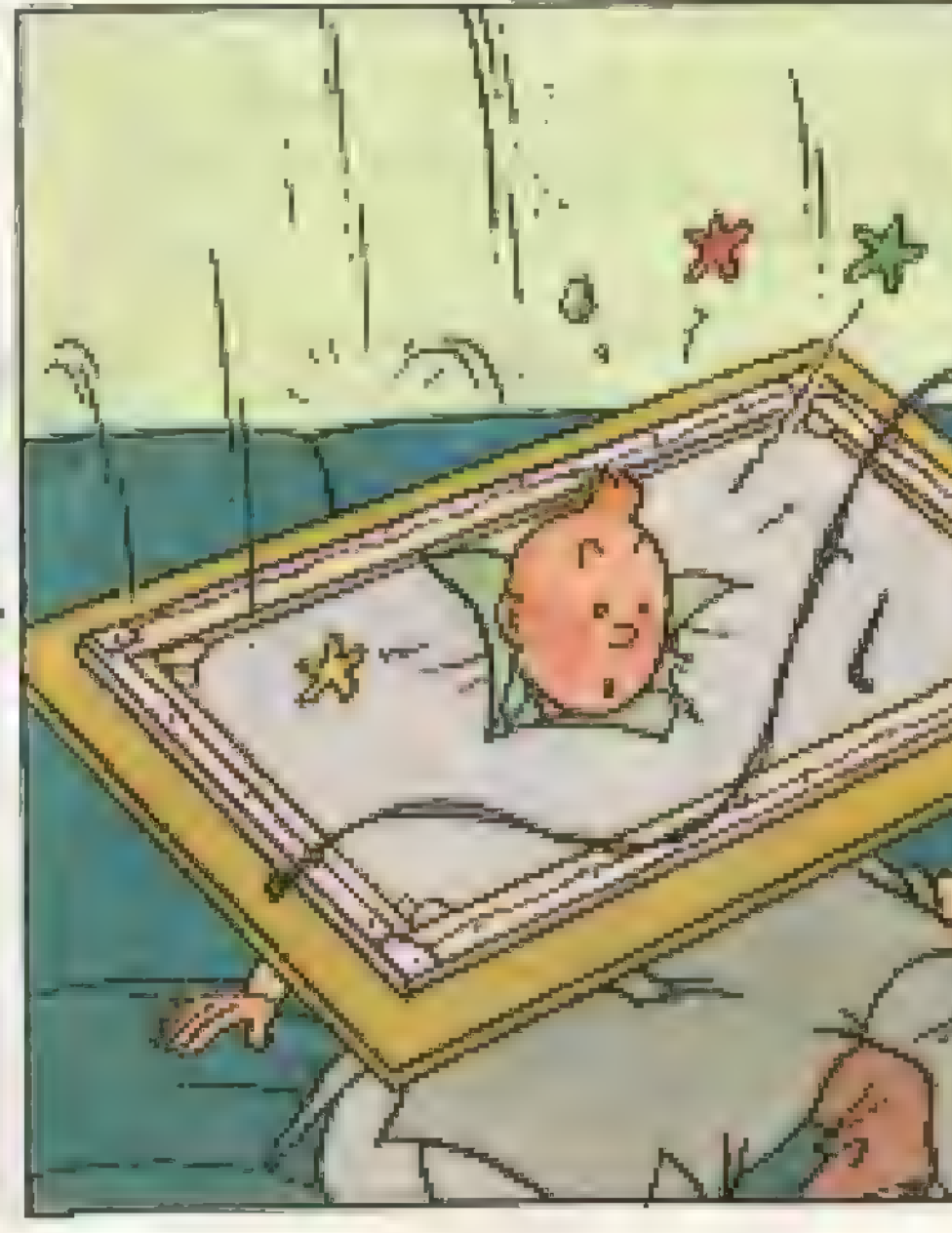
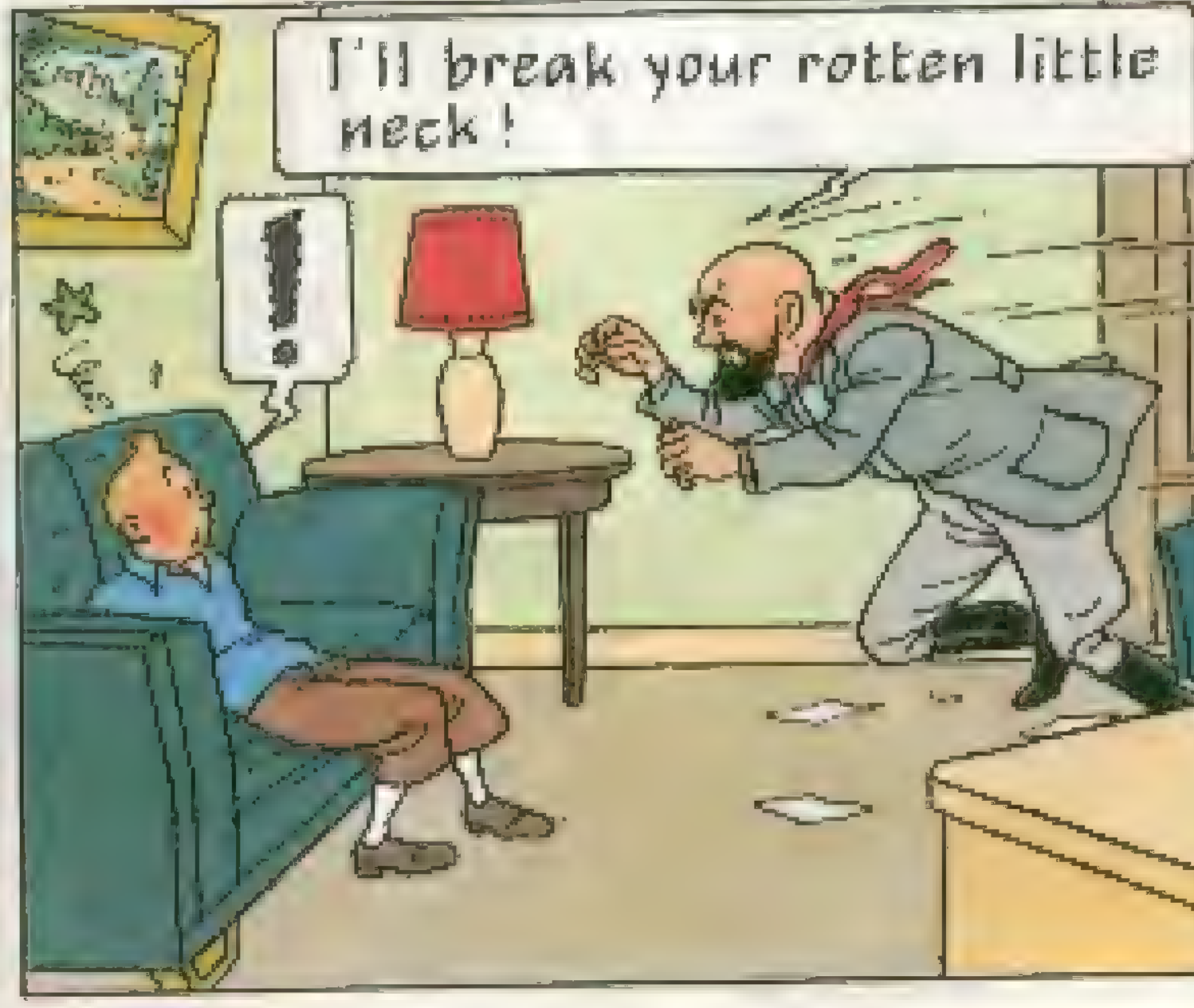
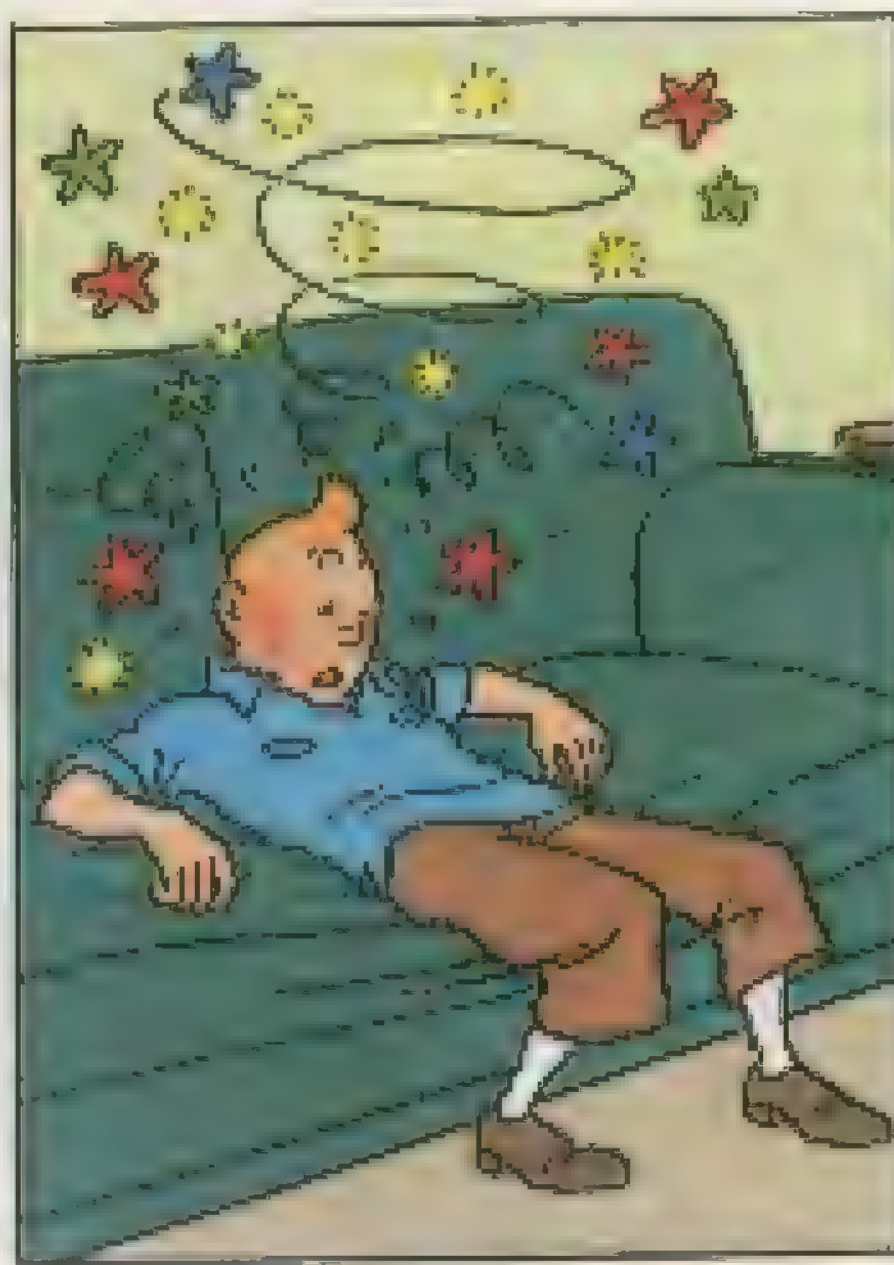
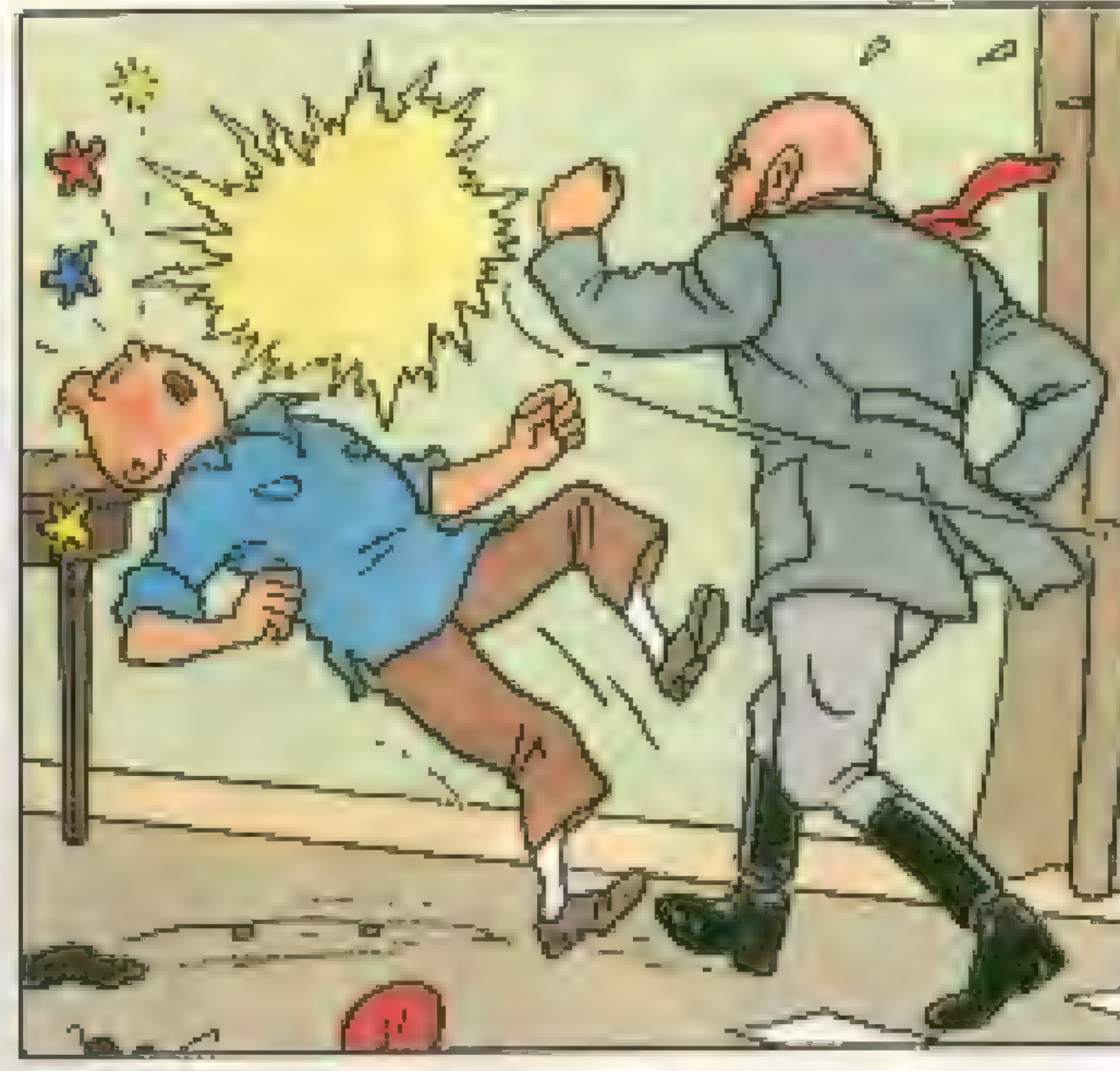
Drat! He's starting to write!



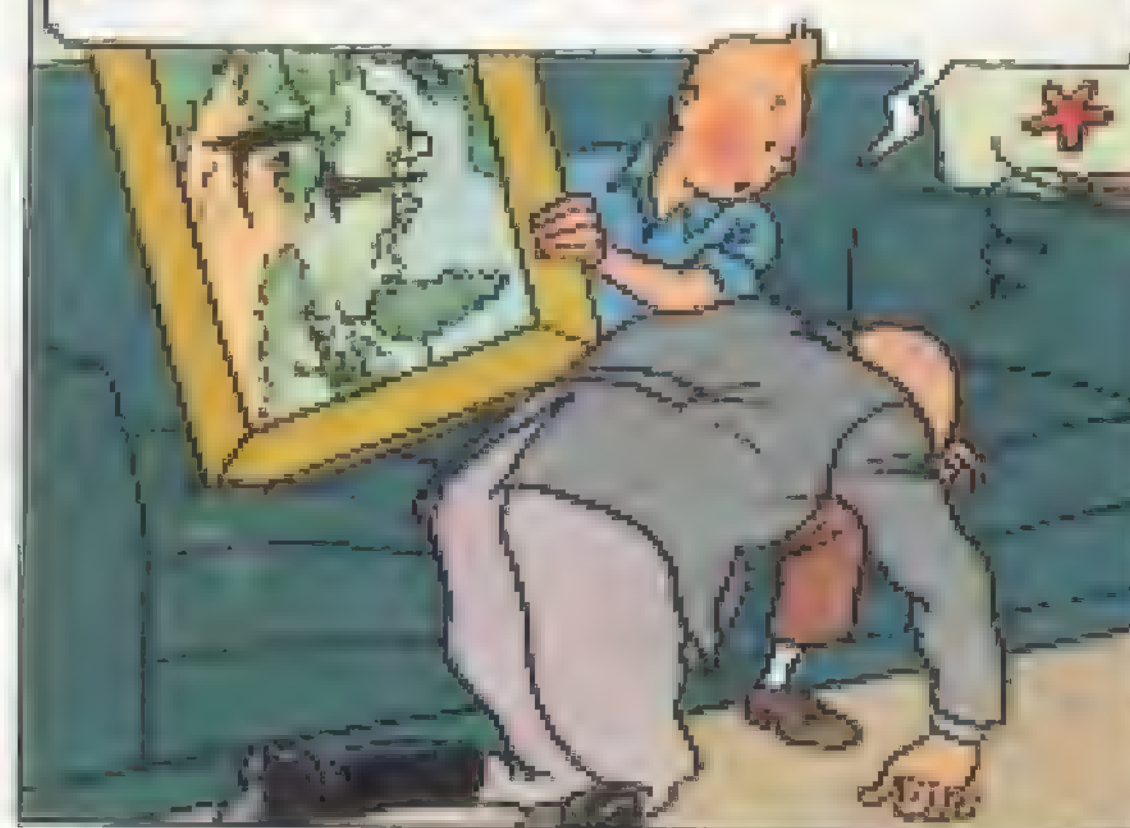
Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles...







Whew! Saved again! He's still out cold... Quick, I must tie him up, gag him, hide him somewhere... and telephone to the emir...

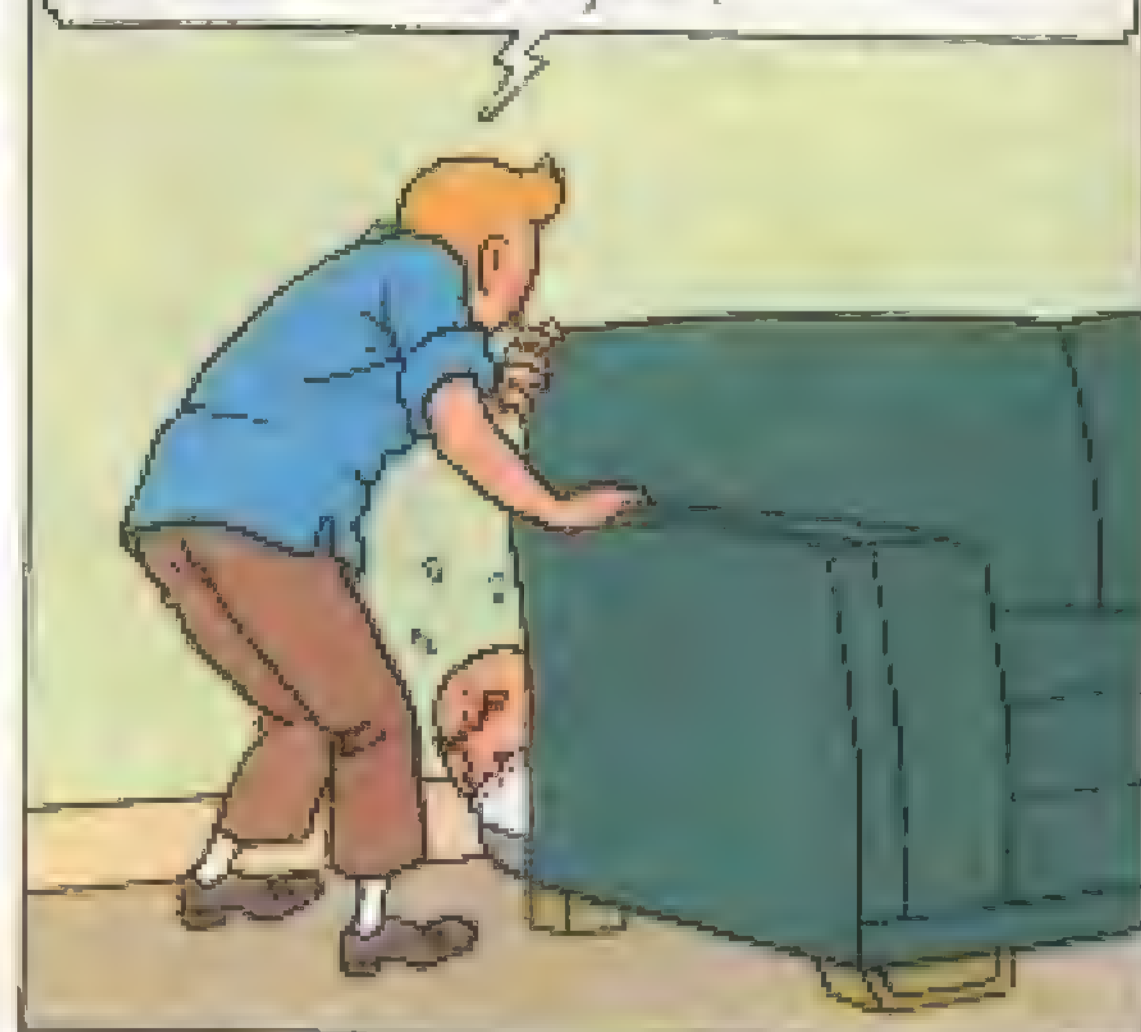


Meanwhile, in the kitchen...

...Alas! The poor woman never got over it. She died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety-seven. Her husband, broken-hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedies this unhappy family had to suffer... One day, their son...



There, Doctor Müller... That's taken care of you!



Hello?... Hello?... Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? is that you, Highness?



Tintin?... Yes... Where are you?... With Professor Smith?... What?... My son there?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You sneezed! Bless you!



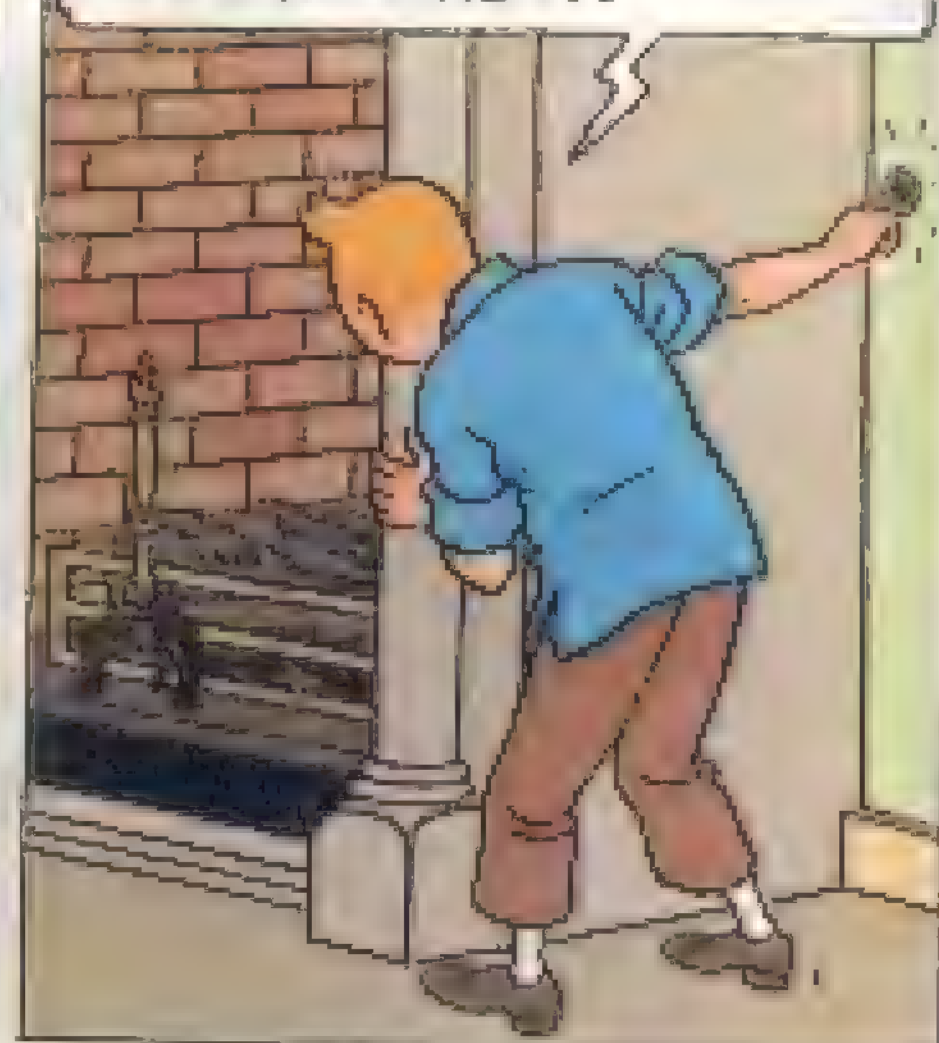
You must send men to Wadesdah... Have the palace surrounded... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince...



I can't say I like these toys, but this time I'd better be armed.



Now let's have a closer look at this...



Concrete tunnels! An underground fortress...



What's this?



A bunker...

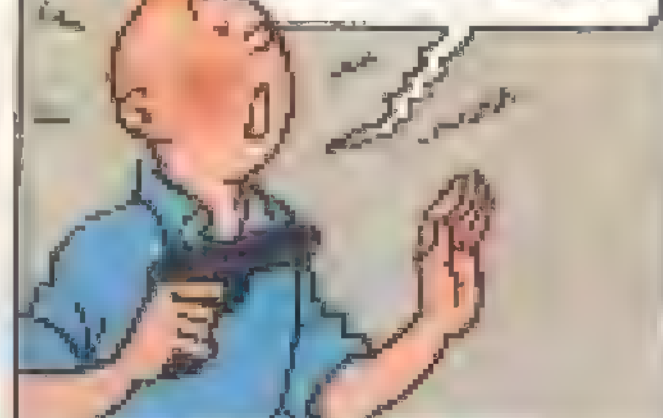


...with gun ports commanding the town and the harbour...

Crumbs! What a place!... A real Maginot Line!



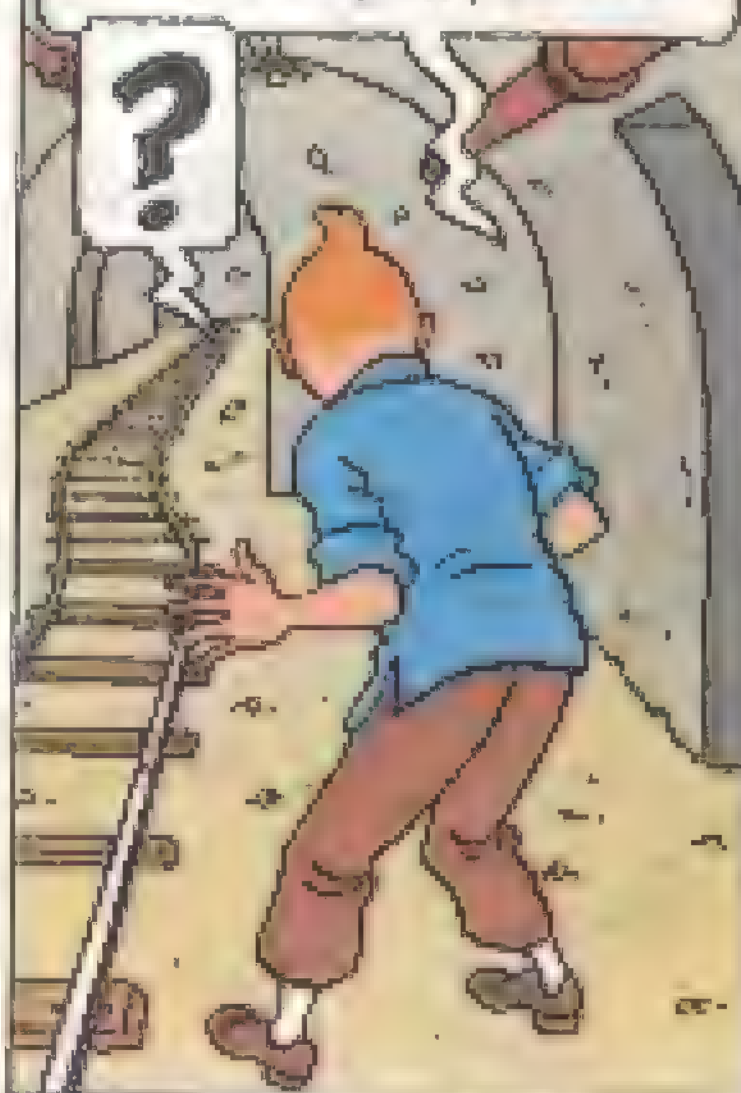
AAAAH...



TCHOOO!



Is that you, boss?

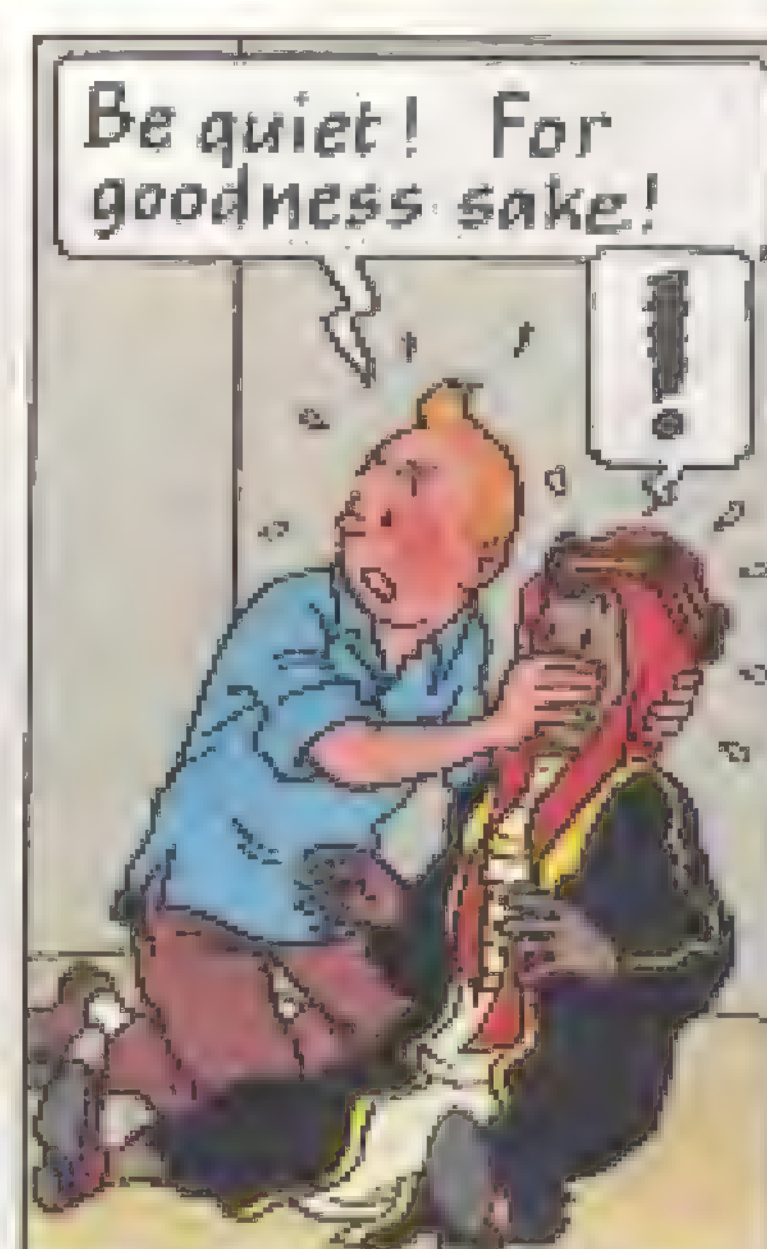
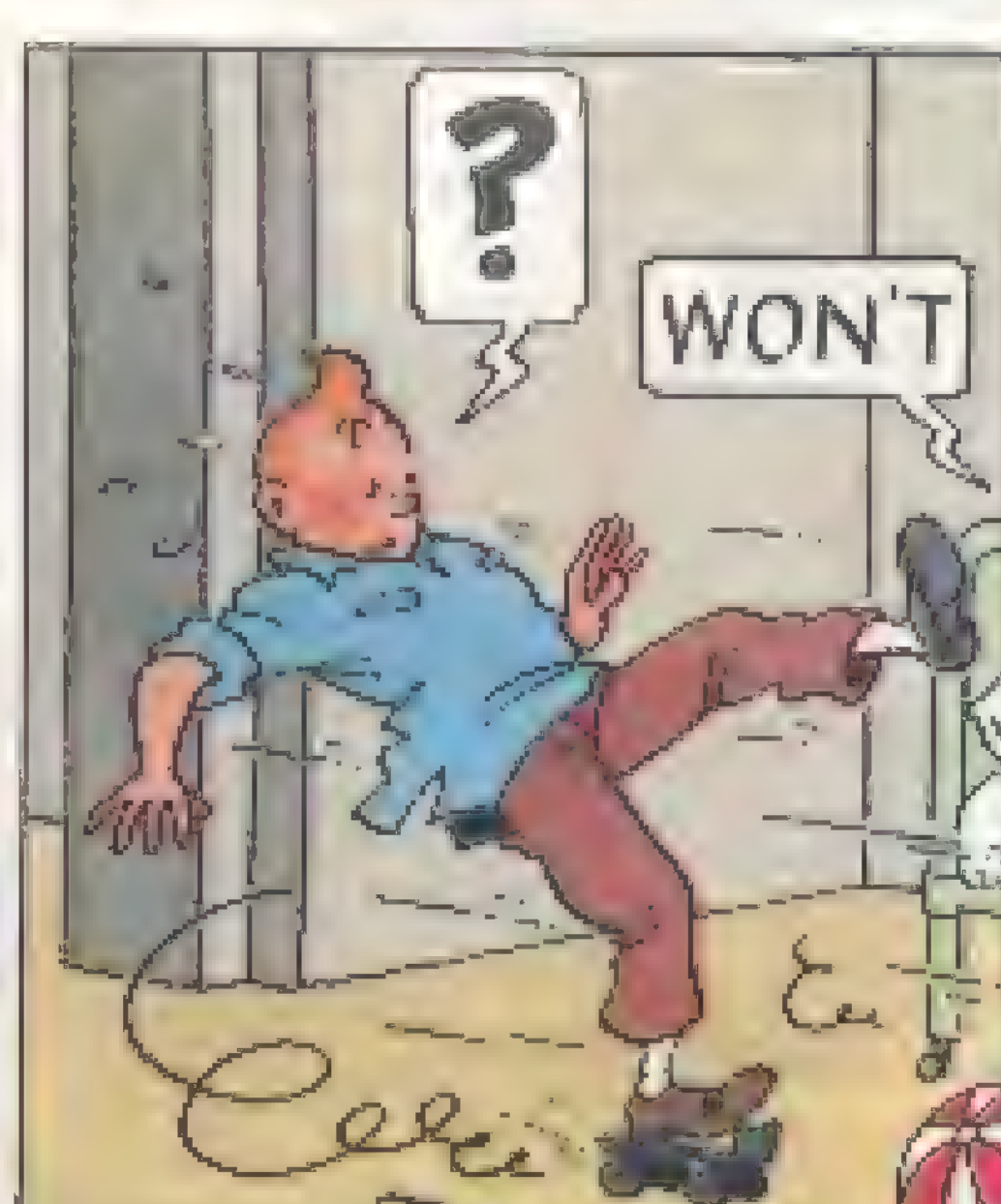
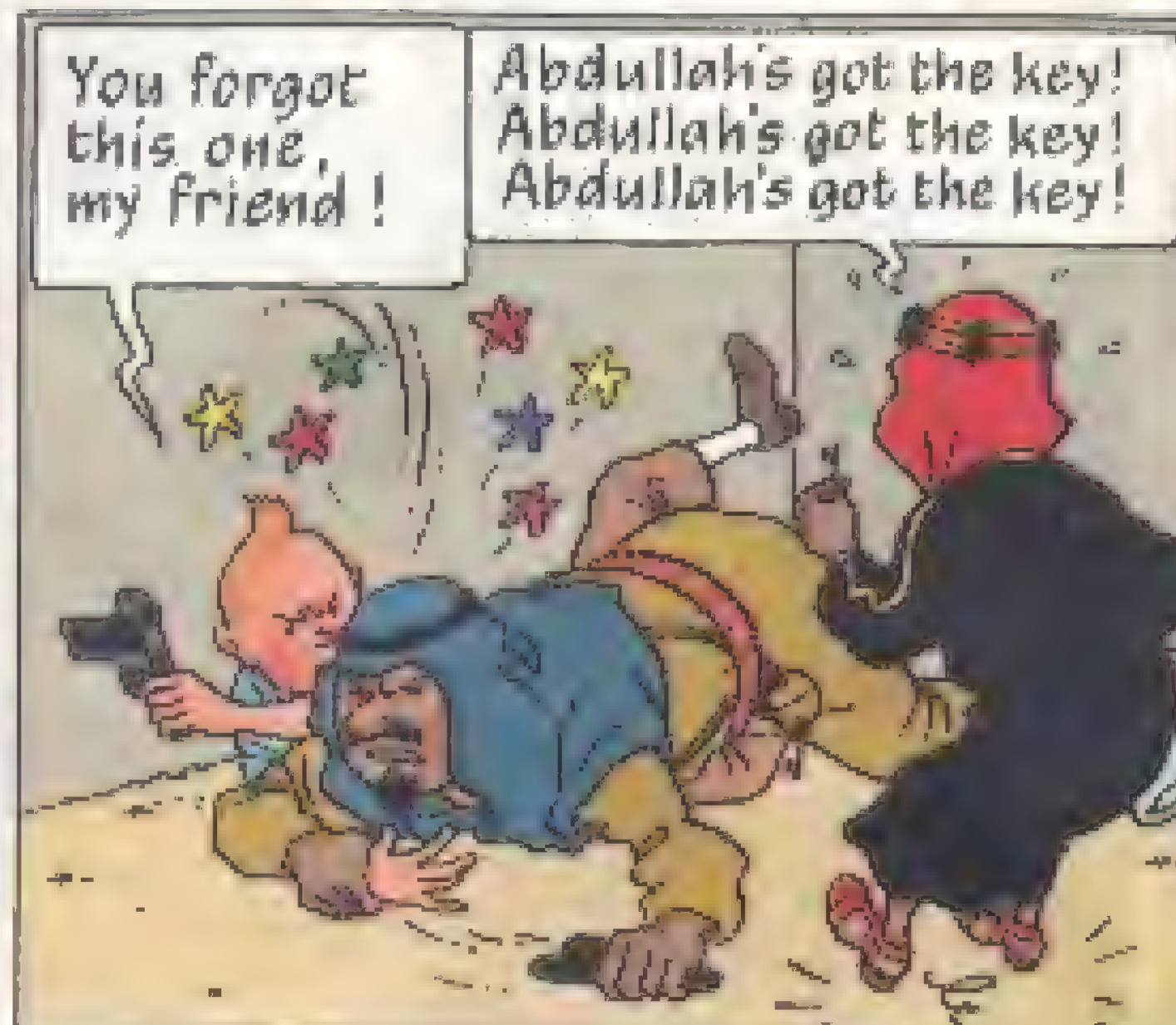


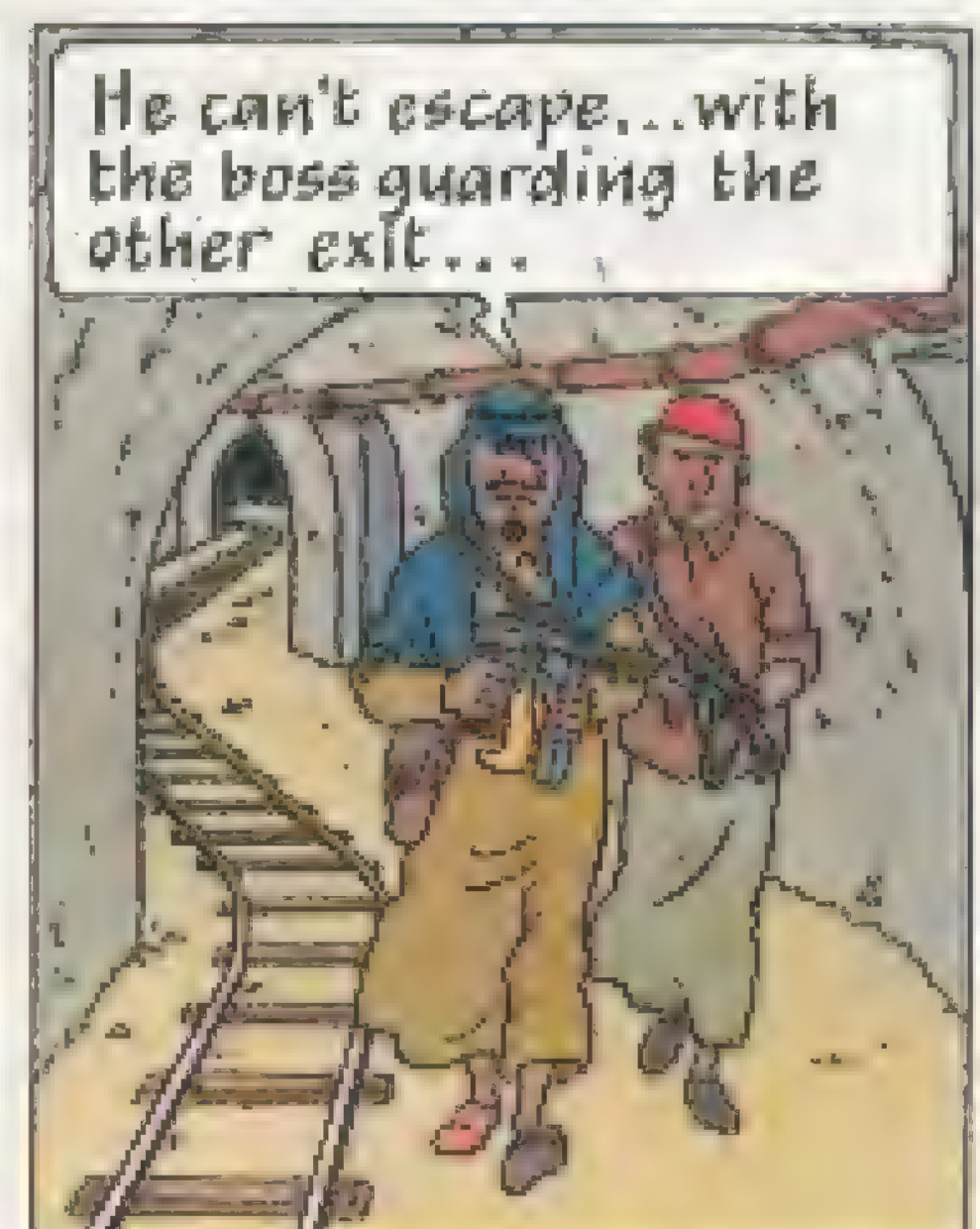
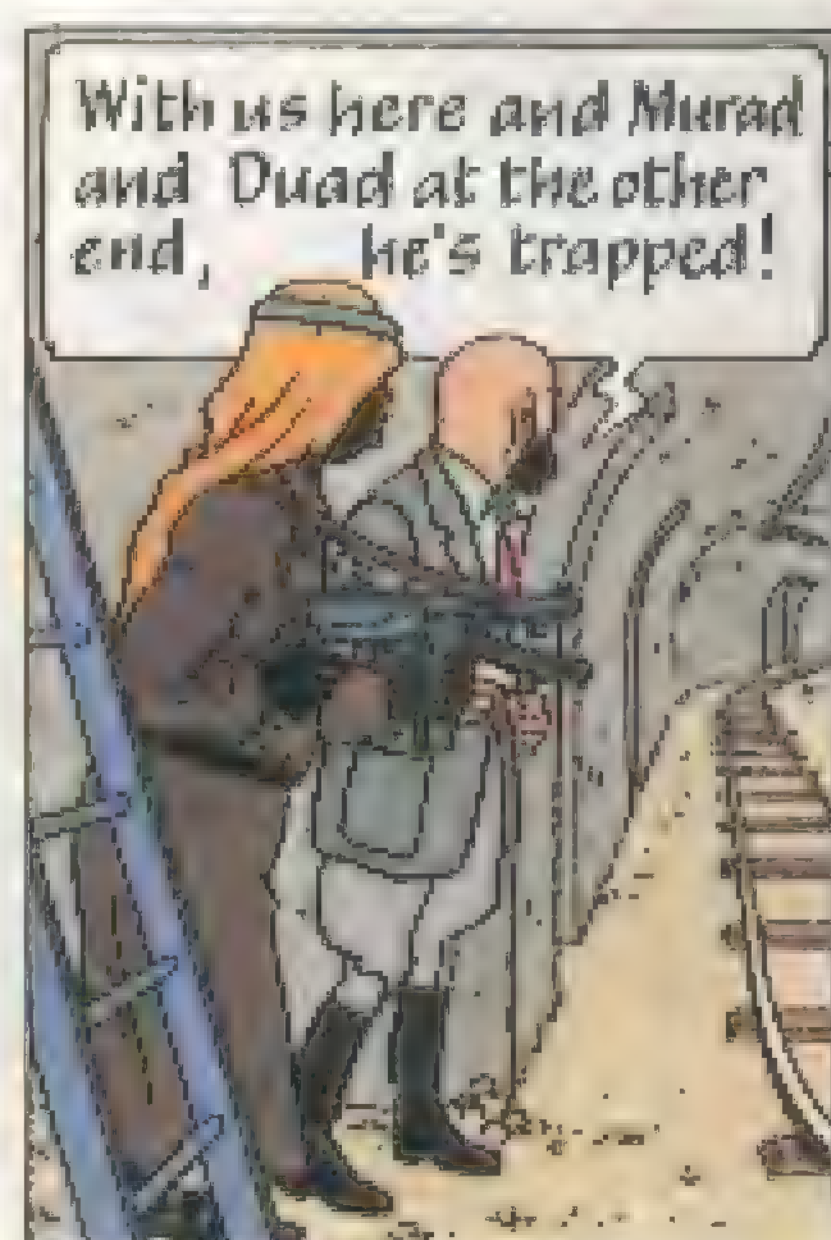
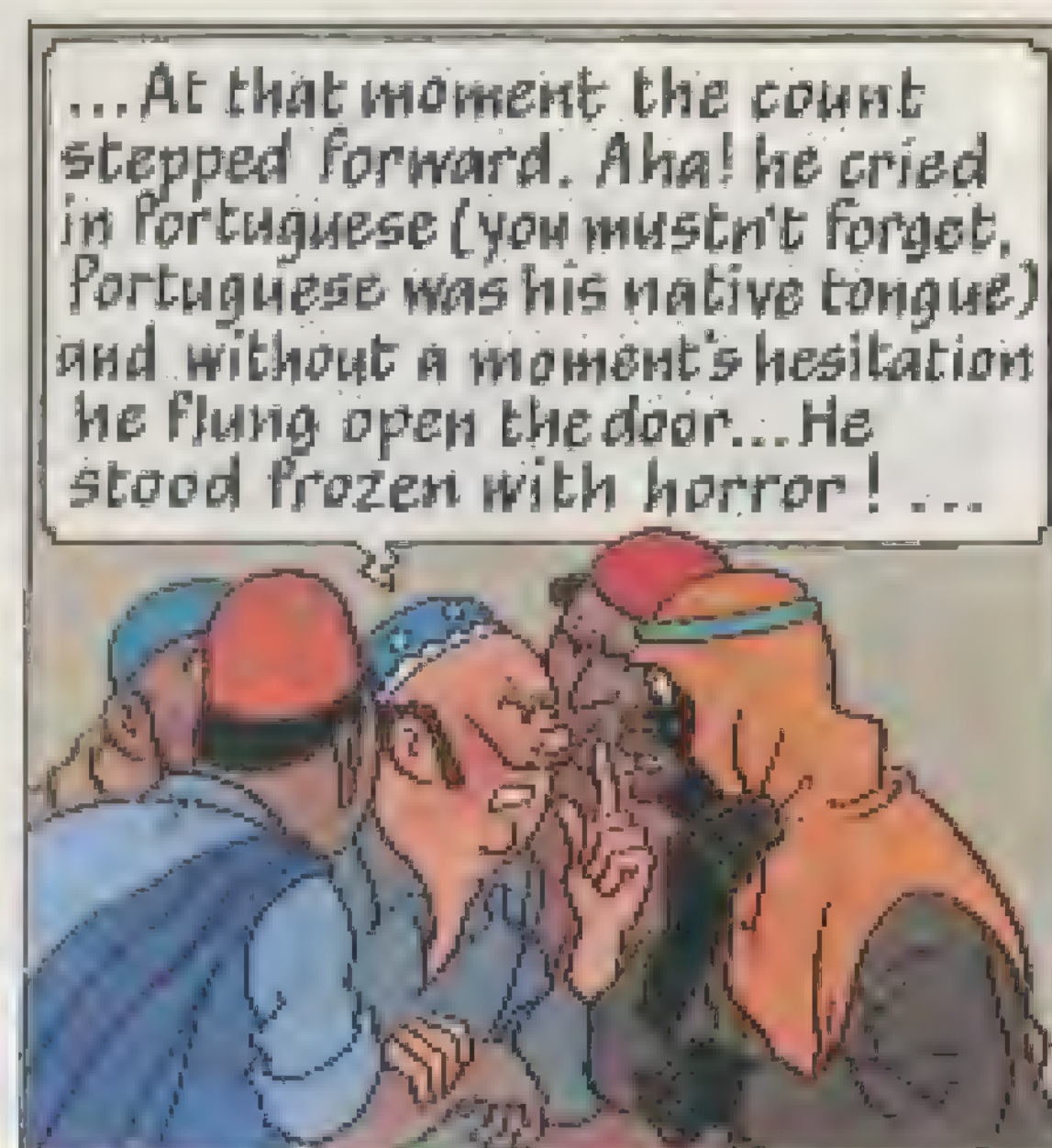
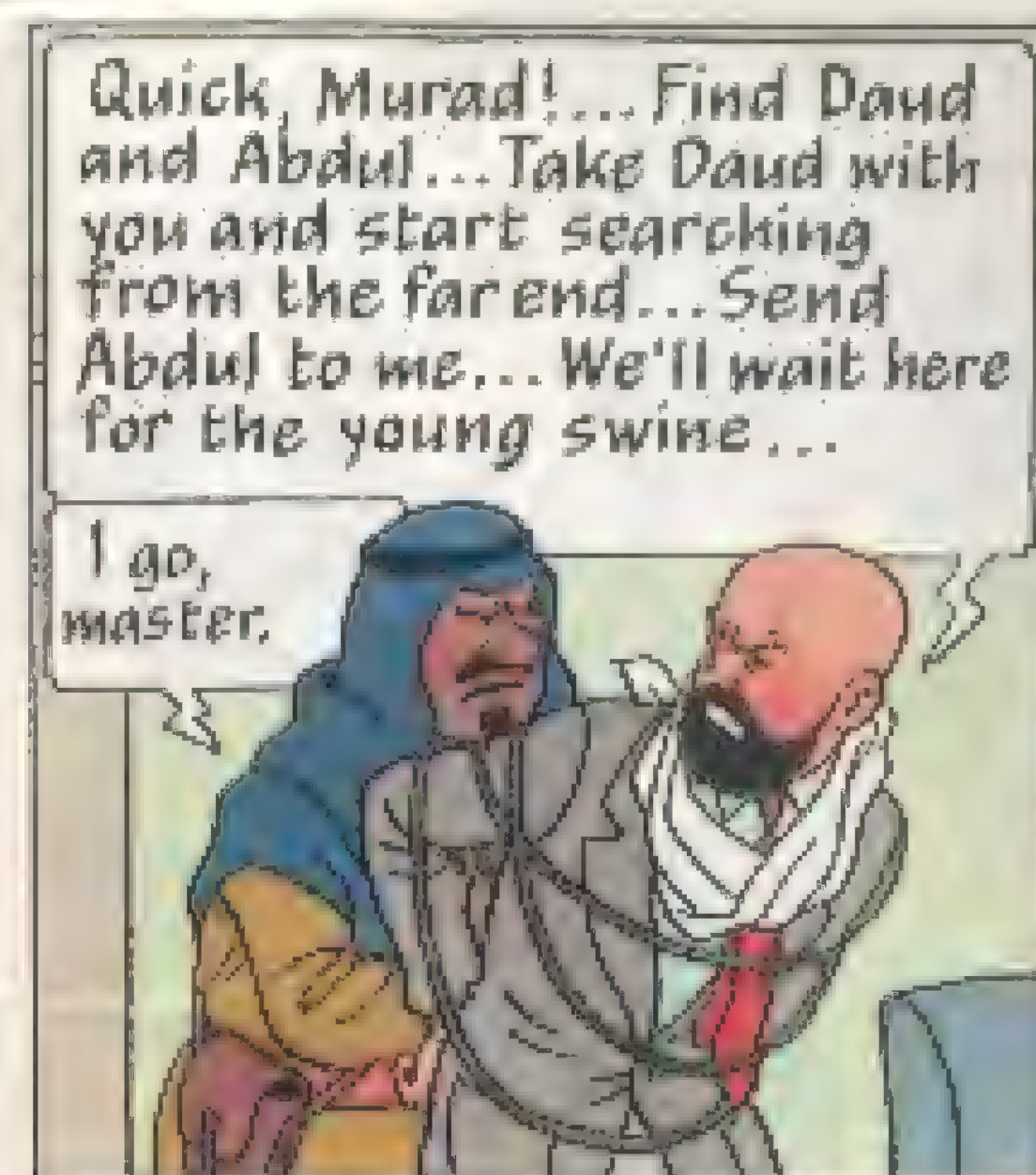
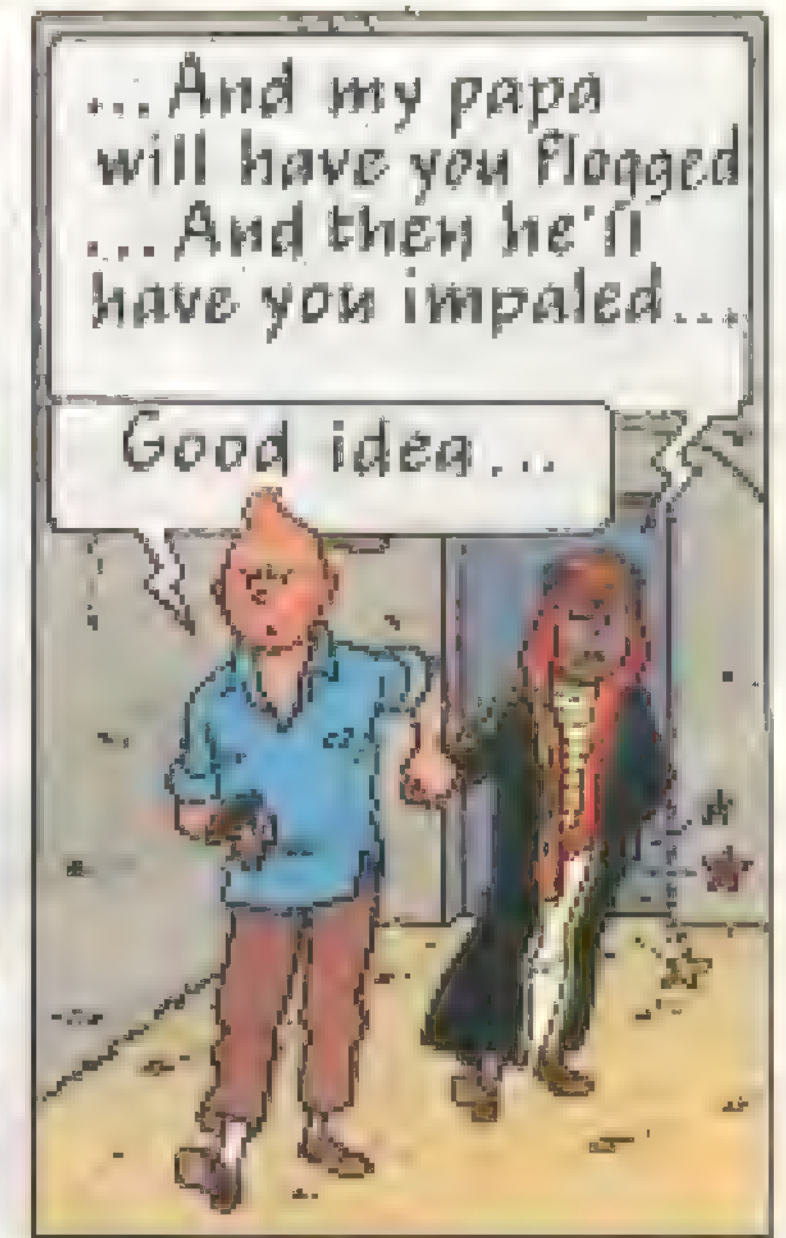
Boss?... Is that you, boss?

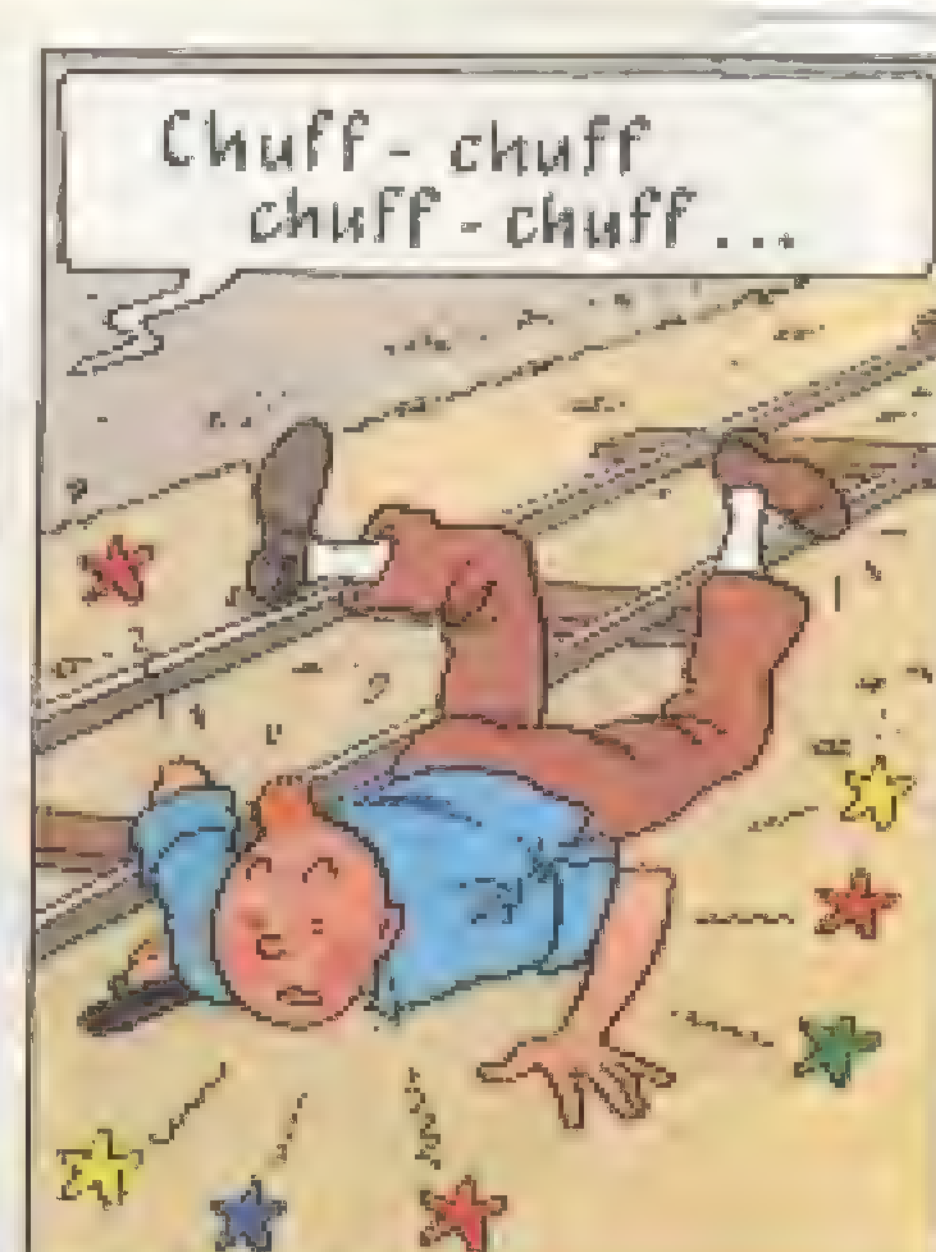
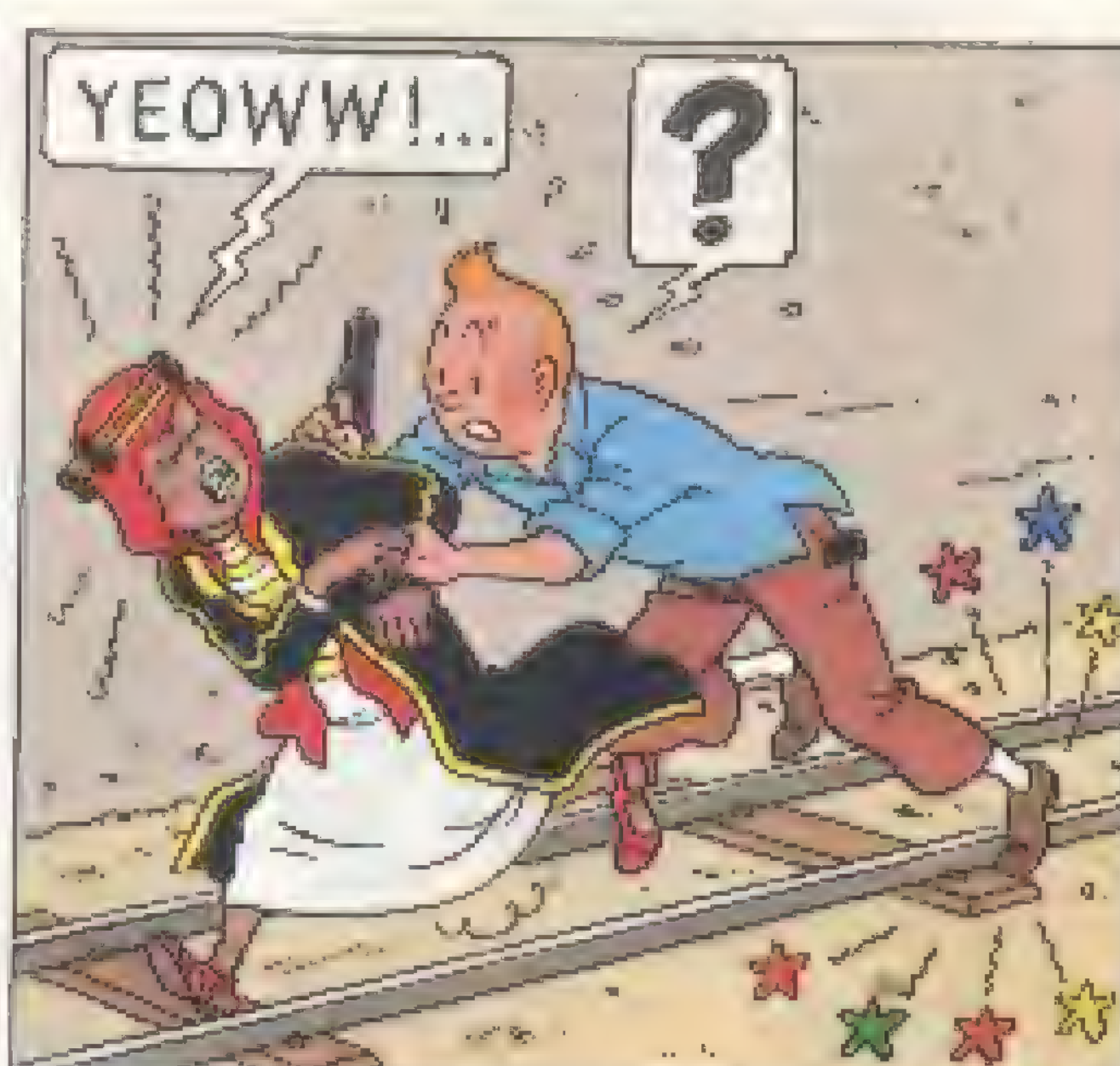
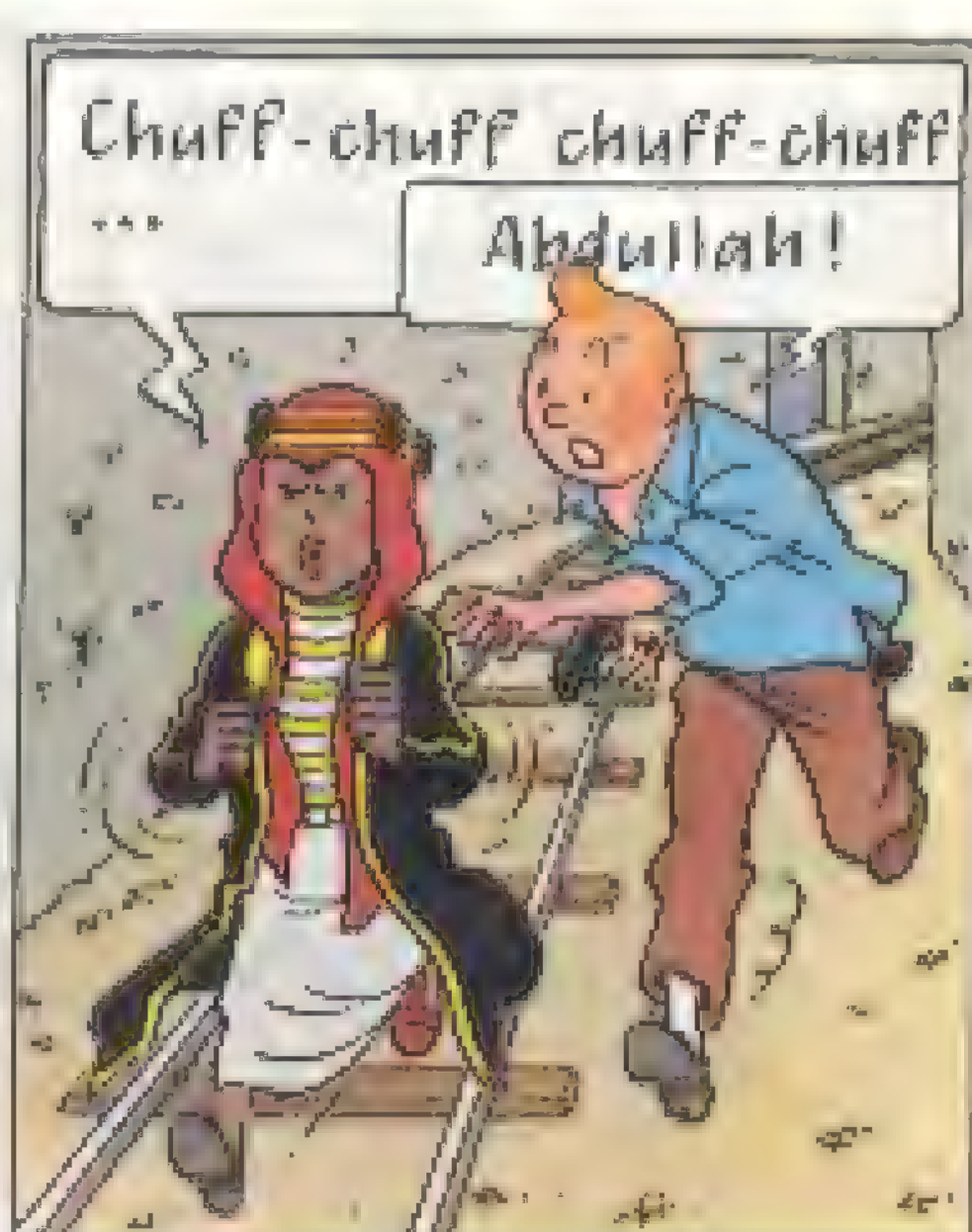


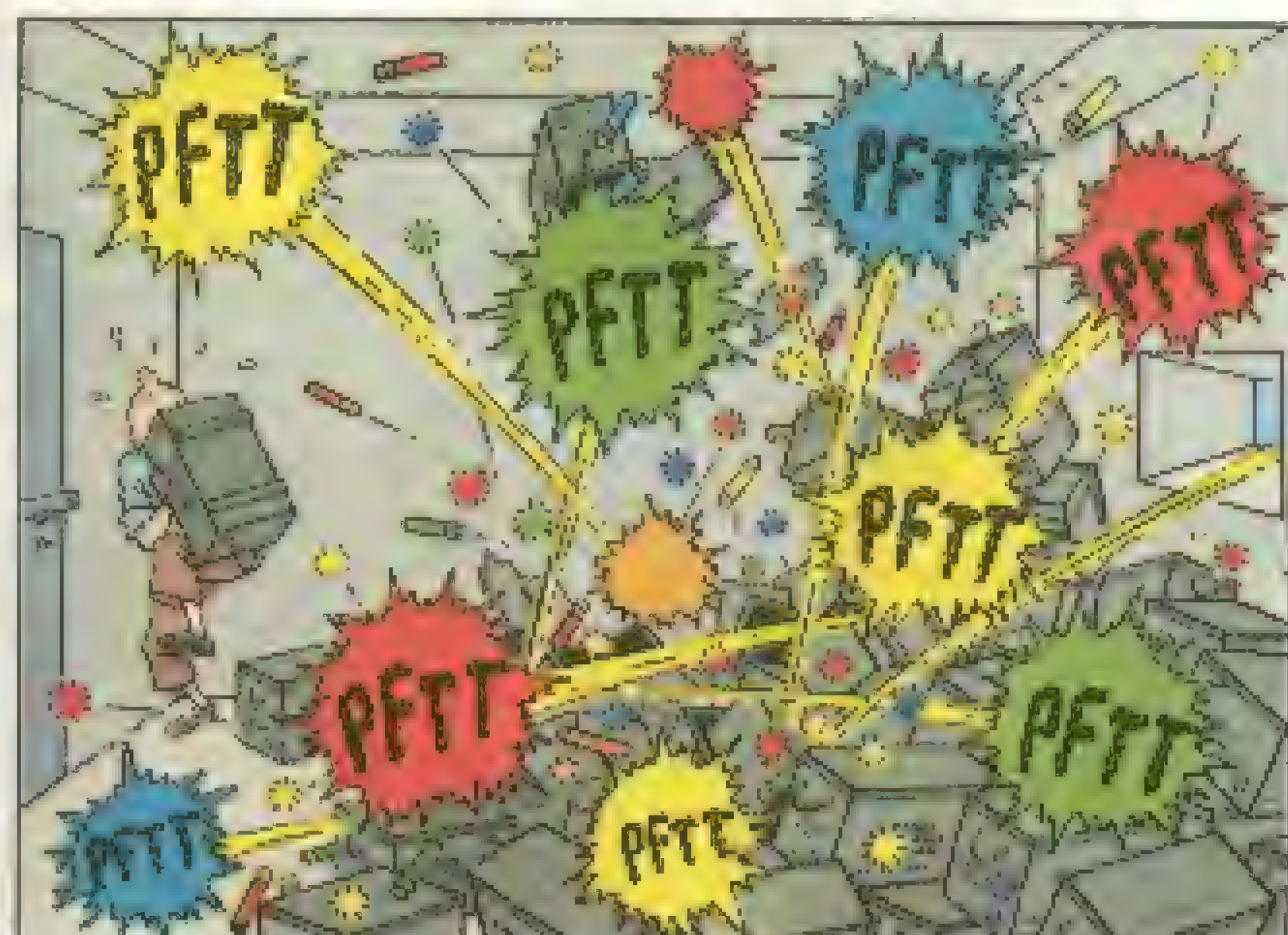
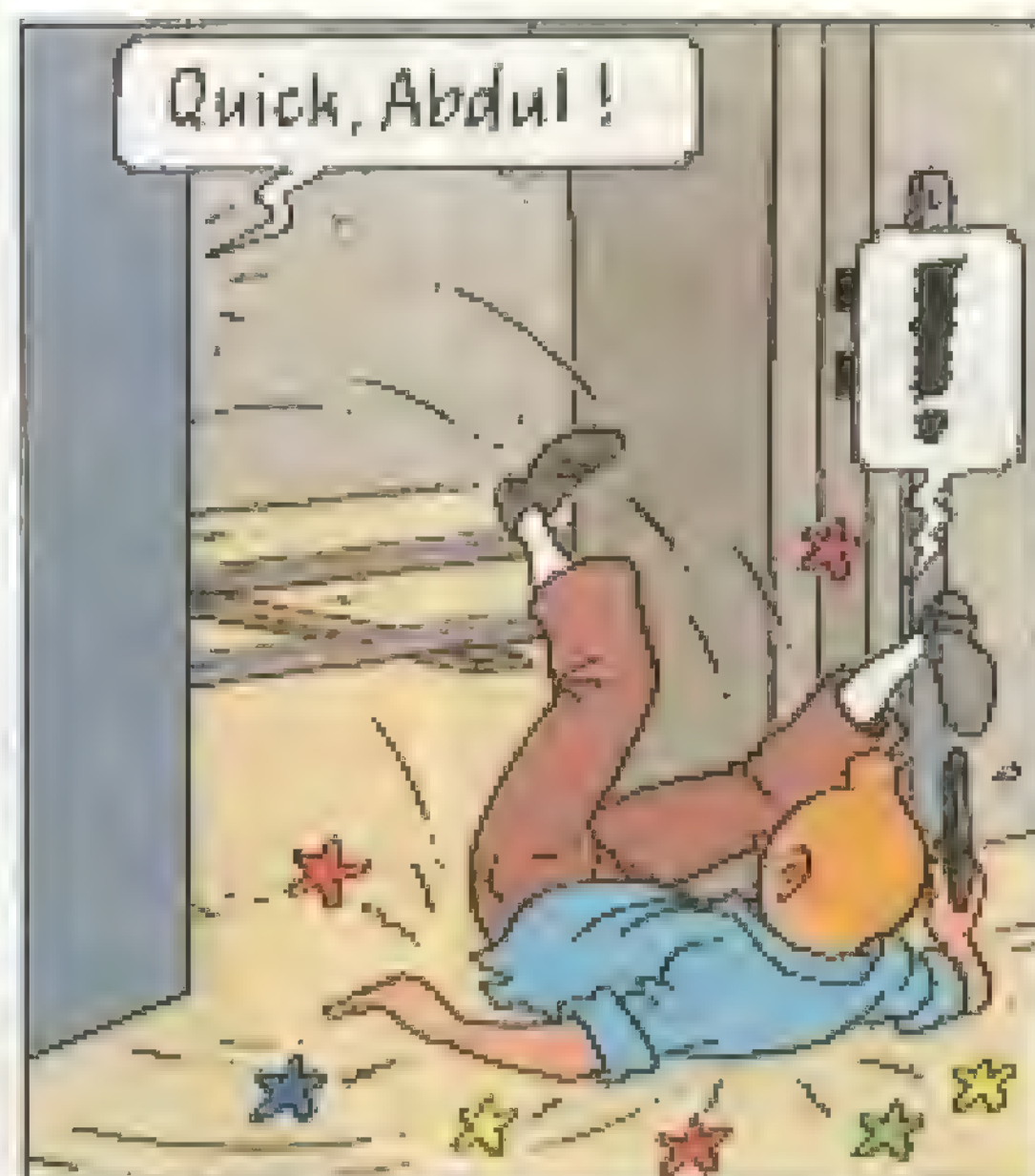
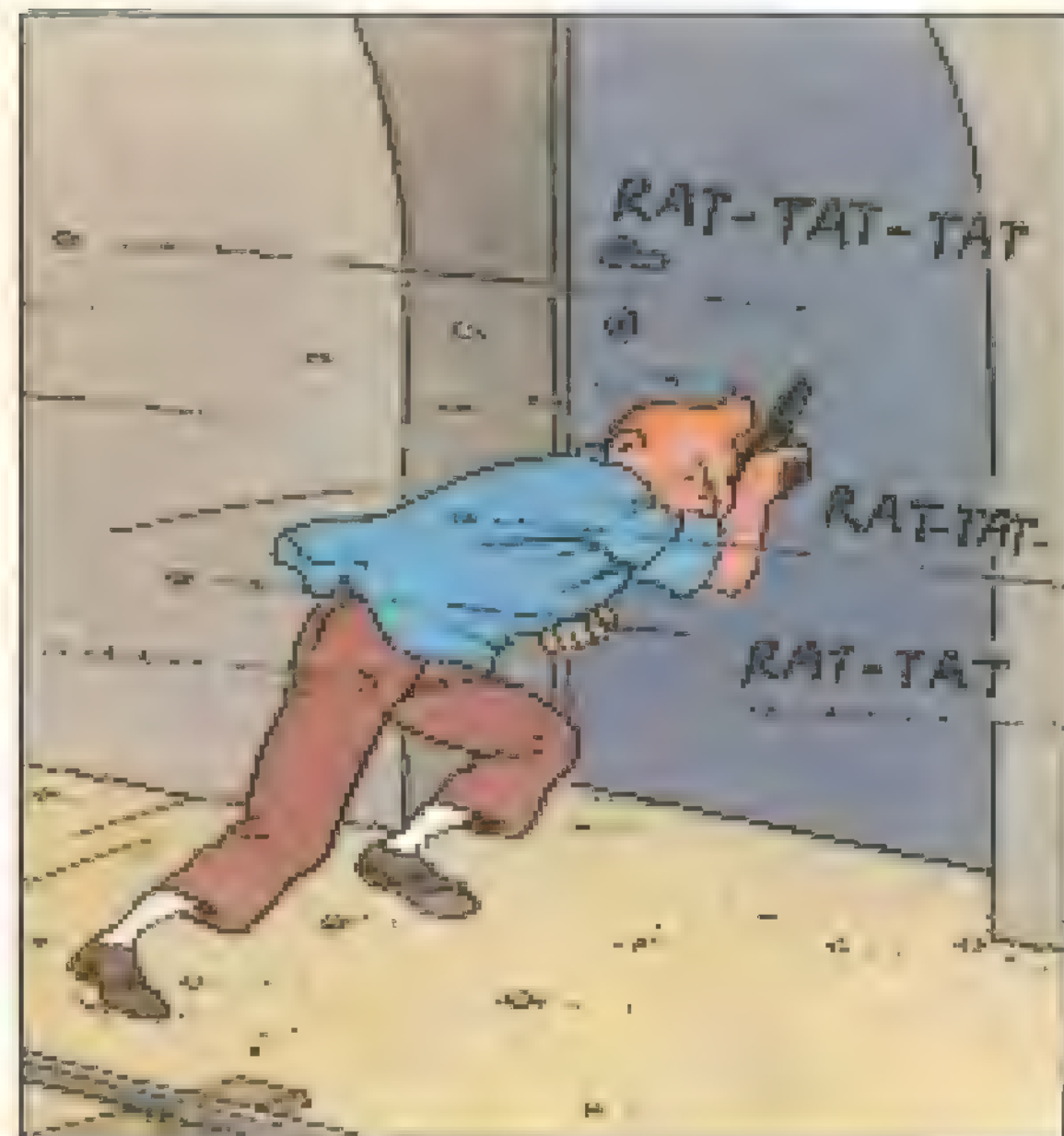
AAAAAH...

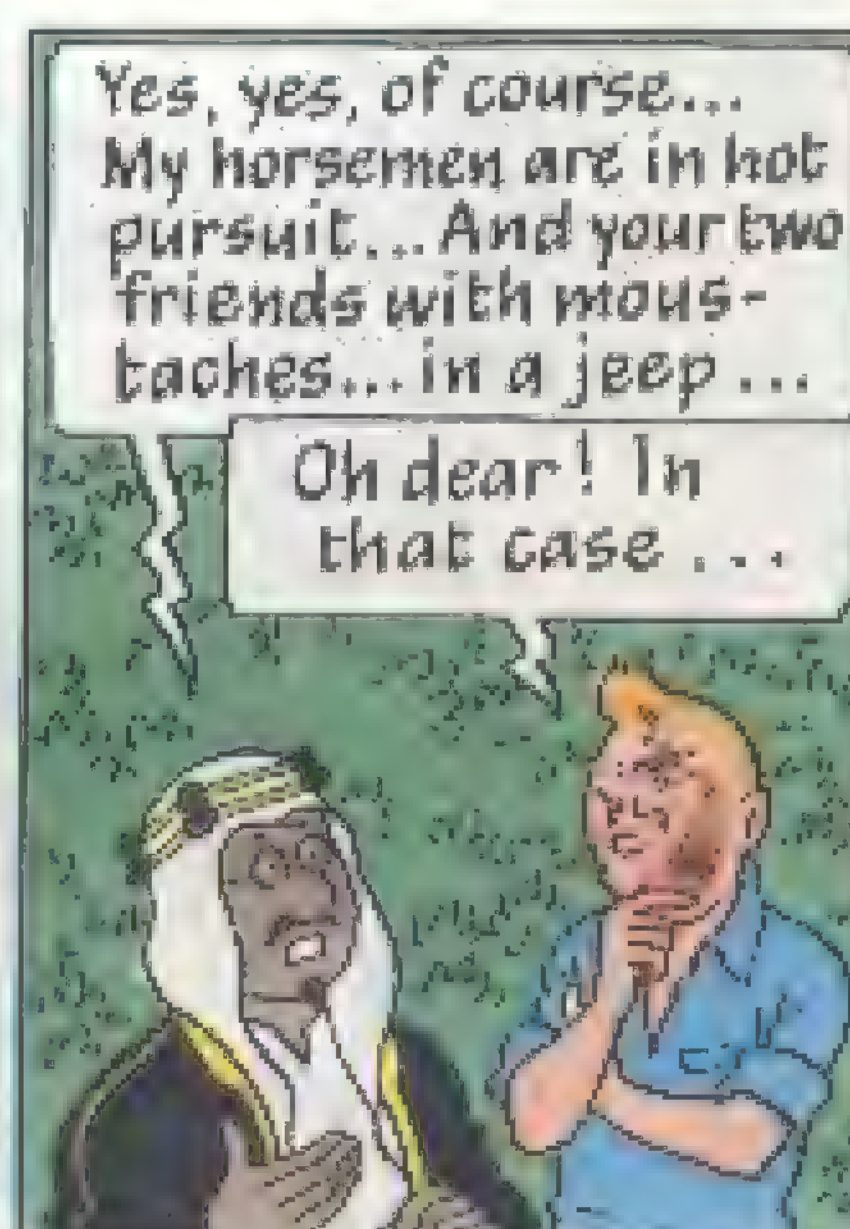
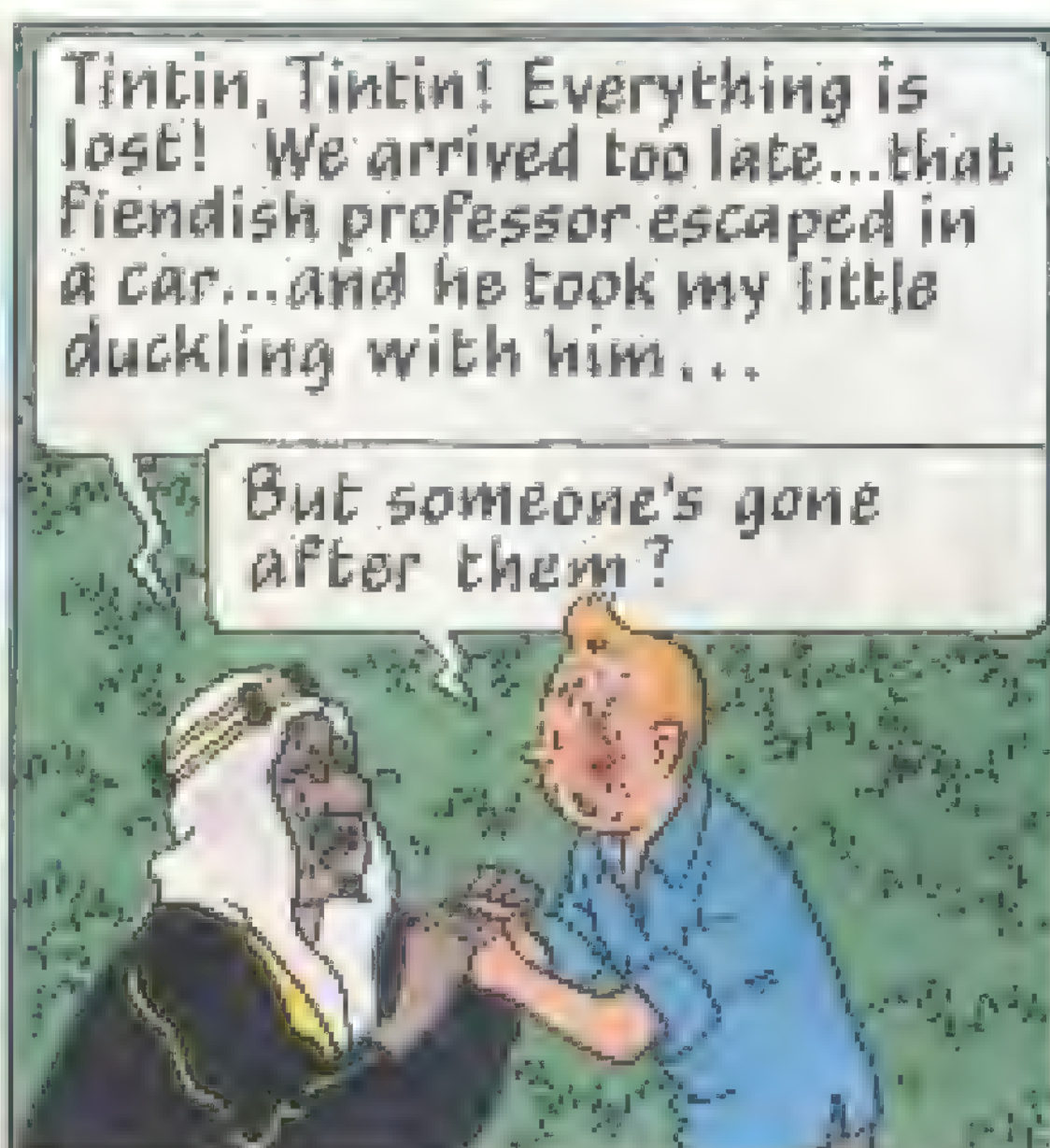
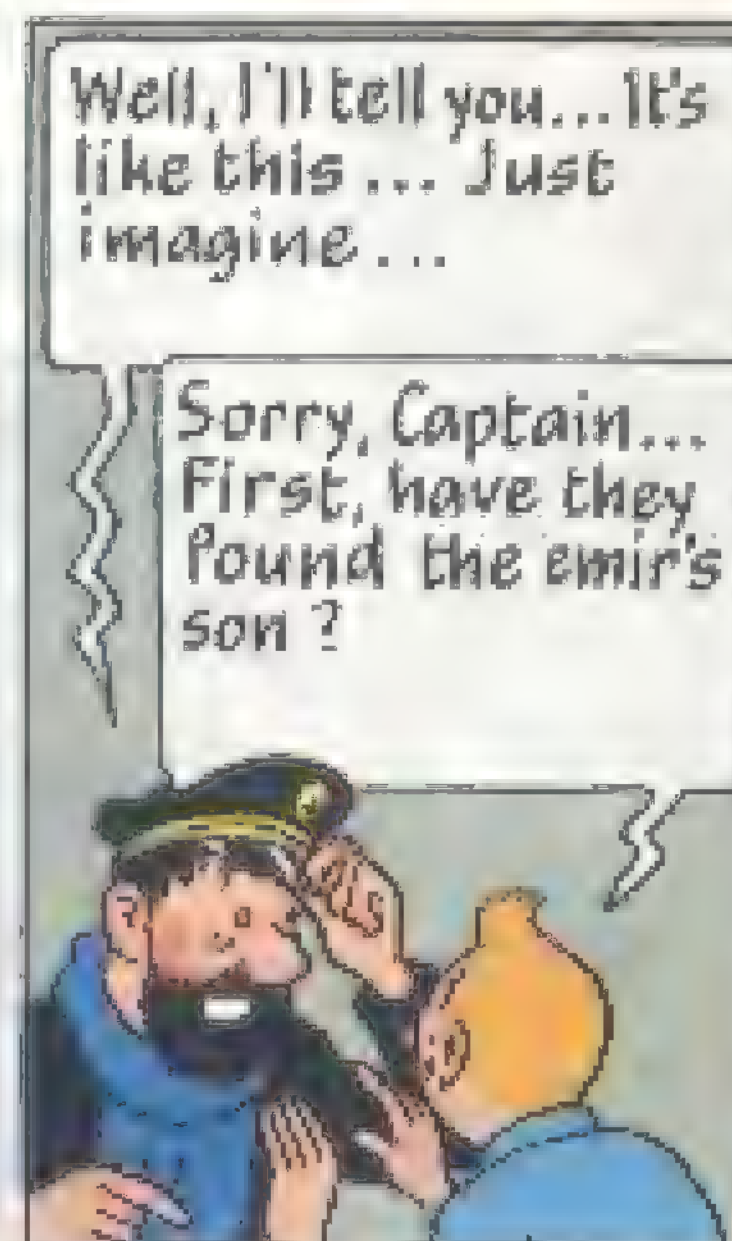
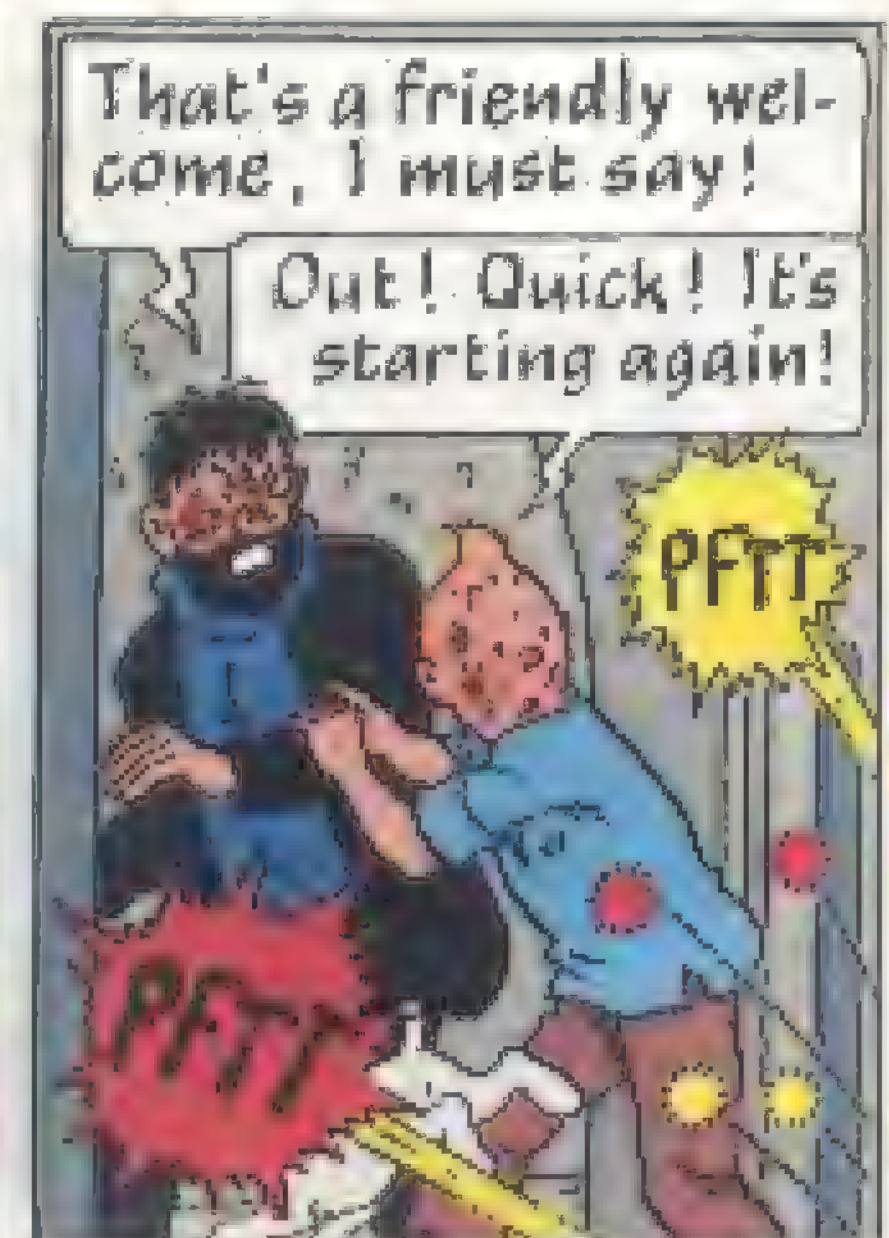
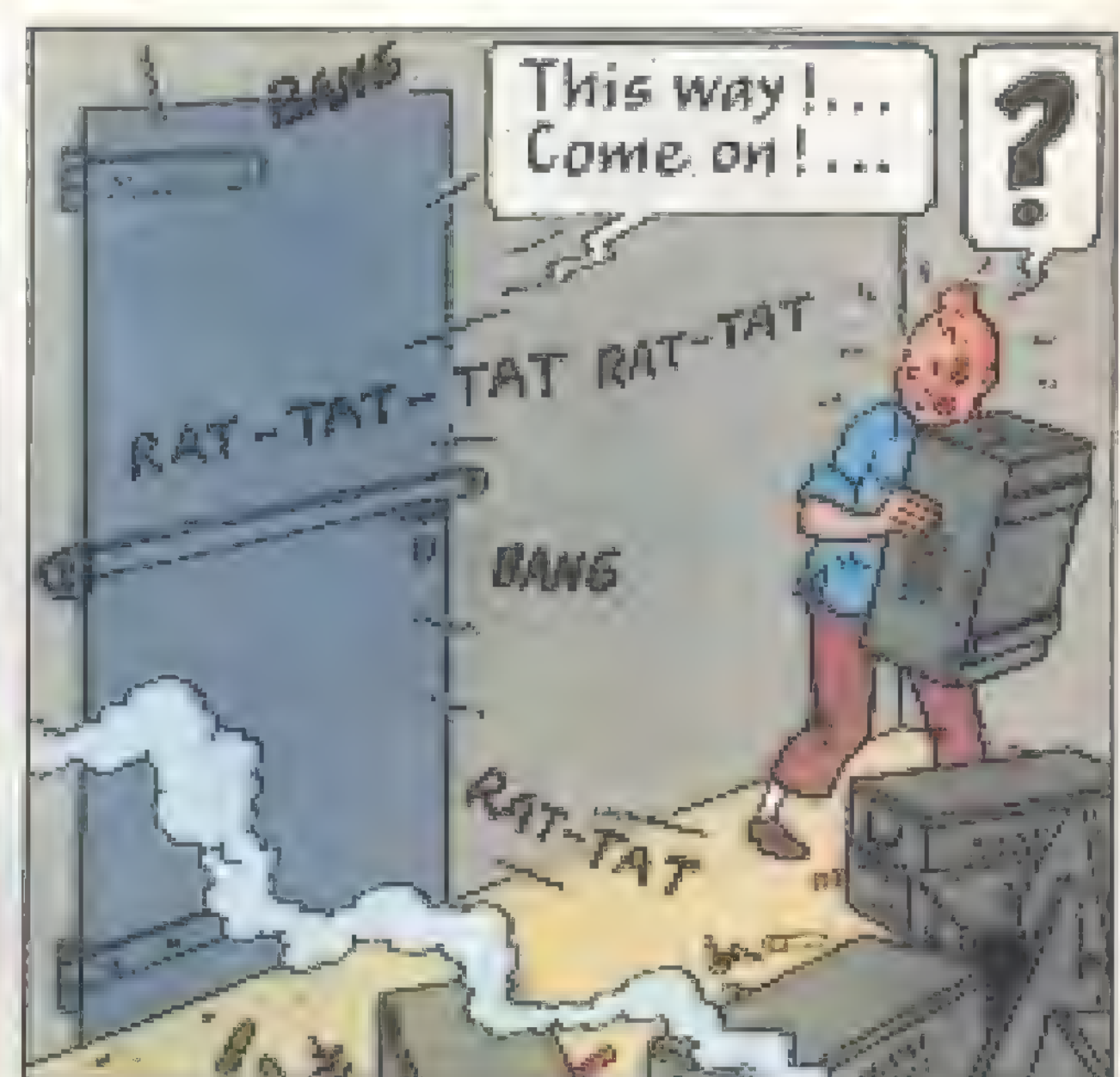


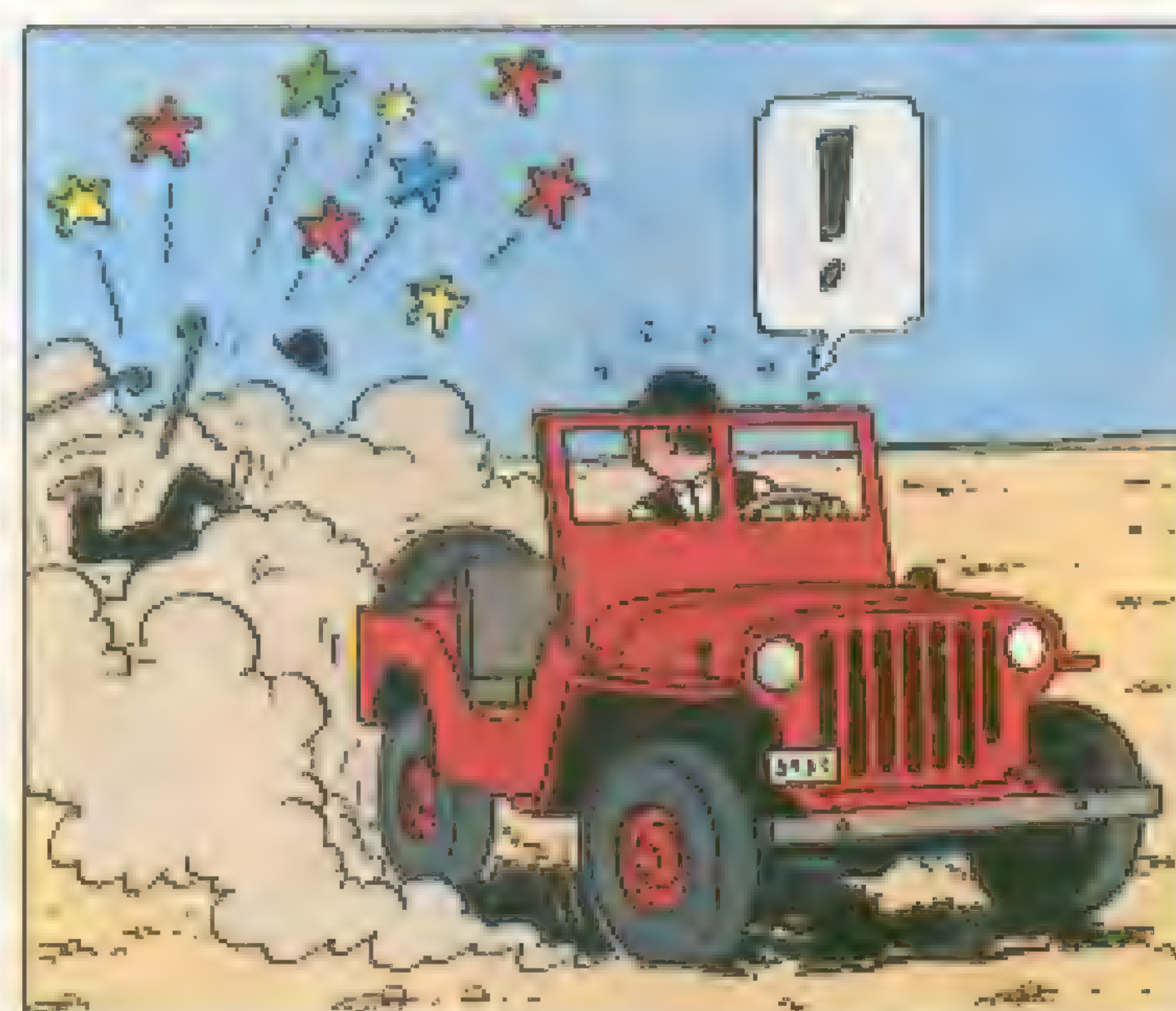
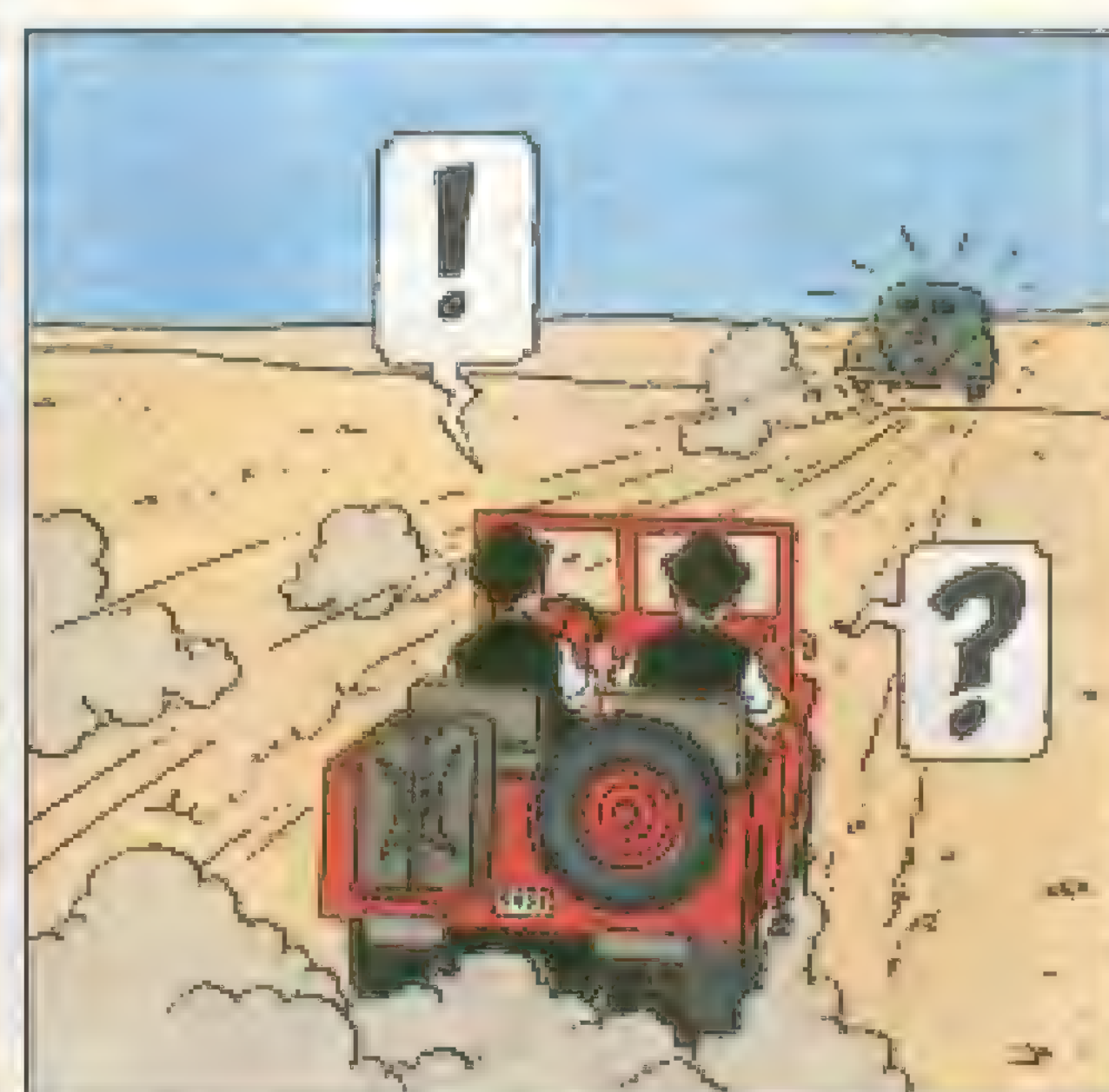








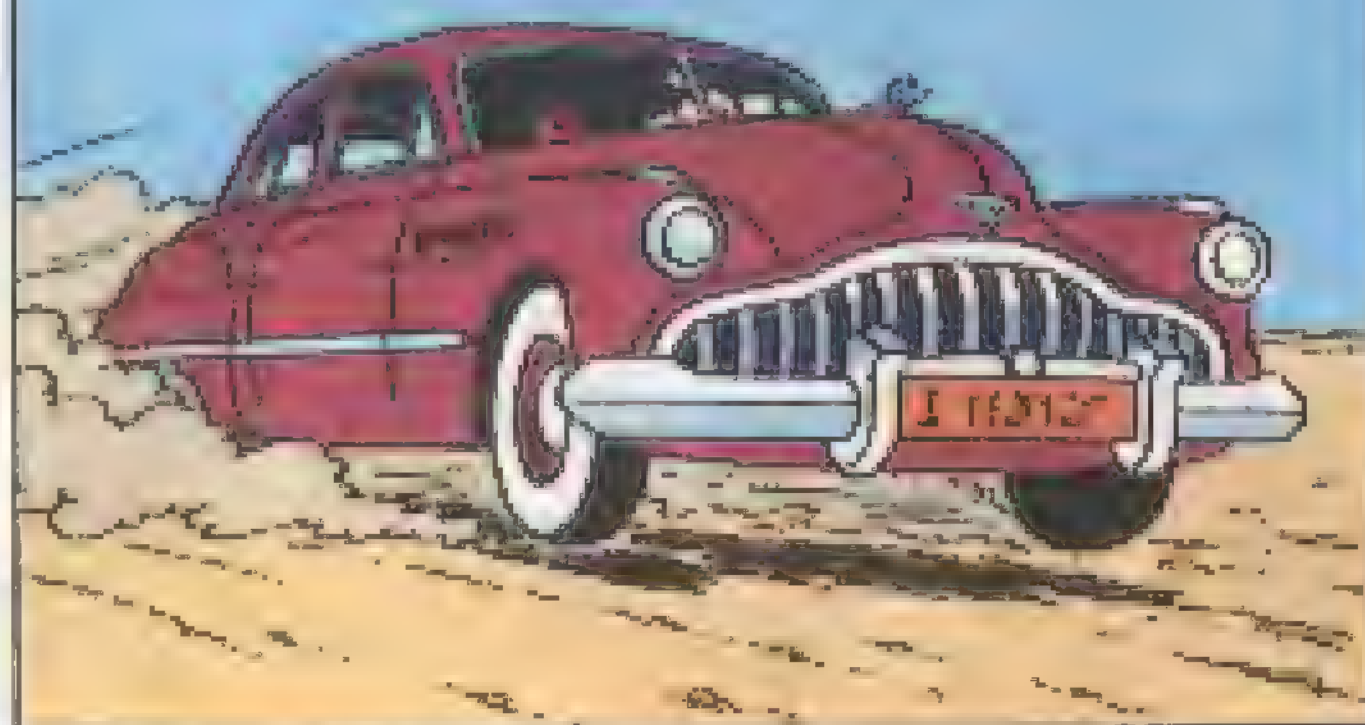




Moving? ... Were we moving? ... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still ...



Meanwhile ...



I'm thirsty!

So am I ...

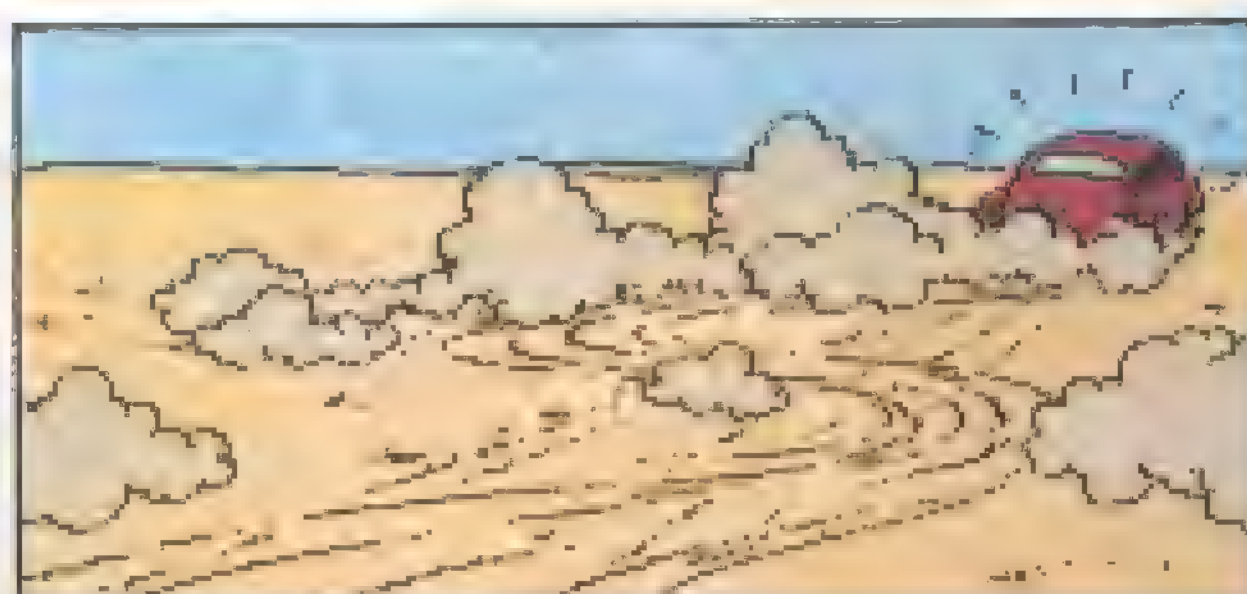
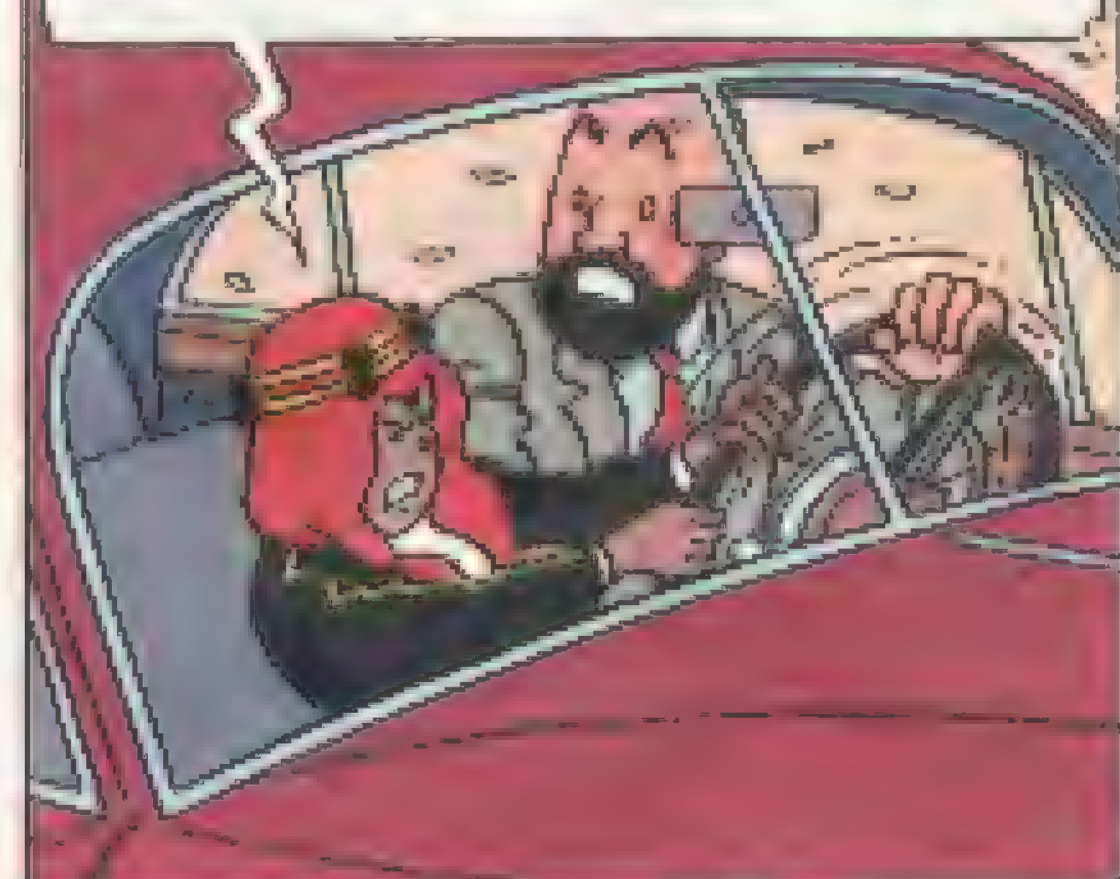


I want an ice-cream!

Later, later...



No! I want one now! I want an icecream! I want an icecream! ... Then I want to go home! ...

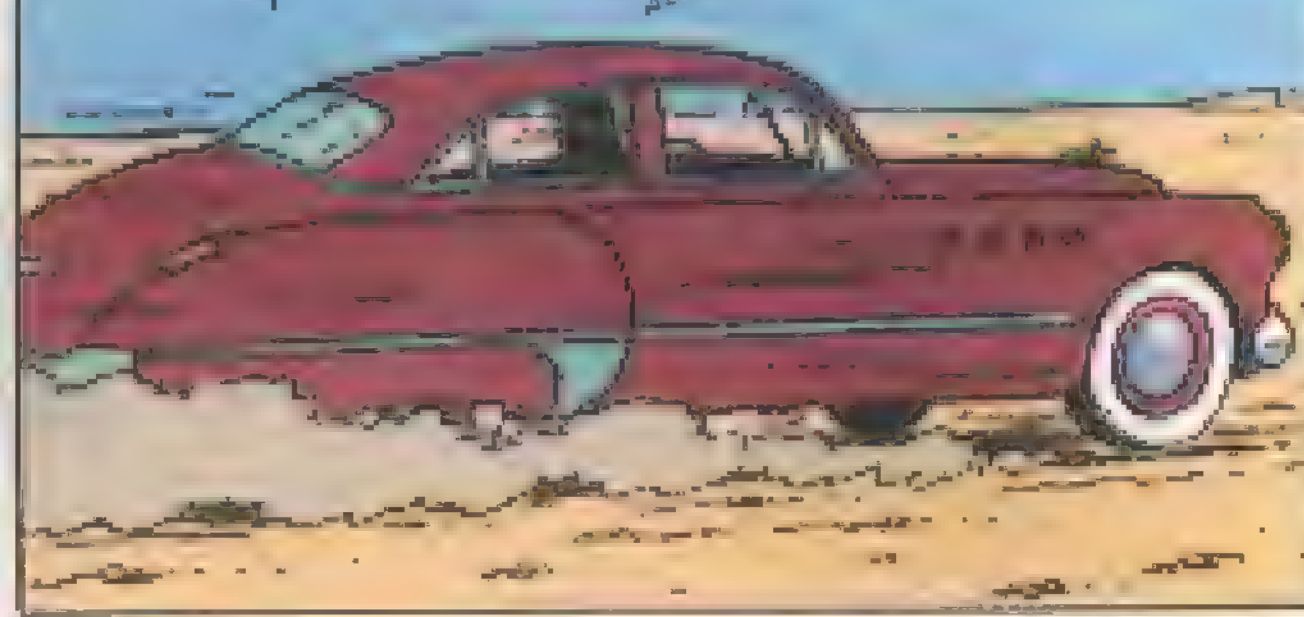


Shut up! There's your icecream!

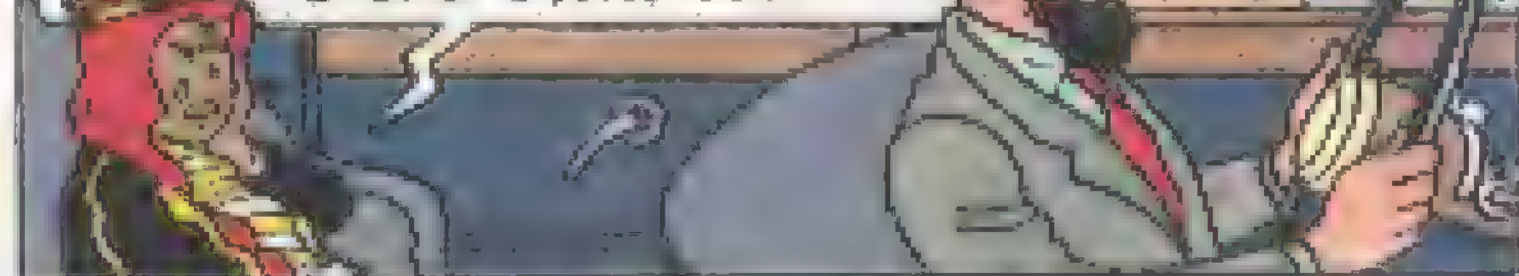


Waaah! ... Waaah! ... Waaah! ...

And cut out that racket or I'll ... Sit down, Abdullah! ... Abdullah! Sit down here!



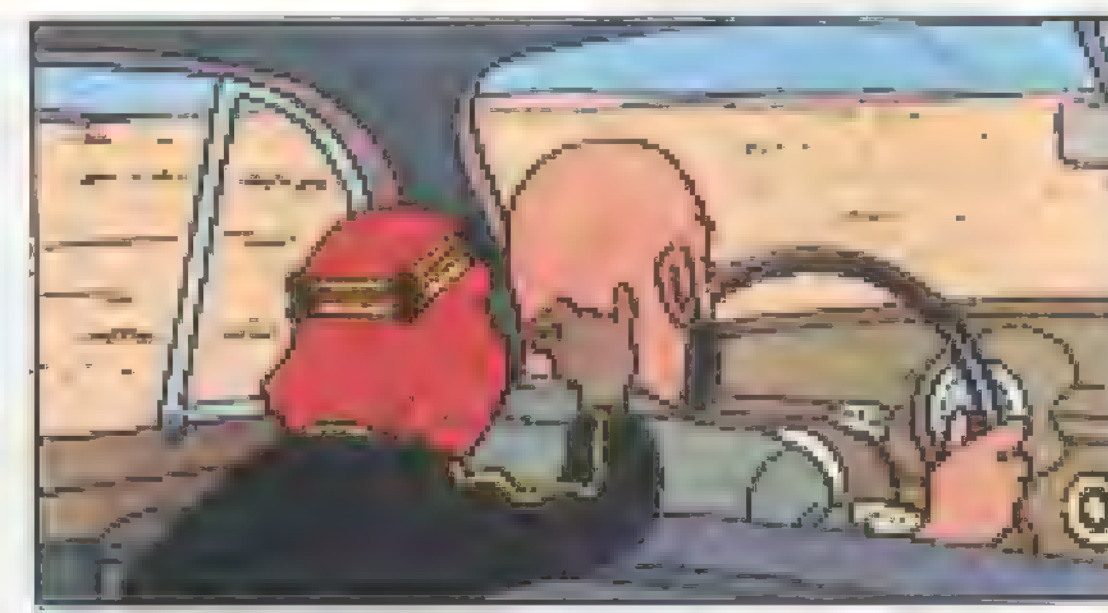
No! I want to sit here! ... I hate you! ... I shall tell my papa! ... And my papa is the emir! ...



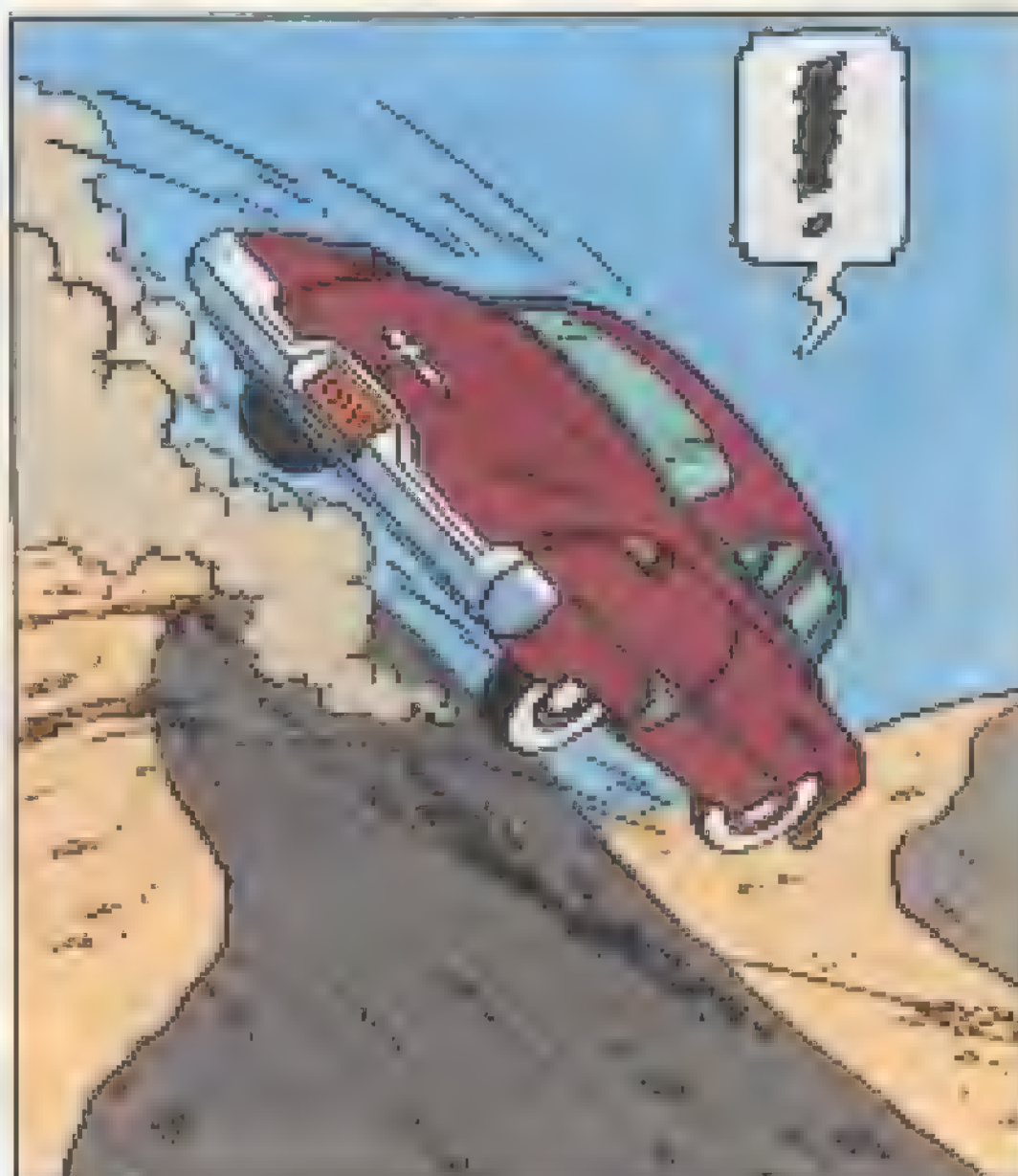
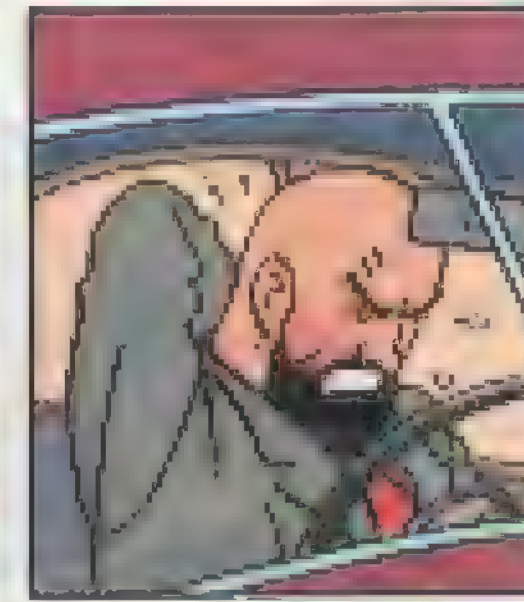
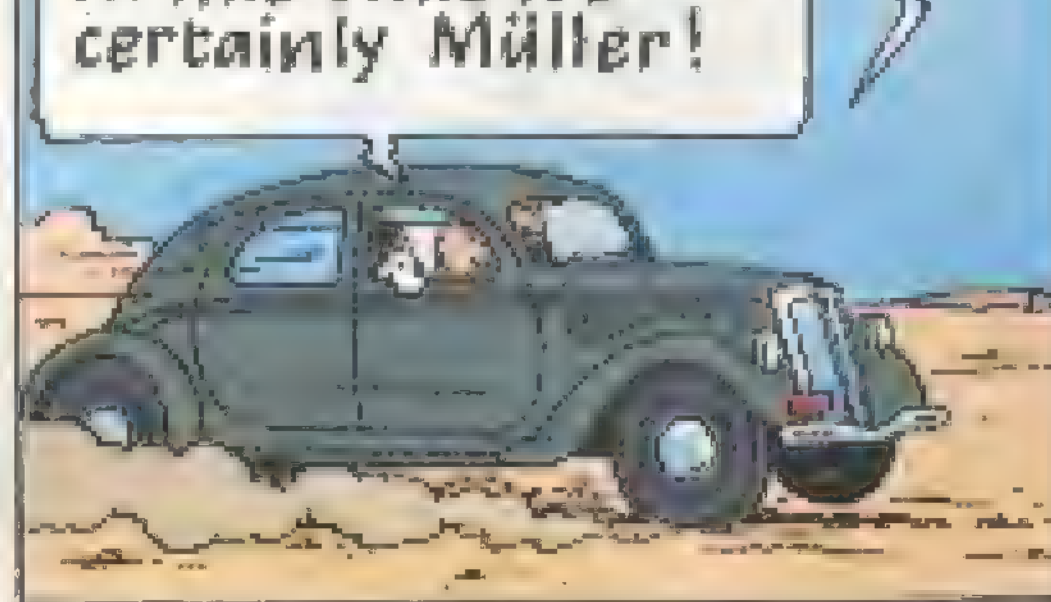
I know... I know...

Yes, you're right... I was just going to tell you... As I said, it was really quite simple... but at the same time rather complicated ...

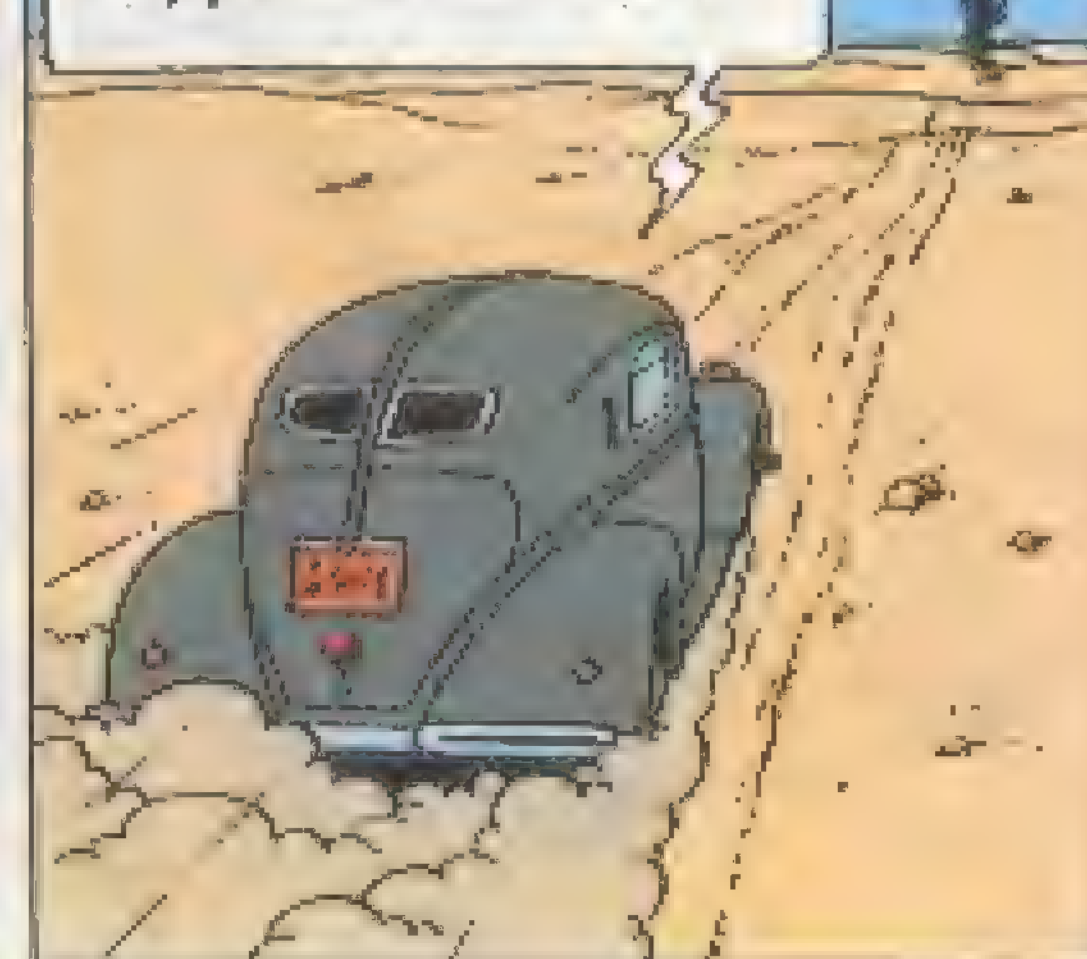
There they are! Another dust-cloud! ... This time it's certainly Müller!



Hee! Hee! My itching powder!



Great snakes! ... Smoke! ... What's happened to them?





Look at their tracks!
... Müller must have
lost control of the car...
it went over, and
caught fire... Let's hope
nothing's happened
to the prince ...

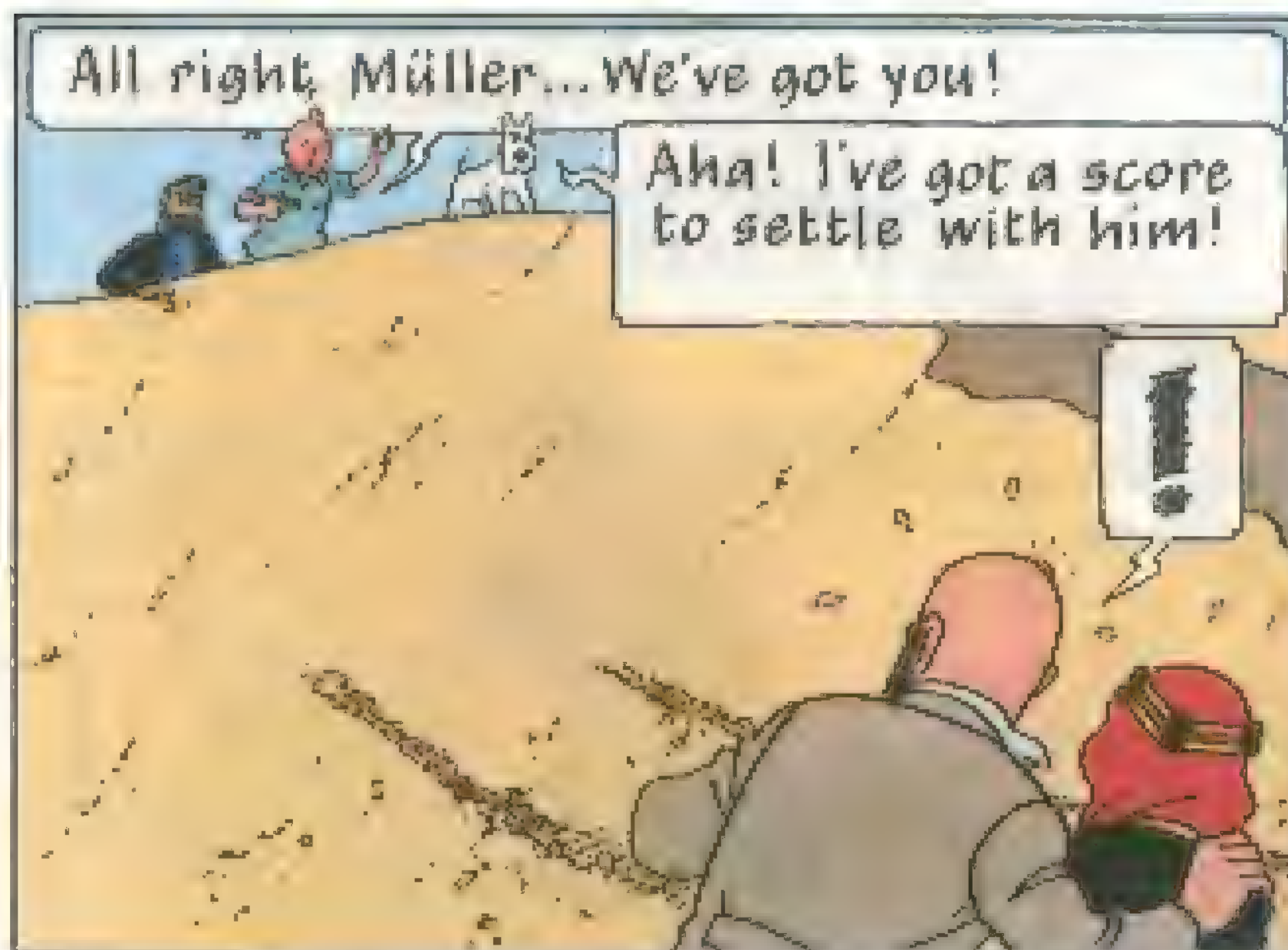


Ooh! What a lovely
accident!



Can we have
another one?

Ssh!... A car's
stopping...
Doors banging
... Wait! ...



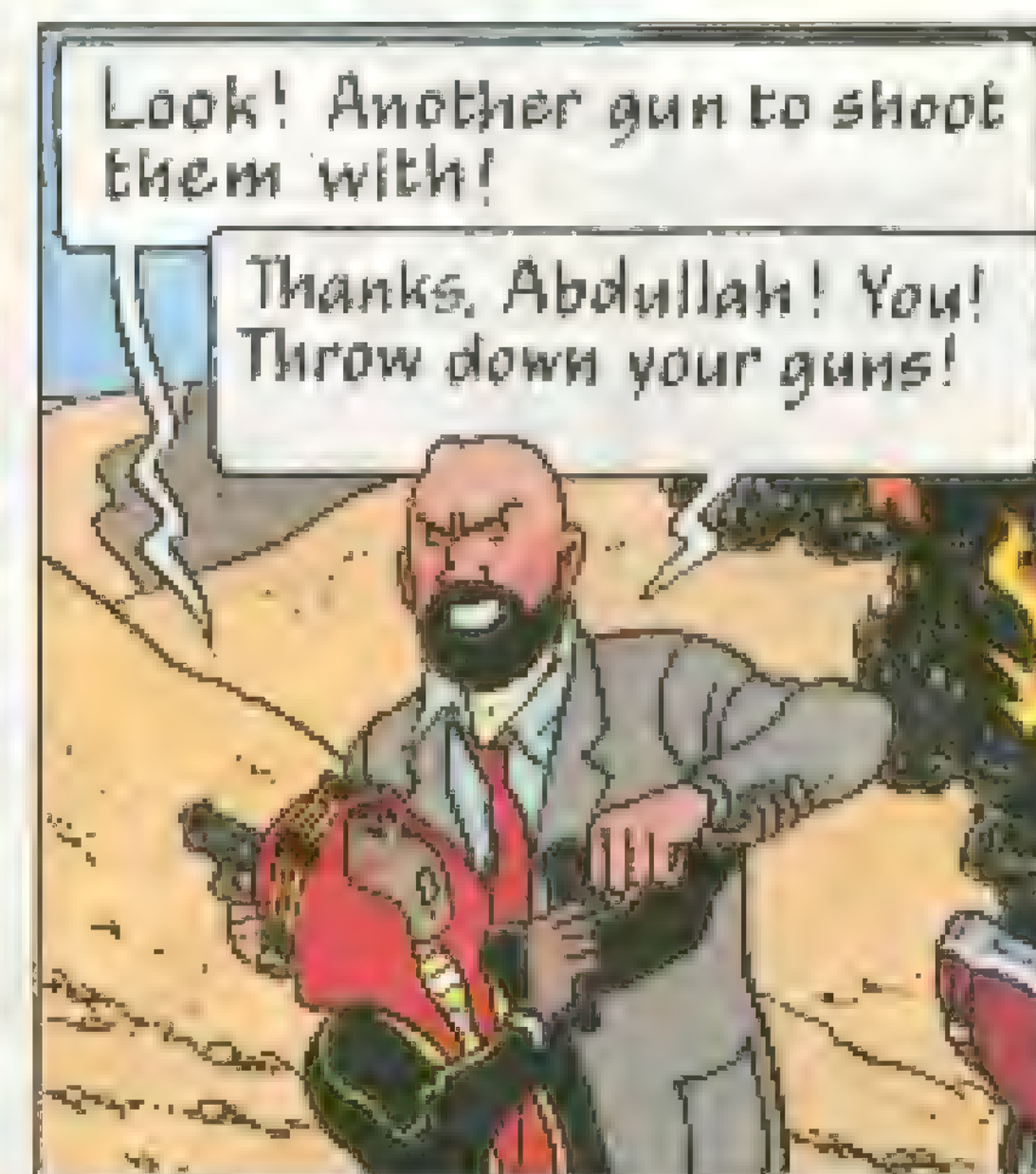
All right, Müller... We've got you!

Aha! I've got a score
to settle with him!



Got me? ... Not yet!...
Take one more step
and I'll shoot the boy!

Whoopee! Just
like a real gang-
ster film!

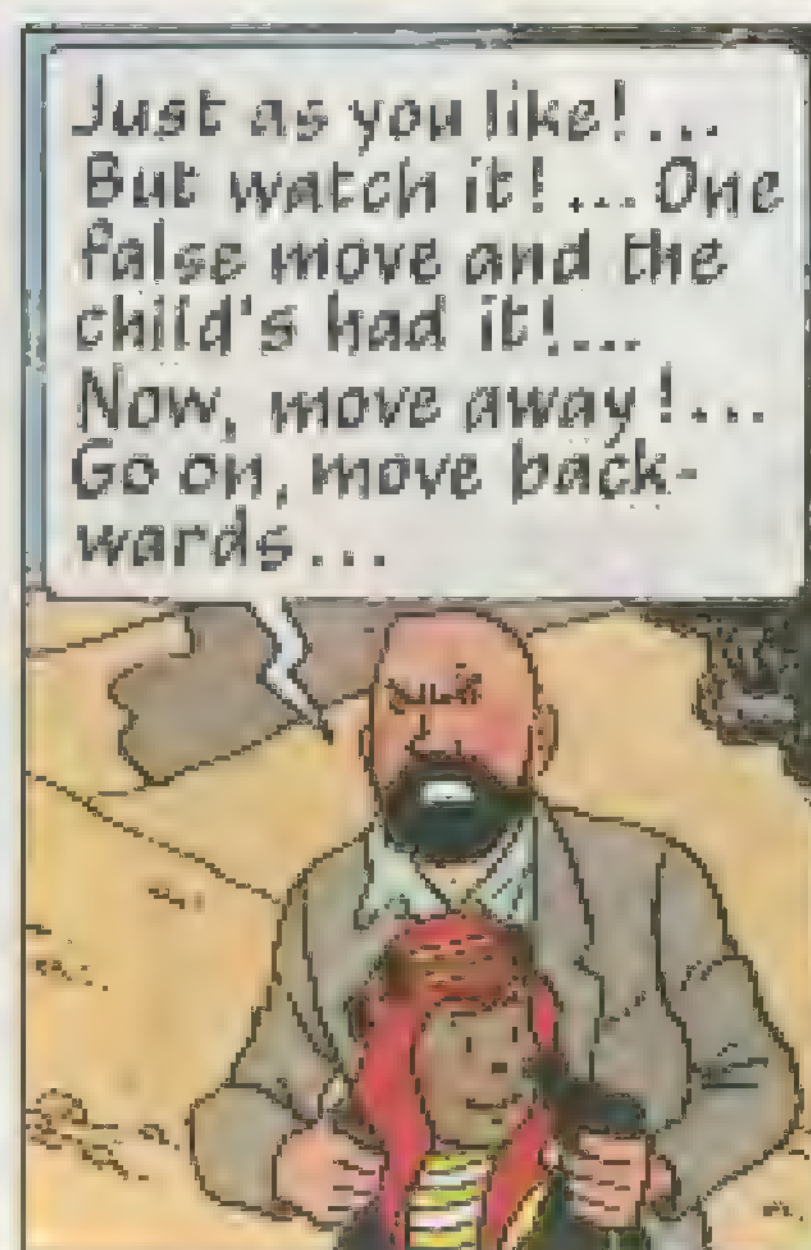


Look! Another gun to shoot
them with!

Thanks, Abdullah! You!
Throw down your guns!



So you can shoot us down like
rabbits?... No! We're keep-
ing them!



Just as you like!...
But watch it!... One
false move and the
child's had it!...
Now, move away!...
Go on, move back-
wards...



Aha!... Excellent!... Another car ready and
waiting!... Go on! Keep moving back!

Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car!
Are we going to play another accident?



Get inside, you!
And keep your
mouth shut!



All right... One bullet at
the car when I go and
I'll wring this repulsive
little monkey's neck!...
Understand?... So, auf
wiederschen!

Waaah!
Waaah!

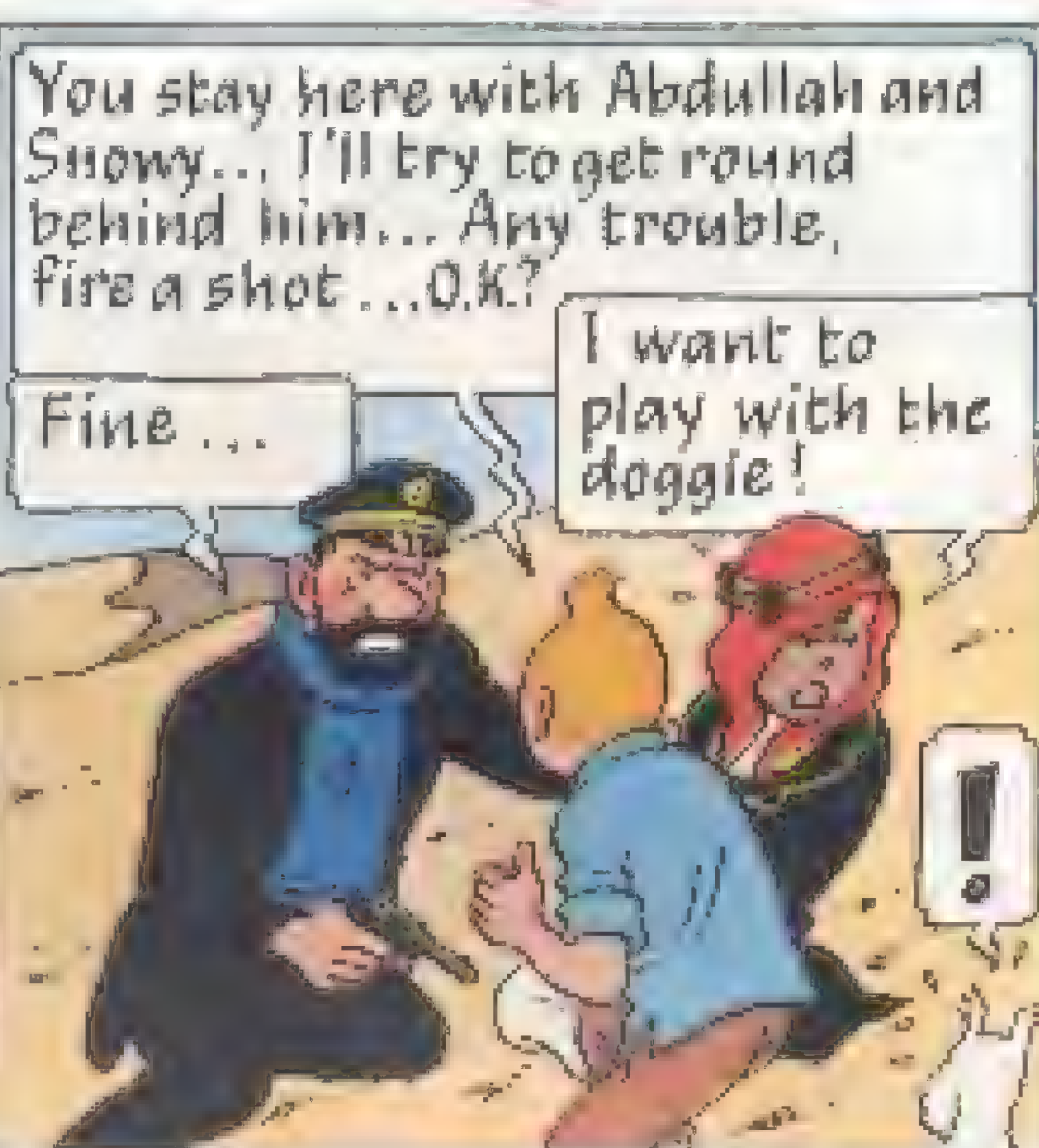
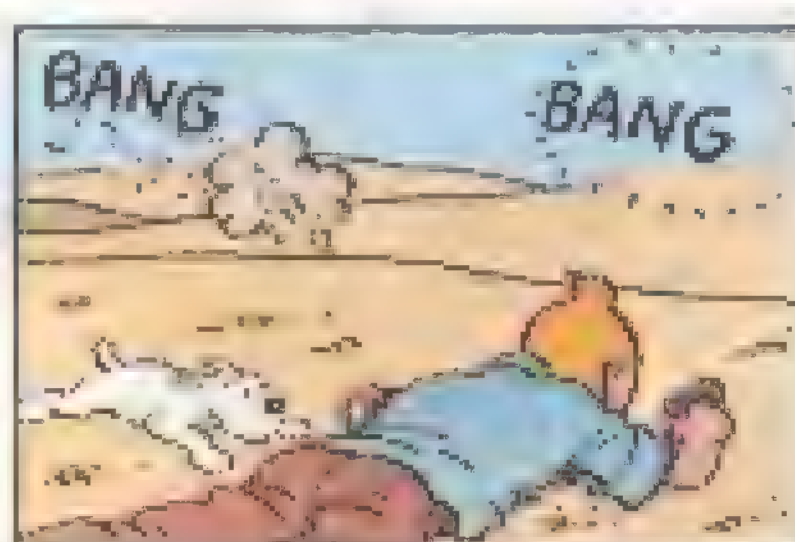
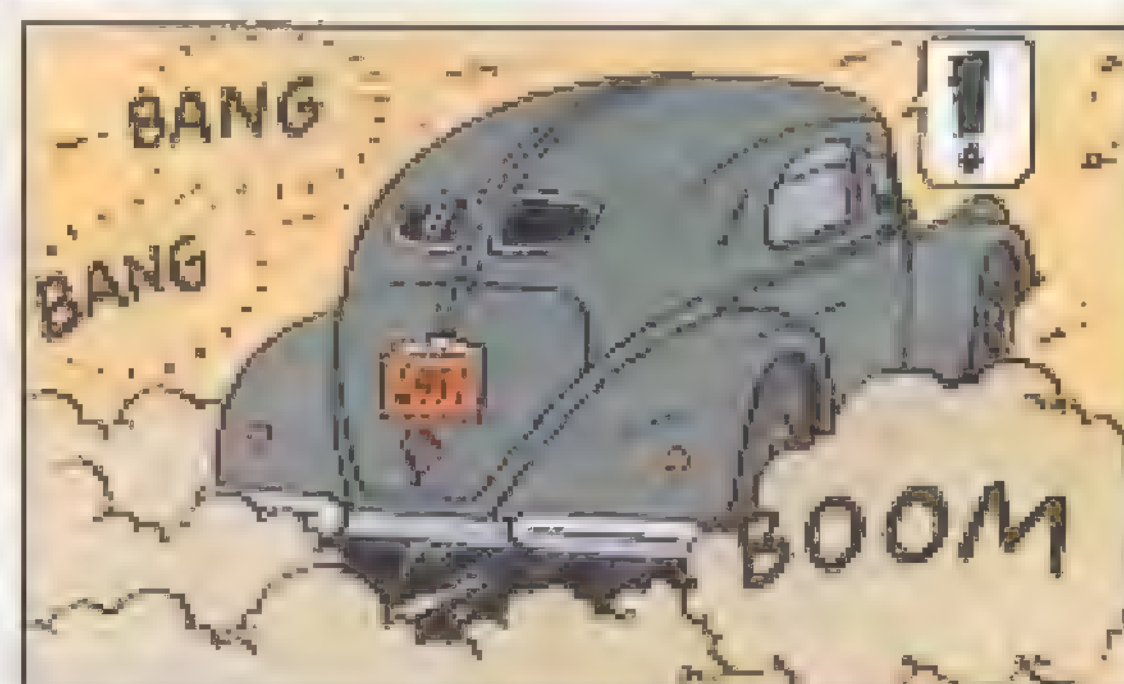
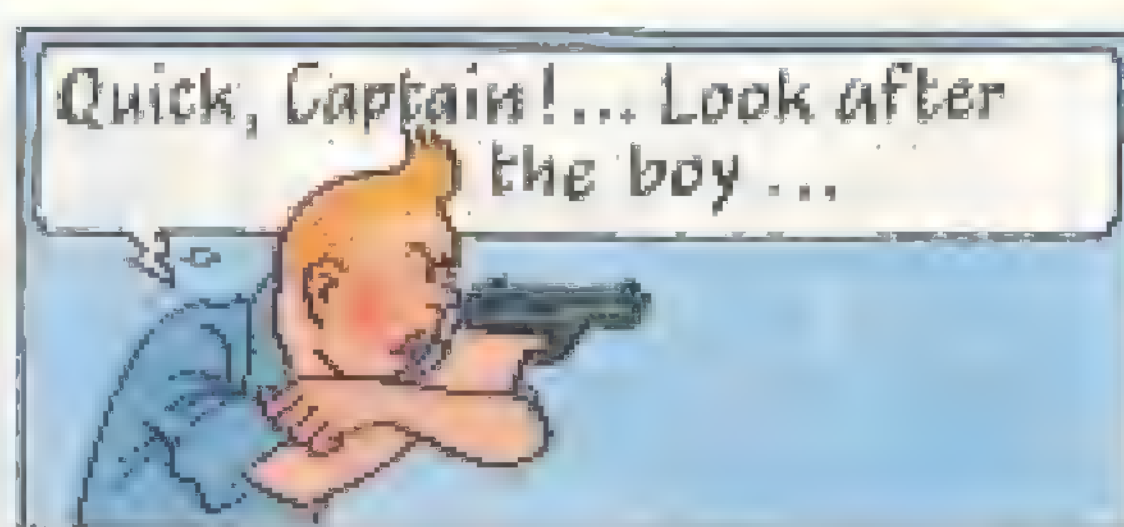


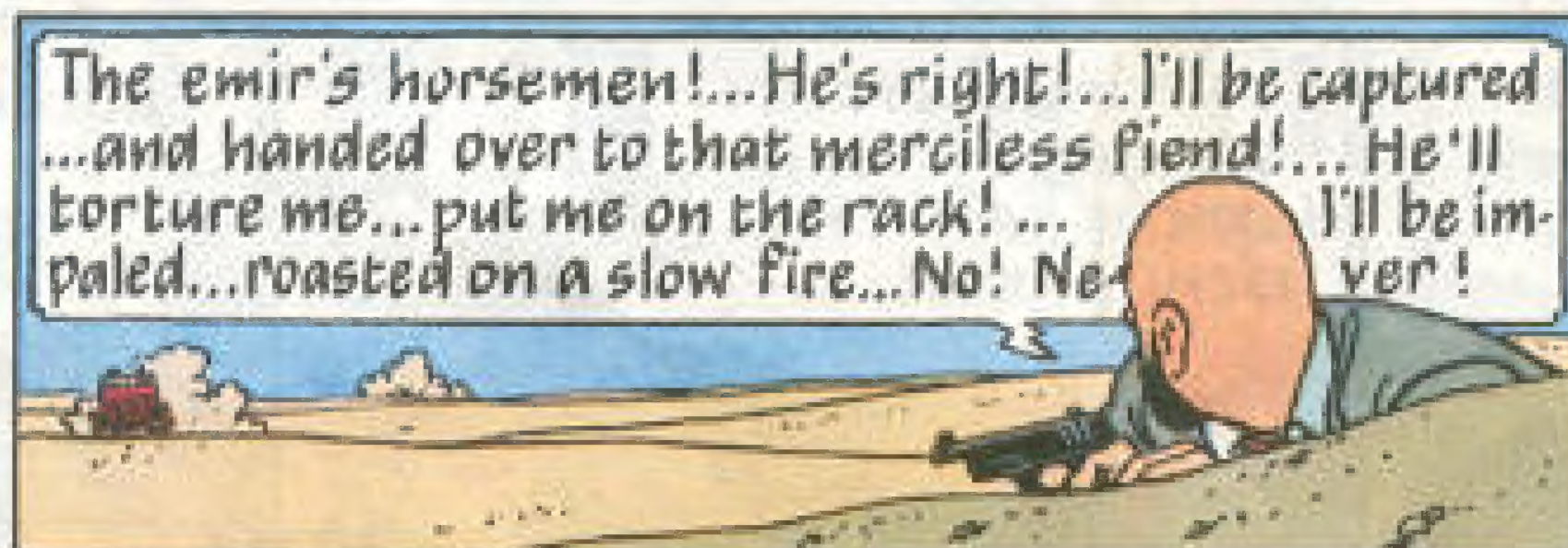
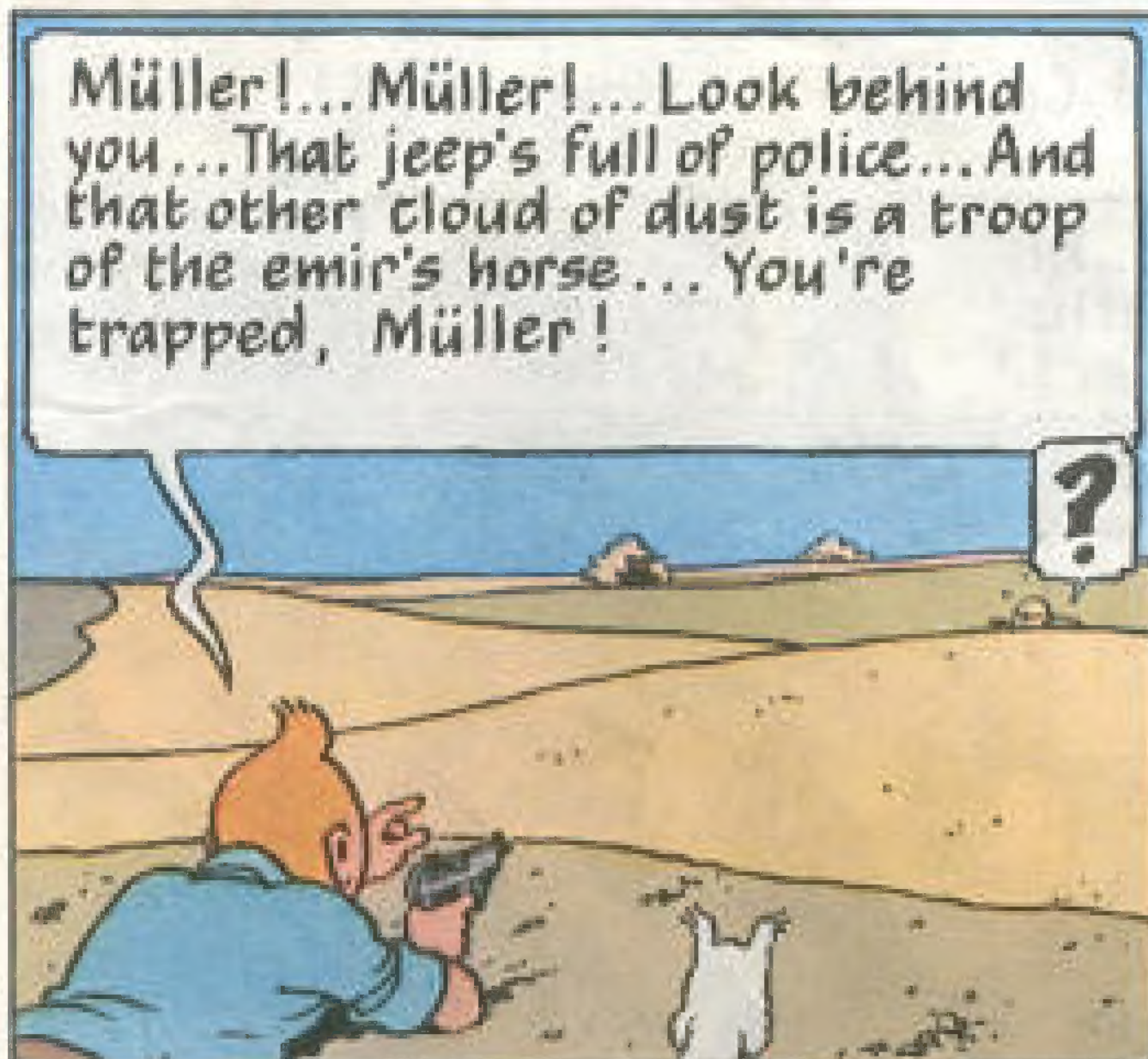
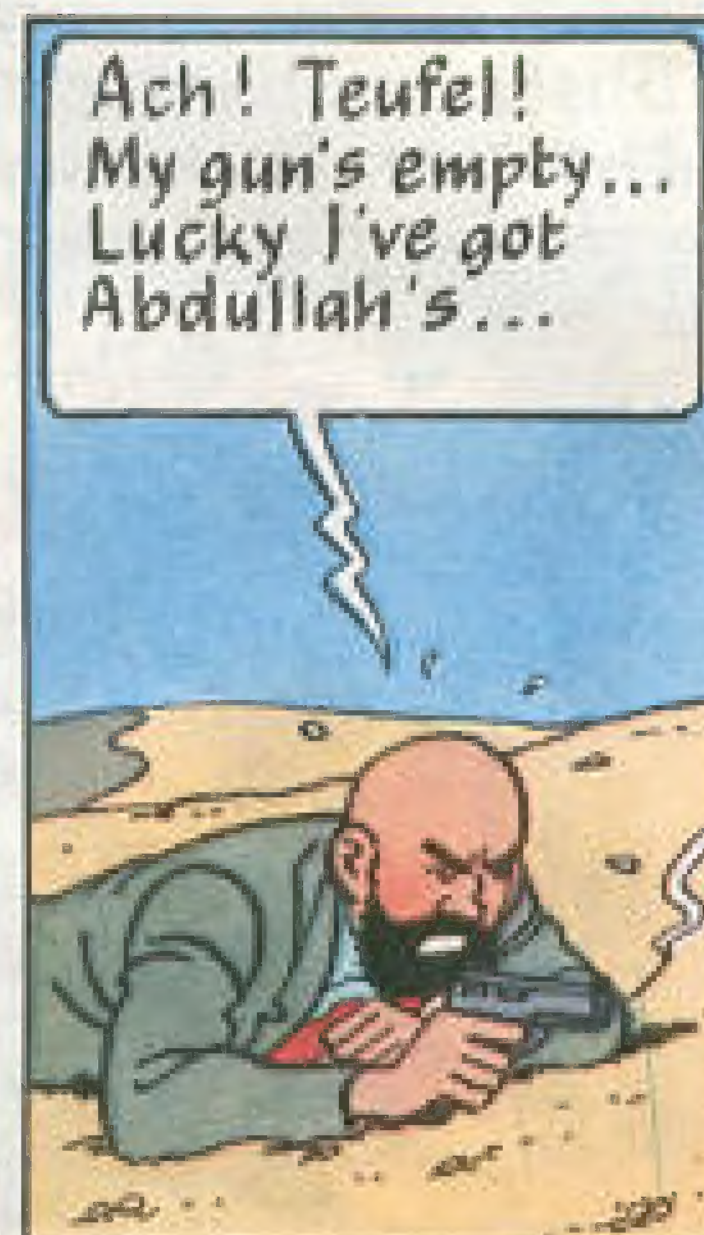
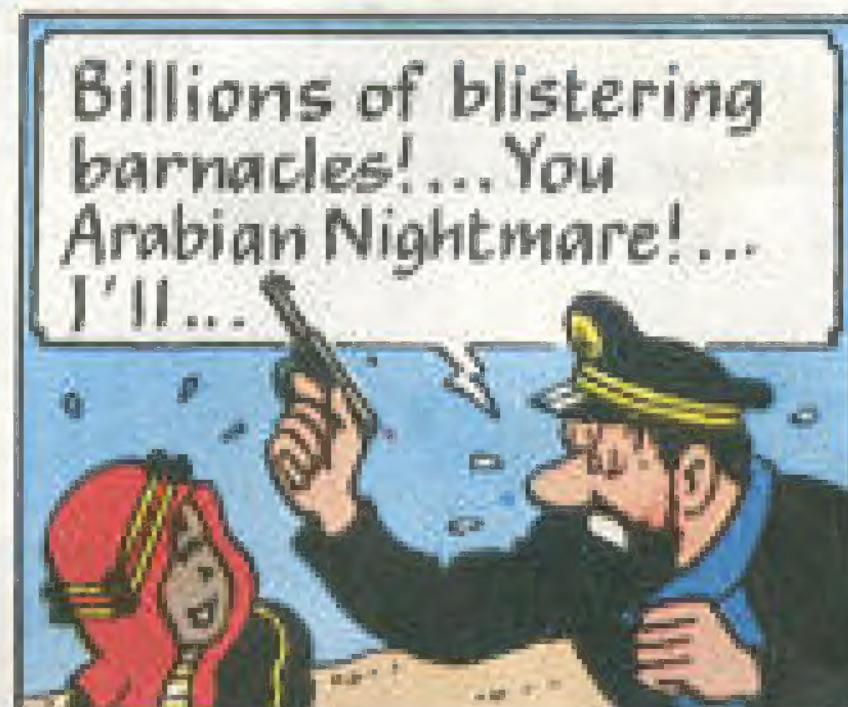
Waaah!...
Waaah!



Beast!... Baby-snatcher!...
Brigand!... Baboon!...
Belemnite!... Bully!...
Bougainvillea!... Bashi-bazouk!

Waaah!







Blistering barnacles! ... Look at the two Thompsons!

Crumbs! Whatever's happened to them?



I don't know... hic... the heat, per... hic... perhaps... Unless it was the aspirin we... hic... we just took...

A tube we found in the sand... Here

What sort of aspirin?



I don't understand... It seems real enough... But let's take a look at the contents...

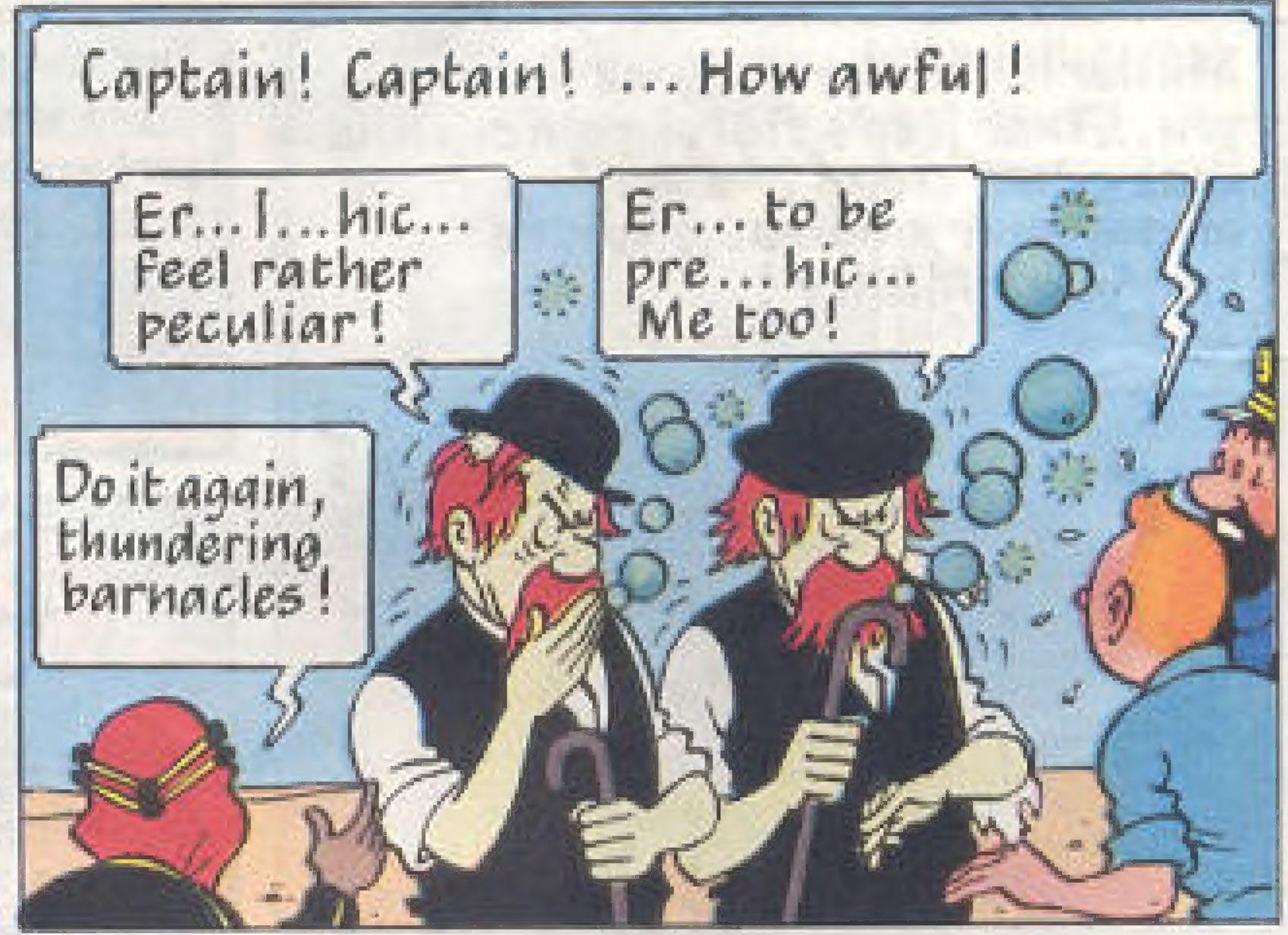


Strange... the tablets have the maker's mark, all right... It's extraordinary...

I agree, it's very odd...



Blistering-Barnacles! Blistering-Barnacles! Look at your funny friends now!...

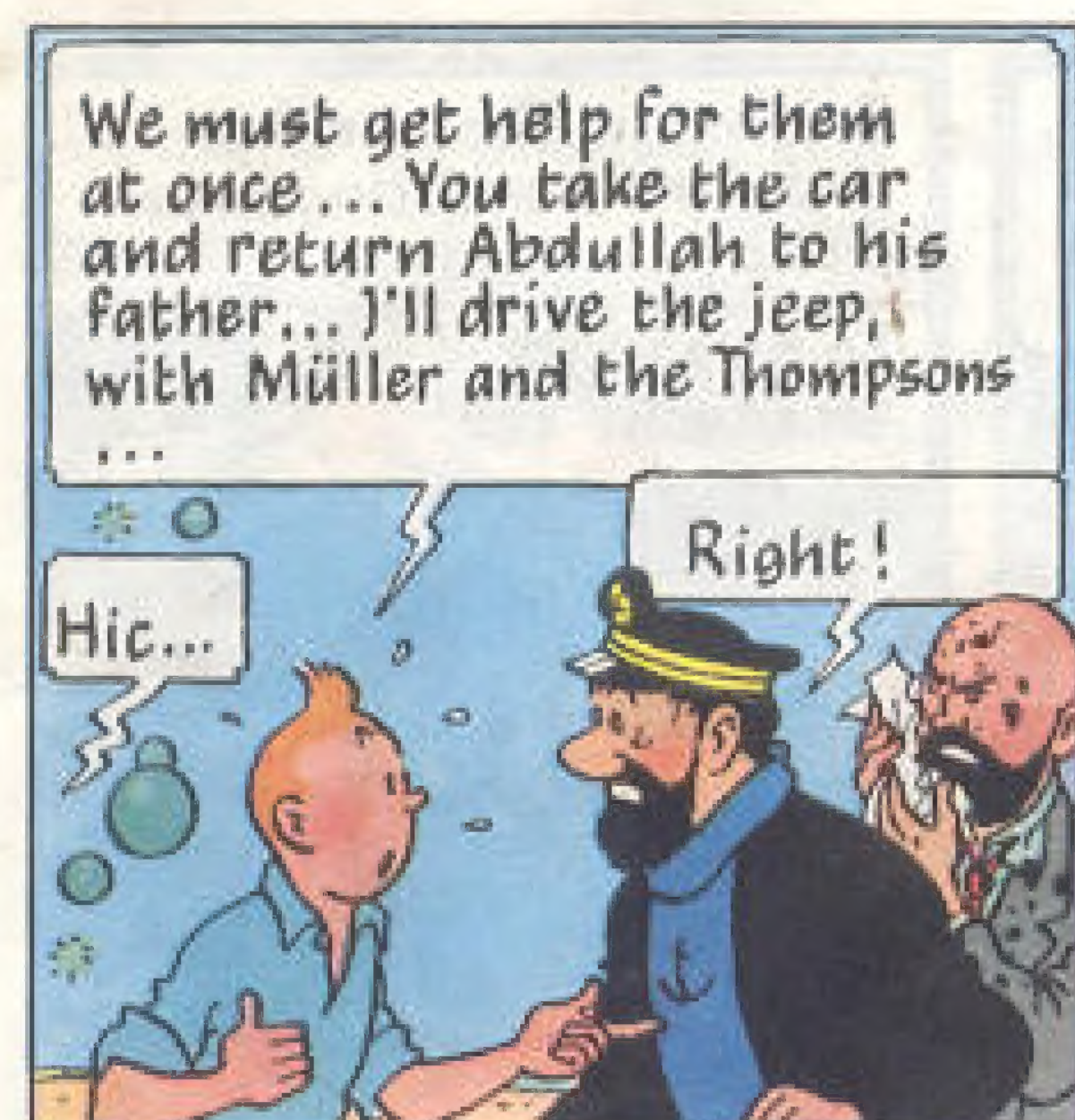


Captain! Captain! ... How awful!

Er... I... hic... feel rather peculiar!

Er... to be pre... hic... Me too!

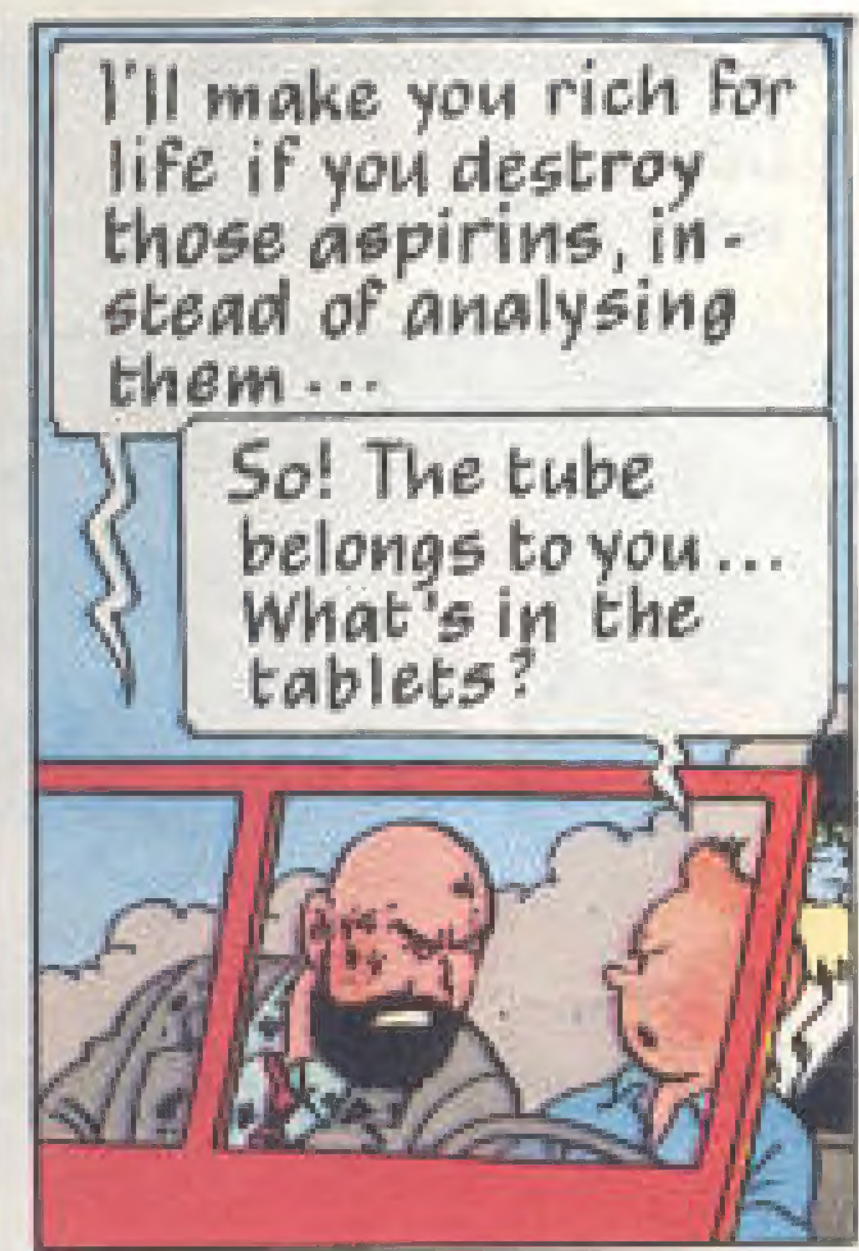
Do it again, thundering barnacles!



We must get help for them at once... You take the car and return Abdullah to his father... I'll drive the jeep, with Müller and the Thompsons...

Hic...

Right!



I'll make you rich for life if you destroy those aspirins, instead of analysing them...

So! The tube belongs to you... What's in the tablets?



Why worry?... Destroy them and your fortune's made!

No thank you, Doctor Müller... I'm not interested.



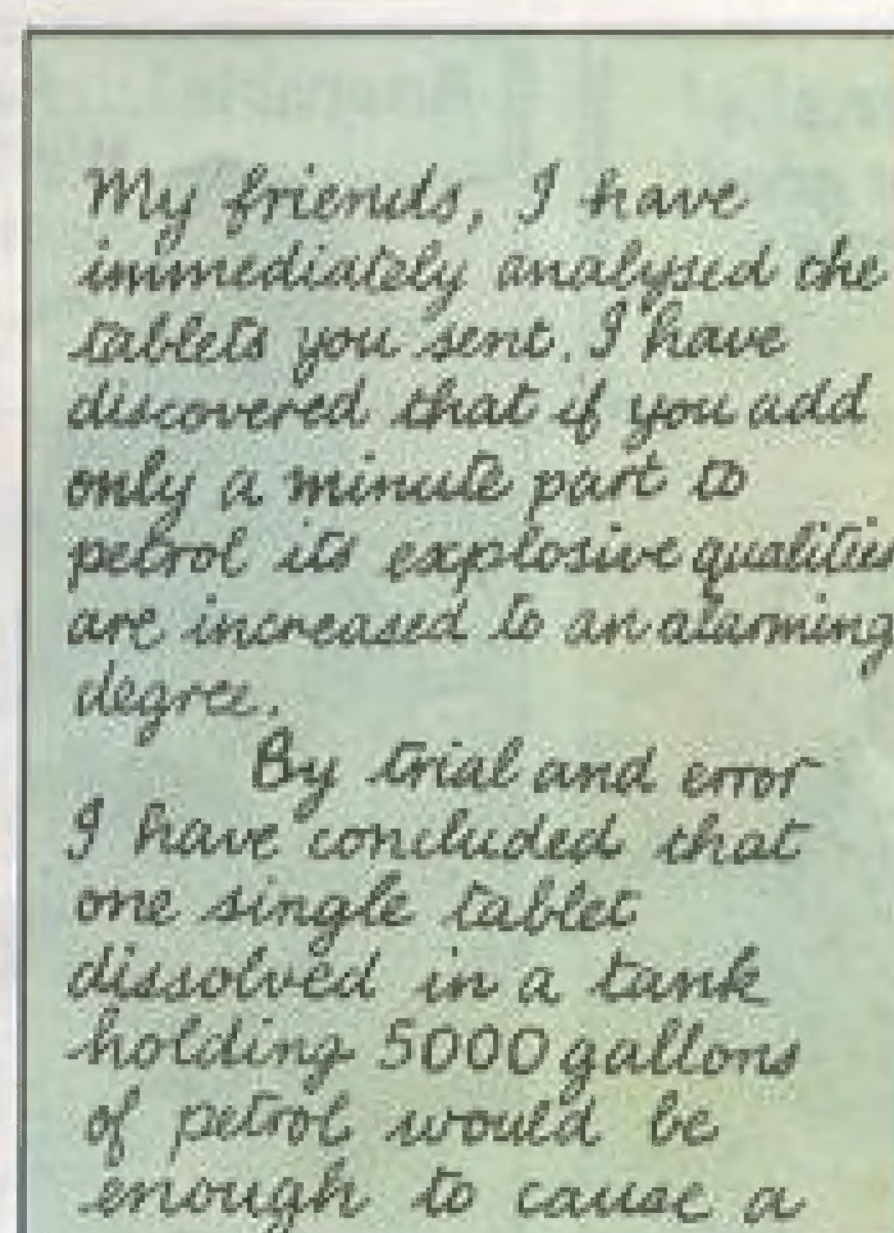
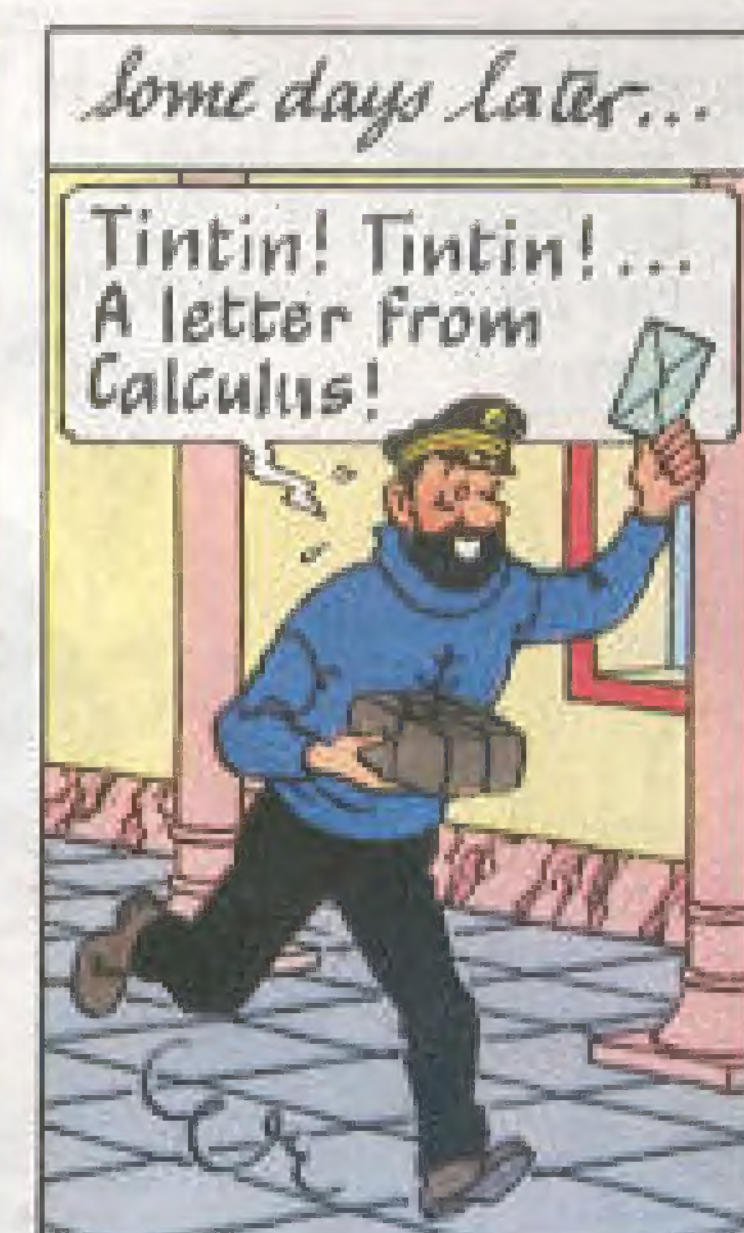
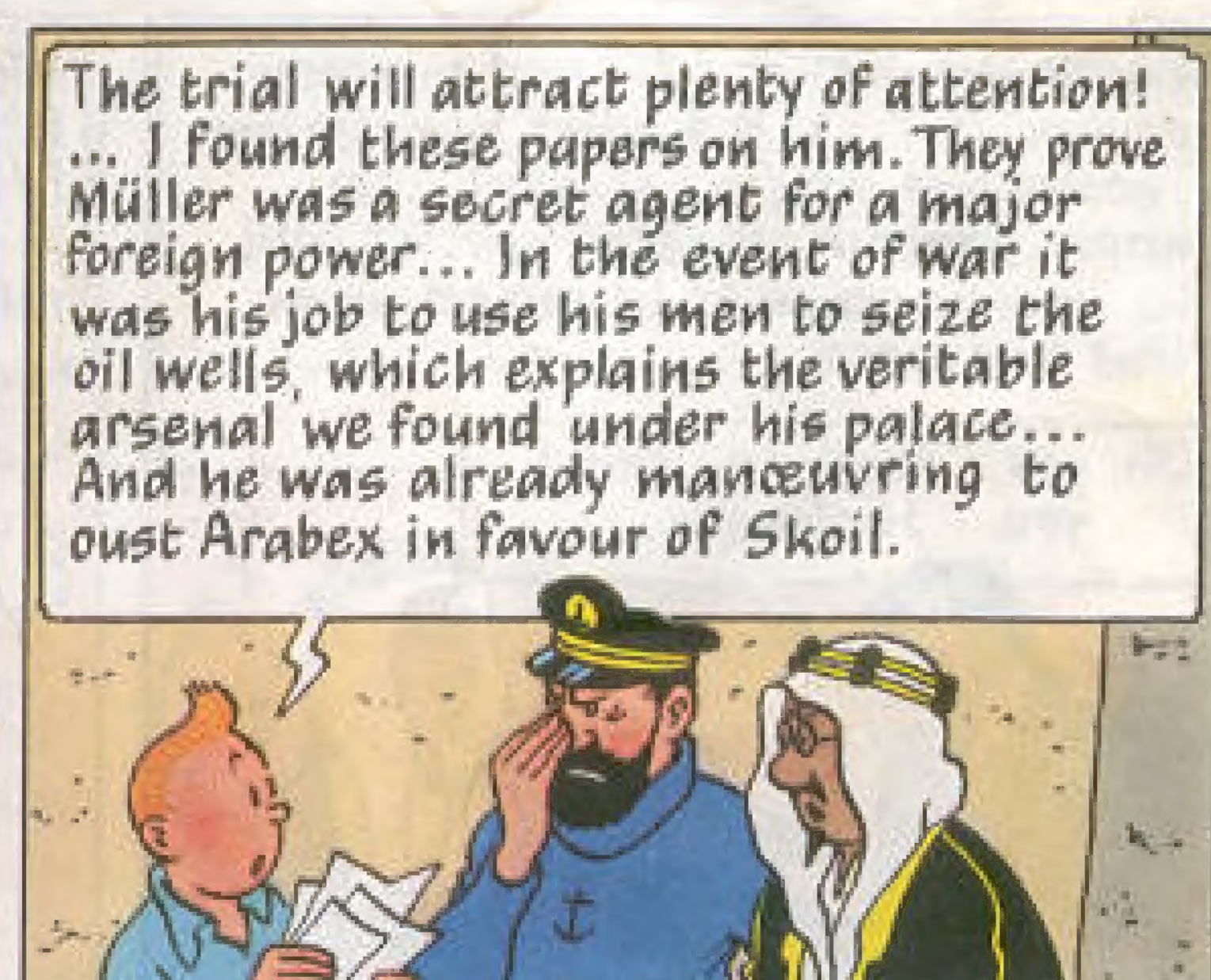
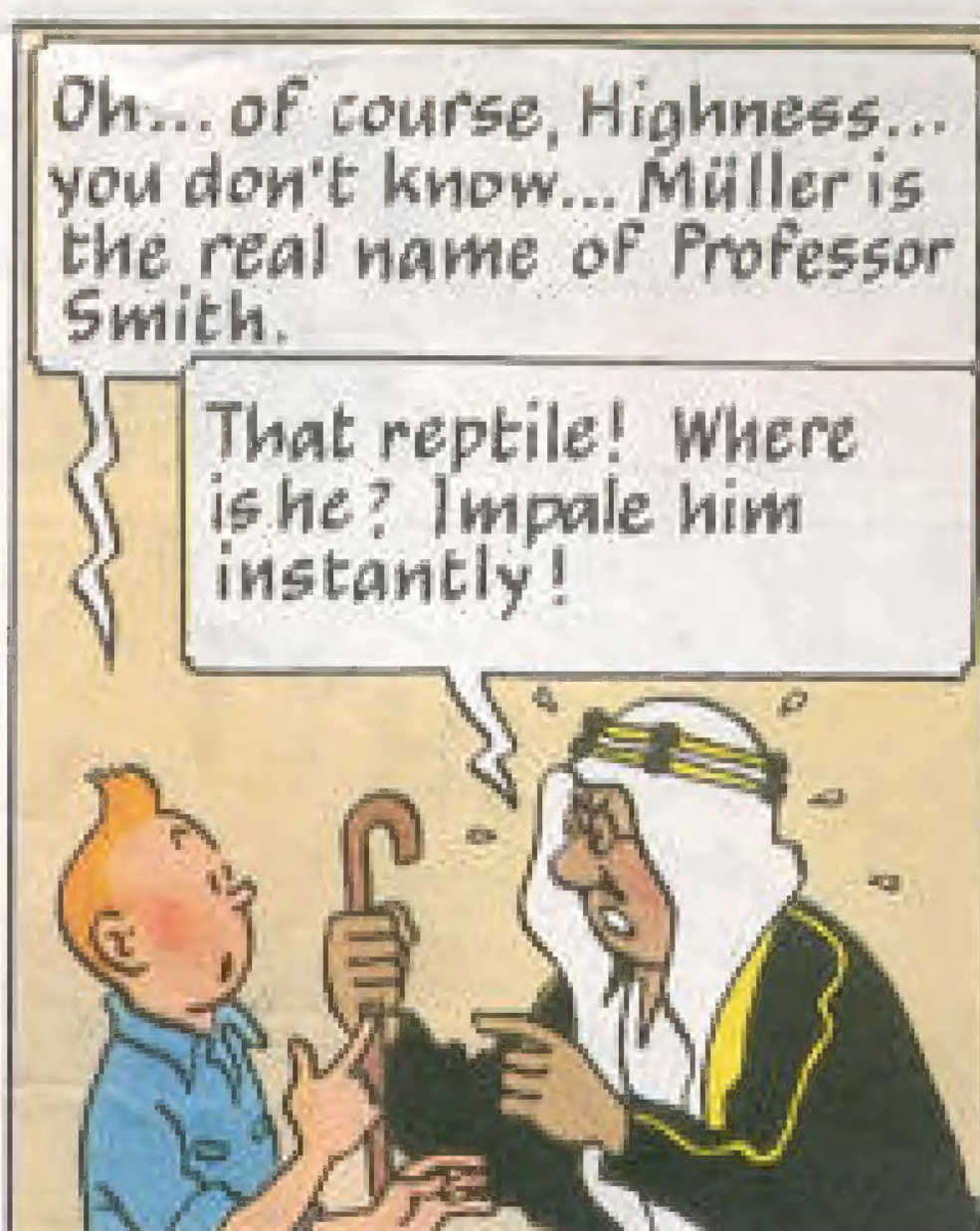
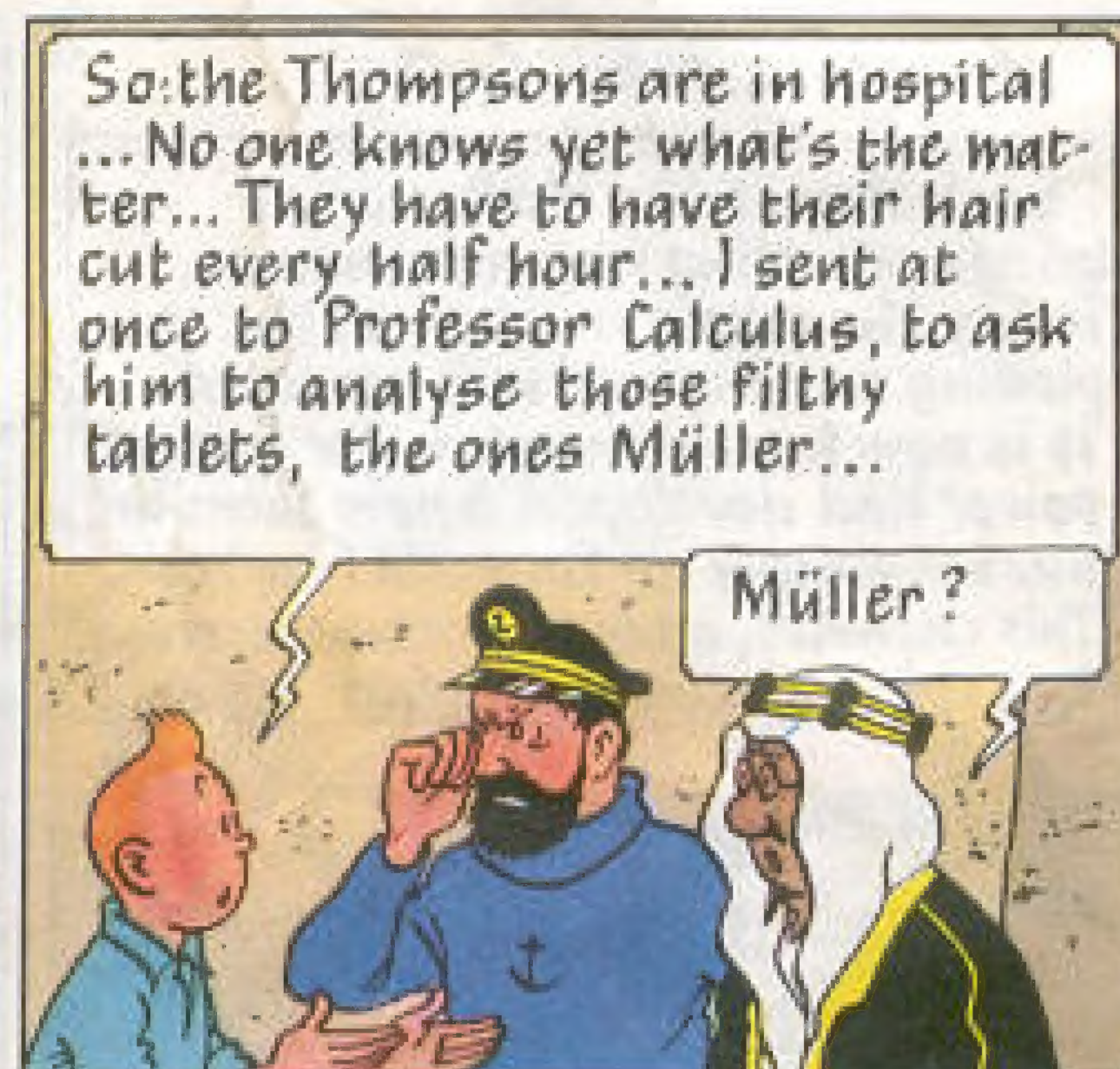
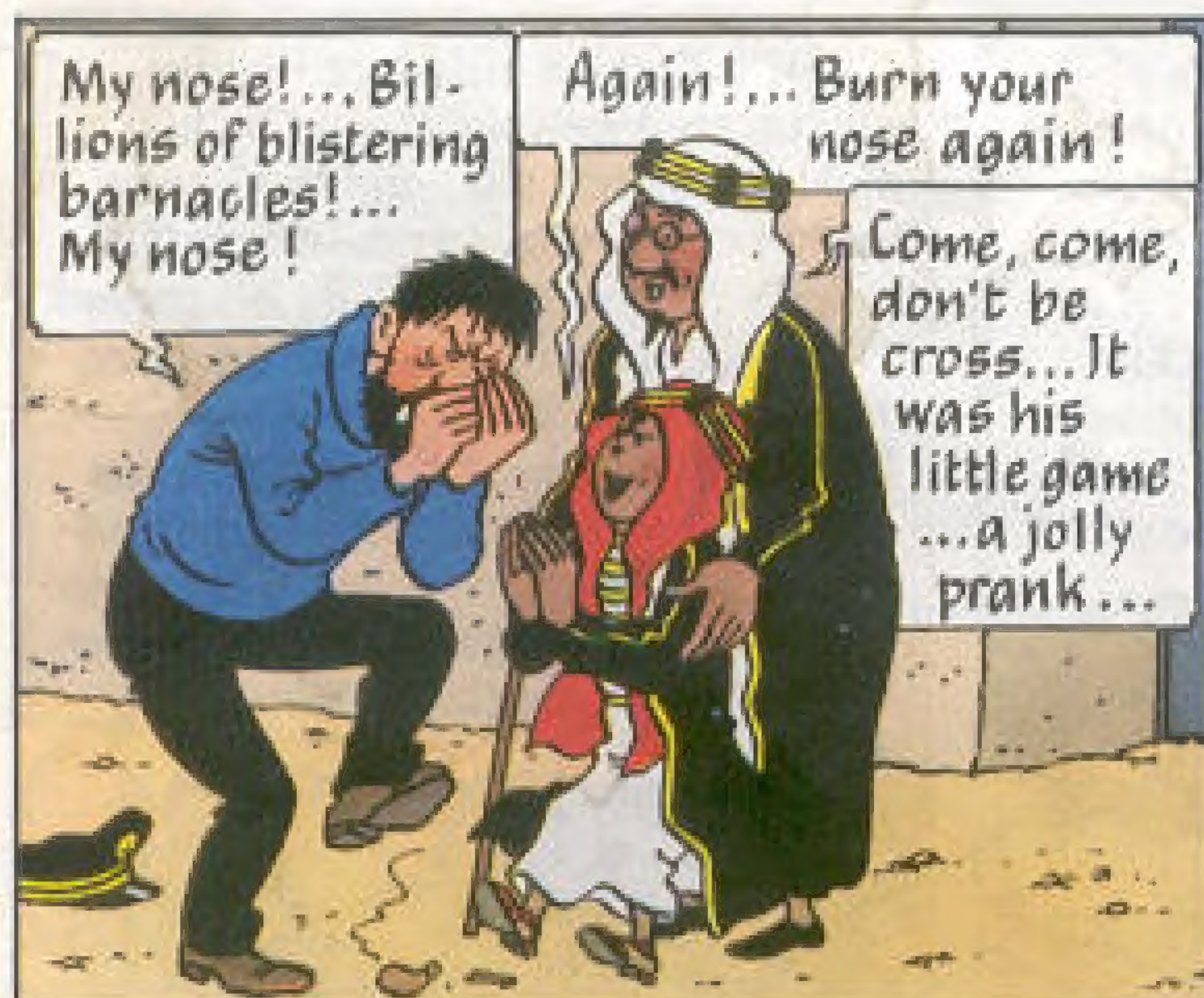
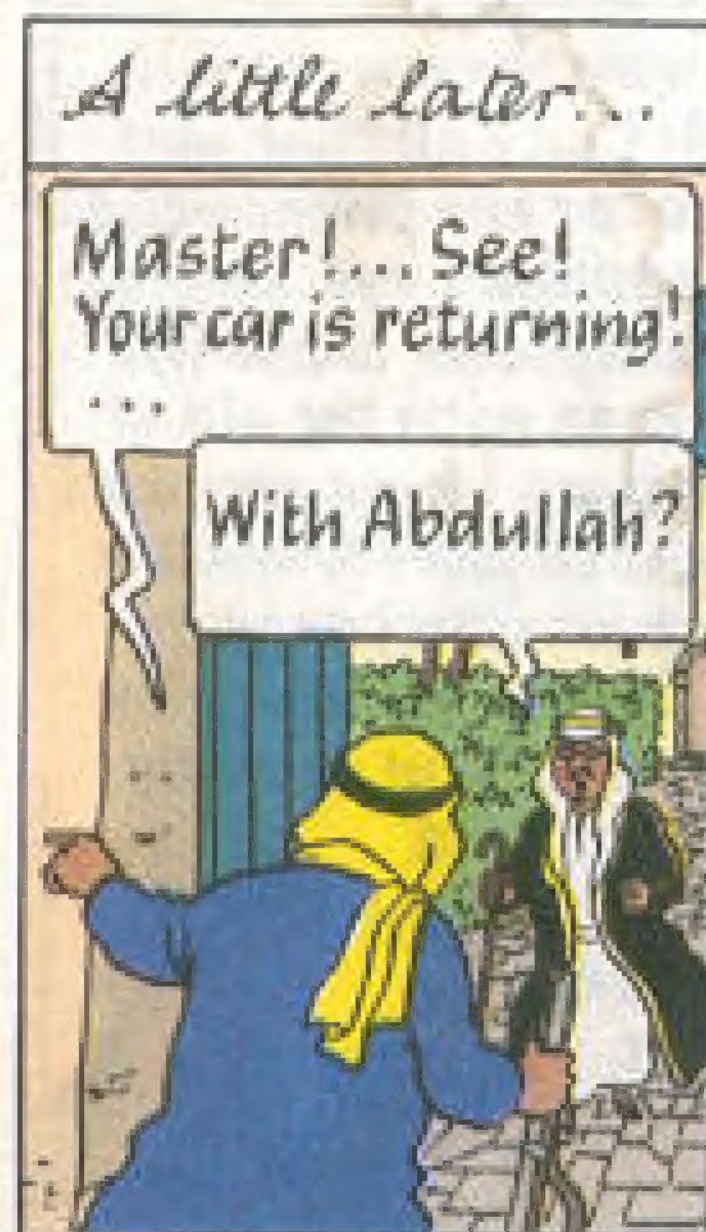
At Wadesdah Hospital, two hours later...

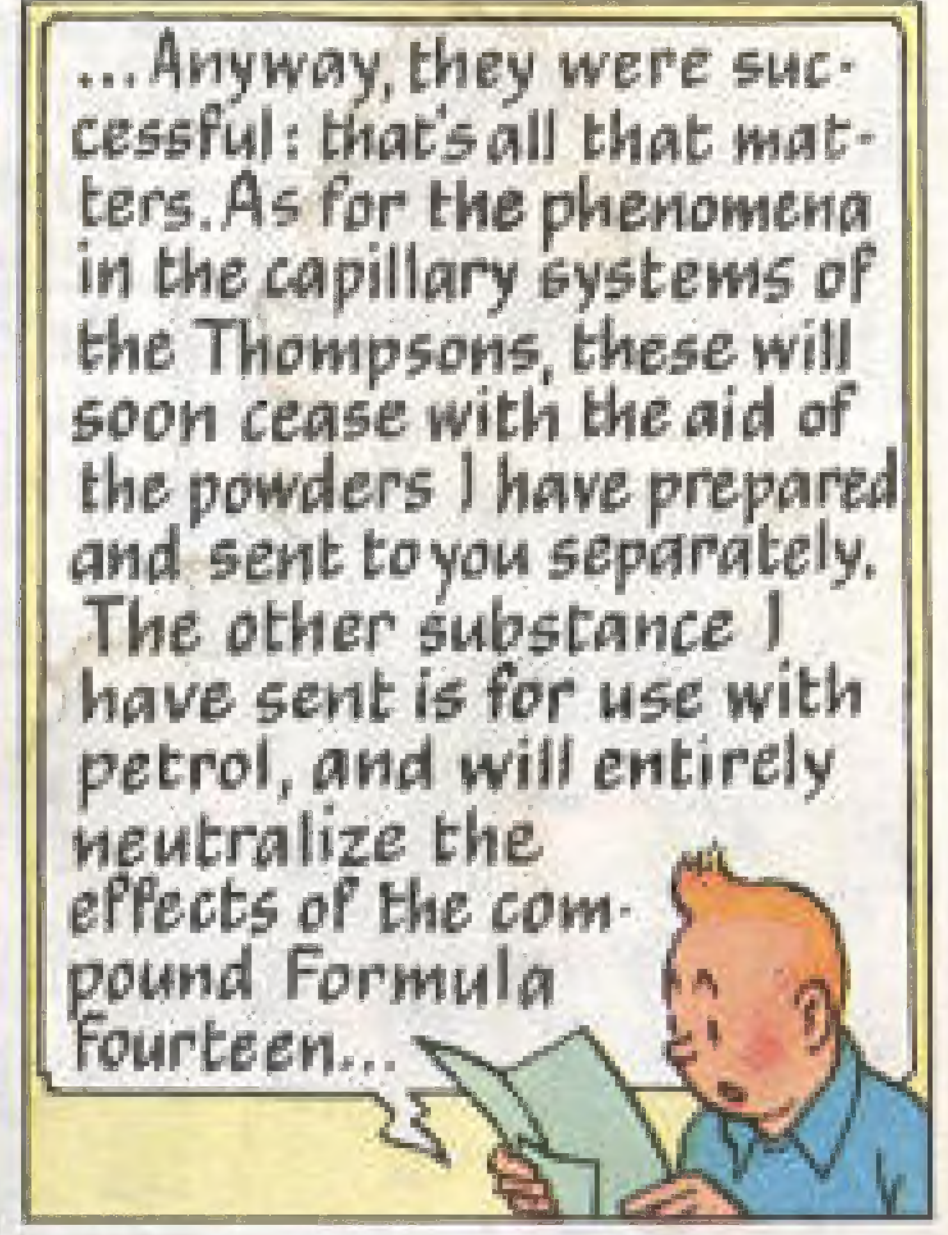
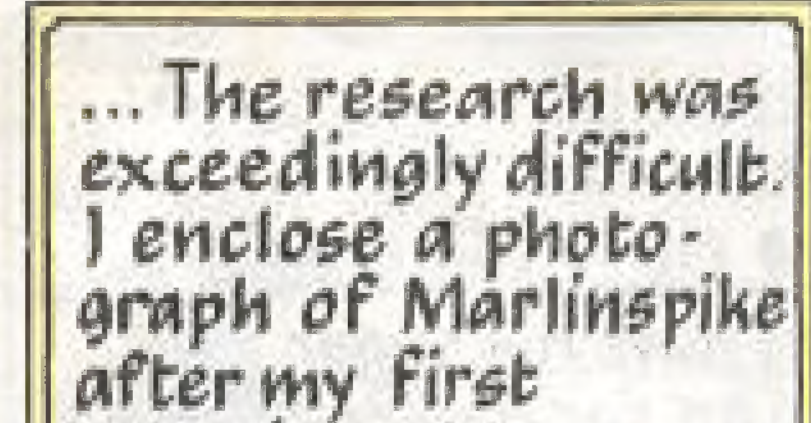
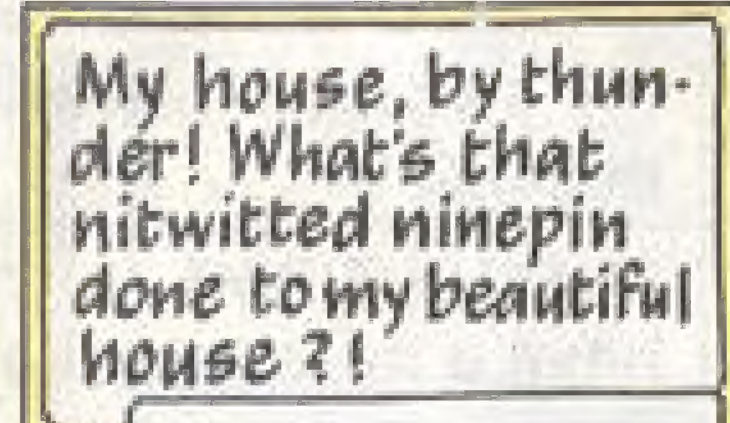
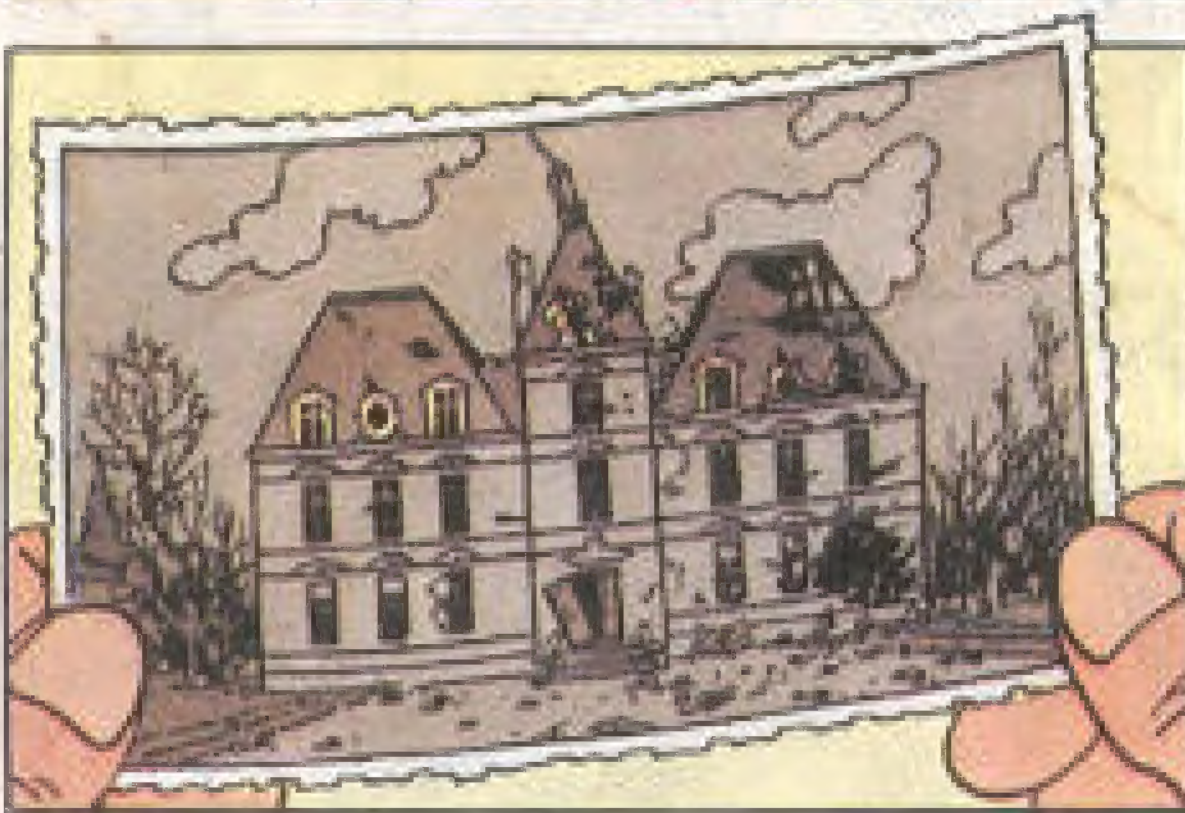
Doctor, doctor! Come quickly! Two extraordinary cases!...



There...

!?





Some weeks later...

